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SHALL WE REVISE THE CONSTITUTION?

YES, says Mr. Cuvillier. The Constitution as it now stands is a chaotic mass of conflicting provisions and amendments. Moreover, thirty-two states having demanded that Congress call a constitutional convention, there is no longer any room for choice. It is the plain duty of Congress to call a convention to adopt a new Federal Constitution; and citizens have a plain right to appeal to the courts if Congress shirks its duty.

NO, says Mr. Wheeler. The Constitution represents not only the collective wisdom of the Fathers but also a century of very practical experience. To overthrow the body of precedents and decisions which have grown up around it would bring about chaos. It is very doubtful whether the applications of state Legislatures for a constitutional convention are still valid, the issues which produced them having been for the most part settled.

I—THE NEED OF A NEW CONSTITUTION

Louis Cuvillier

THE Federal Government has so clearly failed to enforce the Volstead Act that the Eighteenth Amendment must either be repealed or modified. And as Congressional action to this end at any time in the near future is in the last degree improbable, the only practical measure remaining is for the states composing the Union to invoke the power bestowed upon them by Article v of the Constitution and compel Congress to call a national constitutional convention to adapt the Constitution to the nation's real needs, repealing or modifying the Eighteenth Amendment, — among others.

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Few realize with what relative ease this may be accomplished. The Constitution provides that such a convention must be summoned when demanded by two-thirds of the states. There are now forty-eight states in the Union. When thirty-two states have formally petitioned for a constitutional convention, Congress has no choice but to convoke one.

Now the surprising fact, which no one apparently realizes, is that thirty-two states have made such applications since 1900. Seven states, — Colorado, Michigan, Minnesota, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Texas, — led the way in 1901. There was another outburst of applications in 1907, when Delaware, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New Jersey, North Carolina, and West Virginia added themselves to the list. And at various dates between 1901 and 1926 other states have made application, the latest being Nevada, which sent in a second application last year.

While it would be very difficult, therefore, to get rid of the Eighteenth Amendment by the cumbersome machinery of repeal, the calling of a convention, — which, by adopting an entirely new constitution, would rid us at a stroke of the Eighteenth Amendment and such other portions of our governmental machine as have proved themselves impractical, — is a fairly simple matter.

As there has never been a national constitutional convention since the Constitution of the United States was first adopted in 1787, there may be some question whether Congress will actually concur in issuing a call, — even after the necessary two-thirds of the state Legislatures have made formal application. I cannot emphasize too strongly, however, even at the risk of repetition, that, under the Constitution, Congress has absolutely no discretion. The requisite number of applications having been handed in, the issuing of the call is mandatory. It is scarcely conceivable that Congress will deliberately and wilfully violate the Constitution which every member is sworn to uphold!

But so many incredible things are happening in present day politics, that it is well to consider even this incredible possibility. Assuming that Congress does so refuse, — is there any remedy?

There is, — and a very effective one. An unwilling or dilatory Congress can be compelled to issue the call, whether it wishes to do so or not. At first sight any such proposal may seem extremely

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radical, even revolutionary; but it is not so in fact if we look a little more closely at the wording of Article v, which provides for the calling of a Constitutional Convention, and also at the precedents which have already been established. This runs as follows:

> "The Congress. . . . on application of the legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which . . . shall be valid to all intents and purposes as parts of this Constitution, when ratified. . . ."

It is at once apparent that this leaves Congress no discretion in the matter, once the necessary two-thirds of the states have made application for the convention. Article v provides that Congress "shall" call a convention, — and the word "shall" as here used is equivalent to the word "must".

Failure on the part of Congress to act is a failure to perform this duty. If Congress should refuse, there must remain some means of forcing it to perform its duty, — otherwise the whole intention of the Fathers is nullified. Congress would then become a body above the law, above even the Constitution itself.

If such a compelling power exists at all, it must obviously rest with the judiciary. Has the judicial department of the Government, under the Constitution, authority to compel Congress? A negative answer will undoubtedly be returned by some, on the

States and Dates

The following states have applied for a constitutional convention:

Texas	1899–1901–1908	Iowa	1907–1909
Colorado	1901	Kansas	1907
Michigan	1901	Louisiana	1907
Minnesota	1901	Missouri	1907
Oregon	1901–1909	Montana	1907
Pennsylvania	1901	Nevada	1907–1926
Tennessee	1901–1905	New Jersey	1907
Kentucky	1902	North Carolina	1907
Arkansas	1903	West Virginia	1907
California	1903–1909	Idaho	1908
Illinois	1903–1909	Oklahoma	1908
Nebraska	1903	South Dakota	1908
Washington	1903	Utah	1908
New York	1906	Wisconsin	1908
Delaware	1907	Ohio	1911
Indiana	1907	Vermont	1912

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ground that the three branches of our government, — executive, legislative, and judicial, — are coordinate and coequal, each supreme within its own sphere, so that none has authority over either of the others. This coordination and coequality does undoubtedly exist and is unquestionably one of the fundamental principles on which our government is based. Under this principle, it is clear beyond a doubt that when Congress is engaged in legislation no other department of the government has a shadow of a claim to determine its action. Similarly, when the executive branch is engaged in its executive functions, no other department has any authority over it. So long, therefore, as Congress remains a legislative body, the judiciary has no power over it, provided it remains within the powers vested in it by the Constitution; but it is sometimes overlooked that the supremacy of the various branches of our government is still subordinate to the Constitution. So far as the call for a Constitutional Convention is concerned, Congress has no discretion whatever. This is, perhaps, the only instance in which Congress acts, not in a legislative capacity, but in a purely ministerial capacity. In this one case, Congress is not a legislative body at all, but simply an agent appointed and commanded by the Constitution to perform a specific act when specific conditions have been fulfilled.

Had the Constitution created the office of Secretary of State, it might well have laid upon that official the purely ministerial function of issuing the call, — the specified conditions having been fulfilled. Were this the case, no one would seriously question that the act is purely ministerial and that the courts may compel its performance. But the nature of an act remains the same, no matter what the appointed agent; and when the supreme law of the land imposes a specific duty, it is clearly within the power, — indeed, it is the duty, — of the judiciary branch to see that it is performed. The Supreme Court has already decided, — in the celebrated case of Marbury vs. Madison, — that the judiciary has the right to compel the executive to perform acts commanded by law in which no discretion is permitted, a decision rendered by Chief Justice Marshall in 1803. And this principle has been reaffirmed and enforced in Federal and State Courts, times without number.

Some one is sure to raise the point that the applications of the

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various legislatures have not been simultaneous, but have extended over a period of slightly more than a quarter of a century. There is nothing in the Constitution, however, providing that the applications must be made at the same time or within any specified period of time whatever. Since this is so, it is hard to see how Congress can possibly impose arbitrary limits of its own devising.

The fallaciousness of the idea that any such limit exists can, moreover, be shown in still another way. As a state Legislature is competent to make application for a constitutional convention, it is obviously also competent to withdraw its application. And if a Legislature does not withdraw such an application, it is clear that the application remains in force. When, therefore, applications from two-thirds of the states, unwithdrawn, are before Congress, their effect is the same as if they had been presented concurrently.

Aside from the legal necessity of calling a constitutional convention, it is well known that the Constitution of 1787 and its subsequent amendments present a tissue of confused statements. For example, the Constitution tacitly sanctions slavery by denying Congress the right to interfere with the slave trade prior to 1808, while the Thirteenth Amendment prohibits slavery, and the two succeeding amendments attempt to expand the civil rights of citizens which have been partially defined in Article 1, Section 9. Moreover, from the inadequacies of the original document many practices have grown up which have no legal sanction whatever. Tradition has put its hoary seal upon them, but the Constitution is mute concerning them.

Let me emphasize the fact that there is nothing radical or revolutionary about the measure I propose. Even after the proposed convention has done its work, ratification by three-fourths of the states is still necessary before any proposed change can go into effect, — which in itself means that no changes will be adopted without careful and cautious analysis. The growing complexity of modern society, politics, and government is a genuine danger. Is it possible that the Constitution is to-day too far removed from the people? Is it not true that its lack of elasticity and the extreme difficulty of adapting it to meet the conditions under which the American people actually live, will make it a hindrance instead of a help to that very advance which is essential to the well-being of America?

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II — THE VIRTUES OF THE CONSTITUTION

WAYNE WHEELER

THE probability that a national constitutional convention will be called is remote. One legal application from a single state for such a convention will come before Congress during the course of its present session. Two-thirds of the states must unite on such an application before the requirements of Article v of the Federal Constitution are met. The fact that many states have, throughout our national history, requested that a constitutional convention be called to deal with various problems, is negatived by the accompanying fact that the problems which inspired those ancient applications have been solved. Polygamy, slavery, and the direct election of United States Senators are no longer issues. The petitions for a federal constitutional convention based upon them are no longer alive. One live request and only one is before Congress, — that of the legislature of Nevada, ratified by the people of that state, at the referendum in 1926.

Article v of the Constitution sets forth the methods of its amendment. The portion referring to the applications for a constitutional convention does not mean that all the separate, unrelated, and obsolete applications on any and every issue raised since the adoption of the Constitution may be grouped and added together to obtain a total equal to the required two-thirds of the states. That is the suggestion of Assemblyman Cuvillier of New York. His proposal would reduce Congress to an adding machine, automatically acting without power to analyze, accept, or reject applications of states, however old and forgotten those petitions may be.

The records show that thirty-two different states have filed applications for a constitutional convention since 1901, — exactly the two-thirds required by Article v of the Constitution, if Mr. Cuvillier's theory of the longevity of such applications be true. Of that number, twenty-seven states desired that such a convention amend the Constitution to permit the direct election of United States Senators. That has been done, by amendment and without a convention, but the petitions, according to the

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gentleman from New York, are still alive. The Legislatures of eighteen states petitioned Congress to call a convention to amend the Constitution to give the Federal Government power to punish polygamy. That issue is dead to-day.

If we strike the petitions concerning polygamy and senatorial elections from Mr. Cuvillier's total, how many will remain?

Some of the applications for a constitutional convention since 1901 have not specified the amendment desired. So with Oregon in 1901, Iowa in 1907 and 1909, Kansas in 1907, Louisiana in 1907, and Missouri in 1907. Such cases are rare. One might go through our whole national history without collecting a sufficient number of these long-forgotten applications to encourage the belief that an unrestricted national constitutional convention was ever desired. Occasionally a state in making its application sought to limit the subject of the amendment to be discussed. California did this in 1903 when, speaking of the popular election of United States Senators, it said in its application to Congress:

> The request of and consent to the calling and holding of such convention as hereby made and given, is limited to the consideration and adoption of such amendments to said Constitution herein mentioned and no other.

If these petitions were still alive and in force, they would have been acted upon by some of the preceding Congresses. It is far from probable that the present Congress, with only one petition whose force is unquestioned, will consider any of the thirty-two or more petitions, — certain states having applied twice, — that are lodged in its files.

Desire to have the Eighteenth Amendment repealed is the motive behind Mr. Cuvillier's suggestion that a constitutional convention be called. No such purpose has been expressed by any of the applications filed with Congress. If the foes of prohibition believe they represent the will of the majority required for an amendment of our fundamental law, why do they not use the more direct and customary method of submitting a proposed amendment through the affirmative action of two-thirds of the members of both branches of Congress and the ratification by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the states?

All the nineteen amendments thus far have been adopted in this manner. It is the best method because it puts the issue

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directly before Congress and the states. Each issue stands by itself and cannot be confused with others. A constitutional convention is unlimited in its scope. Any member could propose as many amendments as he desired. In the mass of proposals a bad amendment might be slipped through, as happens sometimes in legislative bodies in the press of business. The customary method of amendment requires at least seventy-two legislative bodies, two in each legislature of three-fourths of the states, to scrutinize the proposed amendment after it has run the gauntlet of examination by both branches of Congress. A single meritorious proposal has a better opportunity and a poor one a smaller chance of passage under the usual plan of legislative ratification than when it is one of a group adopted under the convention method and then submitted to the states.

The cost of a federal constitutional convention would be difficult to estimate. The cost of election, transportation, and salaries of delegates, the cost of a long-drawn-out convention, with the other unforeseen but inevitable outlays, would be negligible, of course, if any worthy accomplishment resulted. If the Constitution as a whole needed to be rewritten or if a series of amendments should be necessary to harmonize it with revolutionary changes in our thought or customs, then that outlay would be justified. But when the only apparent object is the repeal or alteration of a single amendment to the Constitution, then this involved and costly method has no adequate justification.

The cost of a convention would not be confined, however, to the ordinary expenses of election, transportation, remuneration, etc. There would be another item that would be staggering. The dislocation of our economic life, the uncertainty of business, the unsettling of every part of our national structure would mean losses difficult to imagine. Every wild-eyed champion of impractical reform would turn to such a gathering. The lunatic fringe would provide the most sensational news for the world's press. The enemies of constitutional government would see in such a gathering an invitation to propagandize, both during the interval before the convention met and during its sessions. Until the convention adjourned our business life would be in hazardous suspense.

The unlimited power possessed by a constitutional convention would intensify that uncertainty. Such a convention could pro-

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pose the repeal or the change of any or all portions of the Constitution. While their proposals are required to be submitted to the states for ratification, there are not wanting those who fear that a convention once called might ignore that requirement and proclaim a new or an amended constitution without any submission. All the constitutions of the original states were so proclaimed by conventions. The Louisiana convention of 1898, the Mississippi of 1890, and the Virginia of 1902 were so proclaimed. The Kentucky convention of 1891 amended the proposed constitution after it had been submitted to the voters and proclaimed it without submission of those amendments.

The fathers proposed the amendment of the Constitution through the ratification by state Legislatures of a proposal submitted by Congress because they sought an alternative to the tedious and dangerous convention method. They had had experience with constitutional conventions. That experience, while illuminating, was not altogether happy. The alternative which they proposed avoided the dangerous possibilities of the convention. It is very suggestive that they provided no machinery for the constitutional convention; did not specify the number of delegates or whether they should be chosen on a population ratio or an equal number from each state; did not give even the barest skeleton to the system proposed. The plan in common use, submission of a proposal by Congress, is clearly worked out. The other is nebulous. The convention method was, seemingly, to be used when Congress refused to accede to a popular demand for a constitutional amendment. The practice of the states has recognized that. Not until the Senate had repeatedly rejected the resolutions for an amendment concerning direct election of Senators, did the twenty-seven state Legislatures join in the demand for a convention to do what Congress would not do. If Congress blocks a popular demand for a constitutional amendment as shown by the affirmative action of a majority of the state Legislatures, the alternative plan exists as a remedy. But no such emergency has arisen.

The constitutional convention would be the natural method to pursue if a general revision of the Constitution was desired. If we sought a new charter of our freedom, new guarantees, new allocation of legislative, judicial, or executive powers, a new form of

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government, then the only logical method of revising or altering our fundamental law would be by a convention. There is, of course, no sentiment in favor of such a general revision of the Constitution.

It has stood for one hundred thirty-seven years as the greatest charter of human rights and liberty ever conceived by the brain of man. It has proved itself sufficiently elastic to meet the growth of a nation from a handful of seaboard states to a continental power, the development of a people from agricultural and maritime pursuits and handicrafts to the most complex industrialism; from homogeneous to heterogeneous, cosmopolitan character; from rural to urban life; from isolation to world leadership; from poverty to matchless wealth. Upon the interpretation of its clauses, there has been established a body of decisions and precedents which would be overthrown by any general revision. To-day the Constitution of the United States represents, not only the collective wisdom of the handful of far-seeing men who framed it, but also over a century of national development.

It is the accumulated experience of a whole people, the cornerstone of our temple of justice. There are not wanting those who would overthrow all this. Some would pull down the pillars because of their hatred of constitutional government. Some would blast them away that they may loot in the ruins. Some would dissolve them in drink. But these are not representative of any considerable group in our national life.

There is no alteration in the sentiment of the American people toward the Eighteenth Amendment, which is the ostensible pretext for the proposal of a constitutional convention. The percentage of dry Democrats and dry Republicans in Congress to-day is even larger than when the Amendment was submitted to the states. Only by some subterfuge, some nullification by indirection, some "joker" slipped through a busy or inattentive convention, can the wet group hope to assail the amendment successfully. But of these or other stratagems, the least likely to succeed is the summons for a national constitutional convention.

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ELLIS ISLAND, BY LIBERTY DARKENED

JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON

Does Liberty turn toward the immigrant a shoulder which is needlessly cold and metallic? Does red tape unduly enmesh newcomers to America? Might a little saving sanity obviate immeasurable suffering? Mr. Harrington answers yes to each question and out of the experience gained in long years of first-hand observation of immigrants and officials at Ellis Island backs up his affirmative answer with specific instances.

You are, let us suppose, a stranger in a strange land. An official labels you "T. A.," "S. I.," or "T. D." Those cabalistic initials will determine your whole future and perhaps your family's. But the only explanation you get is an order to "take your baggage and go". Where do you go? How do you feel? It is hard for the happy and satisfied native-born American to imagine. In his present article Mr. Harrington tells him.

In his next article he will offer constructive suggestions for improving the lot of the arriving immigrant and removing a national disgrace.

TO the Statue of Liberty, looming from her insular stance in New York harbor, a young immigrant the other day fervently kissed his hands. An image of an ideal he seemed, set on the deck of the great steamship, just from the throbbing throat of the Narrows. Suddenly a steward seized him by the arm, poured into his ears a vial of cockney vitriol, and hurried him aft.

"Poor blighter," volunteered the brief-jacketed one, "Thinks as 'ow 'e's in the Land of the Free. 'E's another guess coming. Before the night 'e's likely to find that be'ind 'er Lidy Liberty keeps a jile."

Voyagers from overseas here to seek new homes and new fortunes, still gather at the rail to greet Bedlow's towering torch bearer. How often they become prisoners of hope on that bleak isle to which Liberty turns a cold, bronze shoulder!

Is it time to scrap this Ellis Island, to make the hard benches of the United States Immigration Station gruesome relics of an Inquisition, — its dens of detention as obsolete as the oubliettes of old?

Our immigration laws are in a state of transition, as numerous experiments in the methods of grading and rejecting arriving aliens are being tried. What better time for doing something! As New York is the chief of thirty-five centres for stranger-baiting

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and "handles" about nine-tenths of our human imports, Ellis Island might well be the first to reach sociological limbo.

Pros and cons of such a step follow present conditions. Steamship lines have made many changes in their accommodations of late years, and now there is no steerage, as generally understood. Ocean dormitories, sans privacy, where aliens slept in terraced bunks, have been cut up into staterooms. Greasy pots no longer slide over dirty decks, for the third class passengers are almost as well served as once first cabin travelers were. Their meals are eaten at small tables, furnished with clean linen and shining plated ware. They have their social hall, smoking-room, library, and a limited promenade. They of quota quality, some in picturesque native garb, most in conventional attire, compare favorably with our average Americans in their decorum and cleanliness.

As the steamships approach New York, stewards gather their third class passengers together, form them in queues, and then give them a first sense of chilly restraint. Soon begins the sorting of sheep and goats. The sheep have been examined in American consulates, in certain countries, — England, Irish Free State, Germany, Holland, and the Scandinavian lands, — and under Edenic conditions. On their arrival here, the anatomical appraiser, a surgeon of the Public Health Service, searches hatless heads for scalp diseases; assures himself ungloved hands are not *papier-mâché* or, if real, not paralyzed. By watching their steps, he can tell who of the cargo is lame, crazy, or given to varicose veins. If no physical defect has developed in transit, and their papers are flawless, most immigrants passing this secondary scrutiny may land at the piers.

Next come the goats, those from countries where primary examinations are not made at consulates. They are parked on sofas, where they act much as the inmates of live stock cars do at a siding. With them also are some who have had consular examination, — on the other side of whose visas are fastened small envelopes, officially sealed, containing notations of bodily imperfections which may bar their entrance.

Into a drafty, often dirty craft waiting at the end of the pier, all are driven. The skyline of Manhattan becomes a mirage; the Hudson River, a Stygian stream; Uncle Sam, a Charon. Doubtless there are more forbidding spots than Ellis Island, but going

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there is no voyage to Cythera. Its vegetation is as scanty as its beauty. It even lacks the one tree, which bore pirate fruit and gave it its old name, Gibbet Island.

From the wharf, immigrants are guided into the first floor reception corral of the station and disposed on benches. One by one they are led into the nest of rooms adjoining for medical examination. Men are stripped down to the buff entirely, women nude to the girdle, are scanned and thumped by practitioners of their own sexes. To these strangers at the gates of a strange land, comes many a harrowing ordeal. Put yourself, if you can, in their places. Yonder is a family, — father, mother, a girl of three, a boy of about twice her age.

"What's your name?" the Doctor asks the boy, eyeing him quizzically, doubtfully.

Sobs, wails, nerveless chatter of teeth!

"Don't answer for him, madam," comes the command to the mother, "You cannot do so. Sit down here, please. No, not there. I will see about this later."

Tales of families broken up, the Ellis Island nightmare of deportation, the anguish of thwarted ambition, draw the faces of the little group.

"Won't you be mother's little man?" the woman pleads. "Why are you so frightened?"

"I'm not scared. Of course I'm not," returns the boy. "I thought something was going to happen. It's all right now, isn't it?"

"Child talks, madam," singsongs fate in khaki. "That's enough, I heard him. Can't let dumb boys into this country."

Weepy eyes are danger signals at Ellis Island. A speck of dust, a draft, may rouse suspicion of trachoma. Like a gaunt spectre Fear always leers at the elbows of doctor and nurse. None knows how soon may come heartbreak and sorrow. Some hear their doom at once from the white-robed inquisitors; others are held in long suspense. Most, however, pass to the next division, — the sound and those with black marks against them all in one herd.

Once there were runways here, fenced by iron rails, in which the immigrants waited and pressed forward, as cattle in the Western abattoirs do toward the axman. A humane Commissioner took

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out the lanes and substituted benches, where immigrants are permitted to sit. They are called eventually to high desks at which an inspector stands on one side, an interpreter on the other. To these officials they show passports, visas, documents of all kinds, — bundled into what Ellis Island calls a "dossier".

"You are near-sighted," rasps an inspector, glancing up at a young English woman. "Likely to become a public charge. What have you to say?"

"My vision is good," she responds brightly. "I have some means of my own. I am on my way to Boston to teach in a college for women."

"That's all very well, madam. What would you do, if you broke your spectacles? You could not see, could not earn a living."

"I fancy I could, if I may say so," she dissents. "I could get a new pair of glasses."

"Suppose you had no money! You would not be able to buy anything. Law is very explicit. You are held pending decision of a Board of Special Inquiry. Take your baggage and go."

Up to the desks the immigrant files parade, read from soiled slips a few words in any language they can mumble, tell what money they have. They stand while inspectors pin on them cards bearing cabalistic initials such as "S. I.", "T. D.", or "T. A."

A large, sparkling French girl, bobbed of hair, short of skirt, her legs twinkling in silk, peers out from the rim of her perversely inadequate cloche. To her a ruthless pin spears a tag marked, "T. A."

"But it is that I desire to go with great speed to my sister who lives in Montana," she says, "And now I am 'T. A.'!"

A glassy stare and a shrug of the shoulder and a wave of the Dogberrian hand.

"Take your baggage and go!"

And here come two, treading as though on air. He lugs telescope and cases and a wooden cage with love birds within. She, who has stars in her Turkish eyes, twirls two lutes, their turned scrolls flaring above the silken coverings. Yes, he is telling the inspector, they were married in Marseilles, at the immigration camp, and, — well, — he is coming back, for he is a citizen.

"Lift up your hand," the inspector drones. "Swear-this-woman-is-your-lawful-wedded-wife."

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He swears fervently. The lady with the lutes looks up and smiles and takes the arm of her beloved.

"Take your baggage and go!"

Their faces sag, their eyes go lustreless. They gather their duffle and the twin "daughters of music", — and are gone.

And where do they go, bride and bridegroom, old and young, farmer and merchant, with dossiers and thumping impediments? There is no signboard in any language under the sun, — not even a telltale hand or arrow to show them where. Only by a prescience given to Ellis Island personnel would any one sense that down a passage is the door aliens are to open. A few steps beyond that portal, when they pry it out, they find a waiting guard, who glances at their cards and sends them on their ways, as cowboys do when "cutting out" cattle.

Those passed or admitted reach the Railroad Room, if they are bound for distant points. There they buy their tickets, are tagged with placards bearing the names of the lines they are to take. Then they are conveyed by boat to various terminals or piers. Others grope through a maze of cloistered corridors to the ferry-boat which makes trips to the Battery at the tip of New York City. Sometimes friends or relatives are waiting for them there.

In the station is an information bureau. Immigrants having the accolade of "T. D." are "temporarily detained", until their kin discover them. Welfare workers at the Island also do the best they can in the inevitable confusion. The French girl learns that the "T. A." brand which worried her stands for the benign Travelers Aid Society, a woman agent of which sees that she telegraphs at once to her sister in Montana the hours of her departure and of her arrival. Getting away from Ellis Island is often a near-tragedy of errors. Husbands vainly seek wives, children wander in dingy labyrinths calling for their parents. The puzzles of where and what and why are straightened out by unofficial effort.

For those actually detained, the well-meaning missionary folk can do little, — mostly nothing. As soon as they are sorted out, "detained" immigrants become virtual prisoners in a huge hall, known as "Detention Quarters". A guard undoes the door and locks it again after they have crossed the threshold. At one end of the room sits a matron, a woman turnkey, ready with rebuke

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if any stray. Happily, the southern side of the room has no windows from which a view of the harbor can be obtained, and the imprisoned do not see Liberty endarkening Ellis Island.

It is set forth in the regulations that no representatives of immigrant aid societies are to be present at hearings of the detained, and none may discuss his case with any "S. I." (Special Inquiry) suspect.

Frantic, too frightened to grasp what is afoot, the captives vainly batter the hard walls of officialdom. Social agencies give them tatting to do, or tracts; but the only thing to be said is: "I am quite sure this will come out all right. I should not worry, if I were you!"

Under lock and key, these aliens wait. They may send telegrams to relatives, but not use a telephone. They are here as the nation's unbidden hostages.

Theoretically, one should eat what is set before him in the Ellis Island Commons and be thankful. The dining-room, with its well scrubbed tiles and its scoured long tables, — such as those which were used in the steerage of ocean liners about 1890, — are clean enough. The food is American, restaurant type, with its beef stews and its perennial pudding. Coming over on the steamships, most immigrants who are not seasick enjoy the fare prepared by able chefs and served at tables, to which tactful stewards assign groups and families. Lapses in table etiquette do not bear so heavily on the ocean as "on the Island". To sit along side an enforced guest who fills a bowl with an unsanctified mixture of cereal, breakfast food, crumbled bread, sugar, milk, butter, and prunes, and tops it off with a deluge of coffee is a ghastly experience for the fastidious. There are, however, some classes accustomed to eating everything out of one vessel.

"Outrageous!" wailed one sojourner. "Feeling off my feed anyway, picking over my beef stew. Fellow next to me scooped his plate upon mine, and then added insult to injury by leering into my face."

"You're all wrong," interposes a philosopher. "That man came from where food is scarce. Having eaten his fill, he did not think it right to waste the balance, — and gave it to you. What you took for a leer of malice was a smile of friendliness."

Lodging on Ellis Island is about as pleasant as steerage was

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many years ago. Women and very young children sleep in big dormitories in single-deck beds and may have screens drawn about them if privacy is desired. Men and boys are assigned to quarters with two-decker beds, bunk-house style. The blankets are sterilized daily, and the sheets changed at least when a new lodger inherits them. Curfew rings at nine o'clock for all, even for first class passengers sometimes detained in private rooms. Families judged to be of the better sort may be so lodged, by themselves.

Most of those detained on Ellis Island want to sleep hermetically sealed at night. They have their way, and the minority draw morning headaches. The dormitory windows are netted with heavy wire mesh, — in reality, bars, — through which Liberty's torch is seen by the "twilight's last gleaming". In the morning, when the sashes are up, hundreds of English sparrows fly in through the bars, explore, and return to the open air. Birds of freedom, they!

In another division, under armed guard, are felons and criminals, awaiting deportation. Brought to Ellis Island in parties of thirty to fifty, from jails throughout the country, some have been there two years. Other departments are given to boundary jumpers, "bootlegged" immigrants, smuggled stowaways, runaway seamen, — and to women of an ancient calling.

In the dining and lodging arrangements, the classes are kept apart. They exercise at different hours, in what passes as a recreation ground, — a prison yard for all that, despite its seesaws and its swings.

Terrors come in the night to those locked in the stifling dormitories, dark and grim, in which lights are controlled from beyond the walls. To many, that other group of buildings on this isolated spot, — the hospitals of the Public Health Service, — seem like houses of doom. In them often are fathers, mothers, children, separated from the others of the family, held there for observation, for diagnosis, or for treatment.

The once barren reef, — about three acres in area, enlarged by dumpings and refuse to twenty-four acres, — has just enough soil on it to support mangy turf and straggling hedge. Our American Chateau d'If, with its broken and discolored tiled floors and its general dearth of paint, is on the main part, — Island No. 1.

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Nos. 2 and 3 are occupied by the general and contagious hospital groups, some with fissured walls ever since the "Black Tom" explosion of ammunition cars sent down its hail of death from across the strait which separates the islands from the New Jersey shore.

Certain of the wards in the hospitals are prisons for felons, deserters, and the insane; for, besides receiving immigrants, these institutions are used by other branches of the Government service. The main station and the hospitals are bound together by long, wooden corridors, heavily guarded, and between them is a gulf fixed far greater than the ferry slip which oozes there. To the immigrant the station is a hold of bondage; the hospitals, fabrics entered by those who leave hope behind. Station and hospitals are linked together and both contribute their doles of woe to the Boards of Special Inquiry.

The tribunals where the fate of so many aliens is weighed in the balance, are composed of inspectors who apply or misapply the mass of uncodified laws, undigested and often contradictory rulings, which govern the disposition of the immigrants. Red tape first and always is the easiest clew to follow in the dark mazes of an immigration jurisprudence. There is the letter of the law always available for the killing of the spirit. Precedents fill the records to repletion.

To those who may have the slightest technical shortcomings in their visas, the boards show no mercy of any quality. A reentry permit minus one of its rubber-stamp signatures, obviously due to official neglect, earns weeks of detention on Ellis Island, — for the Boards cut no Gordian knots with the sword of common sense. If a minor is born in the United States in a community that has no official registrar of vital statistics, woe is him if he brings only a certificate of baptism! It cannot be inferred that he had been born before his christening.

A boy of fifteen, with a clerical slip in his visa, is sent back to Czecho-Slovakia, and by the word of the tribunal, there must he stay. A woman, leaving Prague with a perfect bill of health, contracts a cold on shipboard, is officially judged to have pulmonary tuberculosis, and back she must go although she came to this country as a child, was married here, and only returned to her native land on a visit.

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Those who would learn of the verdict to be passed by the "S. I." on the fate of those with whom they have come across the seas, find the waiting heart-breaking. They find both the law and the hospital join with the judges in lagging deliberations. There came a Swedish family to this haven last autumn. The aged father was detained on account of his health. His relatives, including a married daughter who had accompanied him, spent the night at Ellis Island, an anxious, care-wracked night, and in the morning went to the hearing on his case before the honorable Board of Inquiry.

"Case dismissed," the presiding inspector stated, with official air. "Alien is dead."

"Dead?" cried the daughter. "My father gone! I didn't know it could be like that. Why didn't you tell us last night?"

He had passed away at four o'clock on the afternoon before, after a fall on the floor, — and of it. No tidings had crossed the nexus between the hospitals and station. There was time enough to know that in the morning, — for the information of the inquisitions of the Order of the S. I. that one less alien would require their judicial powers.

And you may ask as so many do: "What of the Commissioner of Immigration in charge of the station at Ellis Island? Can there be no appeal to him? Can he do nothing to free fellow-beings from the grip of the red tentacles of this Octopus of Officialdom?" Know, then, that the amiable Commissioner has no judicial power, — only keeper of a dark jail and a third-rate hotel is he.

If there be an appeal in any of these cases, it lies not with him, nor yet with the Commissioner-General of Immigration, but with the Secretary of Labor in Washington, to whose department the Bureau of Immigration is officially surrendered.

At least a week is required for the necessary papers to be sent to Washington, pass through the machinery, and come back, without making any allowances for the study of cases by the Secretary himself. The only solace of the marooned is that they are not in San Francisco, still farther away from the seat of judgment. Officials of Immigration find little incentive to make clean-cut rulings, for the present rules are boomerangs which return to smite initiative in the face. When days and weeks pass and appeals lag, many abandon both appeal and hope. Outward bound, such as

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these cast their dossiers into the bay and clench their fists as they are borne past Liberty's hollow shell. To such, Ellis Island is no friendly hospice at "The Gateway of the Nation", but a border outpost echoing with the *procul* of heathen lands which slew the strangers shipwrecked on their coasts.

Between the treatment of those whom she bars or deports and of those to whom she gives her grudging consent to enter, Ellis Island makes no perceptible distinctions of manner. To those who have passed rigid tests for membership in our great American Club, no official hand of fellowship extends, no word of welcome comes.

It is enough that immigrants are not beaten and robbed. That is the secret attitude. See how kind everybody is, for here are placards everywhere (dated 1910), stating that aliens are not to be abused! Dark detention pens have been abolished, yet the old system which slays self-respect still abides. Less like a slaughter-house in its internal plan is Ellis Island, yet none the less a shambles of souls. A British Ambassador, inspecting the place, said that although it was much better that nobody should go there at all, it seemed to be all that could be expected. With this opinion anybody may well take issue.

Times have changed, and conditions with them. Either this outworn institution should be readjusted to twentieth century civilization, or told to "take its baggage and go". I am aware that to many Ellis Island is a sacrosanct citadel of race prejudice; and it is not unknown that smug official complacency approves all it is and all it does. None the less, the observation of its workings, which the writer has studied for years, convinces him, as he hopes to show in a following article, that this forbidding prison and all it represents should be dealt with in accordance with the dictates of common sense and humanity.

The second article on Ellis Island will appear in the April number.

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AREN'T MEN QUEER?

CLEMENCE DANE

> EMMA," said she, "this paper is worse than I expected. Look! in places you see it is dreadfully dirty: and the wainscot is more yellow and forlorn than anything I could have imagined."
>
> "My dear, you are too particular," said her husband. "What does it signify? We never see anything of it on our club-nights."
>
> The ladies here probably exchanged looks which meant, "Men never know when things are dirty or not," and the gentlemen perhaps each thought to himself, "Women will have their little nonsenses and needless cares." — Jane Austen: *Emma*

IF you want to get a cool, detached view of human nature, masculine and feminine human nature, open your Jane Austen! Doesn't the passage I quote here put the eternal complaints of men about the maddeningness of women and the eternal wonder of women over the queerness of men, in a nutshell?

"Men never know, —" No more they do, — proper men! What is a newly polished floor to them or a fresh set of chintzes only tied on this morning? Which of them even tries to comprehend the impulse that forced the *Cranford* ladies to put little paths of newspaper all over a new carpet? The Victorian male probably believed that antimacassars were "little nonsenses" of the fiddling sex. They never dreamed, I wager, that Rowland's Macassar hair-oil came off upon the plush. Have you ever met a man who realized that it was not the maid's fault when he couldn't find the important letter that he had left, — not on his desk, but on the top of the pile of newspapers that Eliza had been told to throw away? Have you ever met a man, nevertheless, who did not raise amused eyebrows when the women-folk discussed the servant problem?

You put a charming little bowl of flowers in the best spare bedroom when your nephew comes to stay. How it pretties the spotless room! I prefer old-fashioned beeswax to all the patent polishes, don't you? How it shows up the walnut chest! How the forget-me-nots pick up the color of the new curtains! It was well worth clambering over the rockery in the dark and coming in again looking like the Countess in *Reginald in Russia*, the one

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whom "he classified with the type of woman that looks as if she habitually went out to feed hens in the rain".

But where is that bowl of flowers after your nephew has arrived and unpacked and come down to dinner? And what does the best spare bedroom look like? It isn't a room any more. It is a mixture of saddler's and old clo' shop. The bed is dented with suitcases. There is a collar in the first long drawer, a tie and a pipe in the second long drawer, and the third, the roomiest long drawer, is completely empty; while all the contents of all the suitcases are crammed into the two small top drawers that anybody knows are meant for socks and handkerchiefs. You will not find your lavender-bags till next year when you spring-clean the top of the wardrobe; and as for your bowl of flowers, it has almost certainly been put on the window-sill that gets the wind. You will find that the forget-me-nots have been blown right out of it and are lying in a wet huddle on the counterpane, which the invader in a fit of virtue has taken off the bed and rolled up in a ball before unpacking. Isn't he hopeless? Isn't he impossible? All the same I hate a tidy man, don't you?

And that is the sort of remark which makes men say, "How like a woman! What is the use of growling if you don't really mind?"

But we do mind, — *and* we hate a tidy man! Surely that's easy enough to understand? No, they can't grasp it! O my sisters, — aren't men queer?

Of course Jane Austen is right. We have our little nonsenses too. One can understand that it drives a man to despair to contemplate the space left him in the taxi after a woman has handed in all the suitcases she needs for a week-end visit. We are maddening, — I have noticed this myself, — at the telephone. And, there's no denying it, we like to talk at breakfast. That liking of ours is, I believe, the beginning of war and calamity in a good many homes. We like to talk at breakfast but, being unselfish, we learn not to; and it gives us a buttoned-in feeling of pure martyrdom that shows in our faces, and our men-folk, very naturally, resent our inexplicable airs! They know nothing of our martyrdom: they hate talking at breakfast! They, you see, prefer to read the paper. But do not we desire a paper?

If I knew a couple of hard-up children who were getting

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married, I shouldn't give them fish-knives as a wedding present, or a wireless set. I should give them a five years' subscription to two "Daily Mails" or two "Daily Chronicles", or whatever other paper they preferred, so long as it was two of the same sort. One "Daily Mail" and one "Daily Chronicle" would be useless, for the husband and wife would regularly hanker each after the other one's paper; but I am sure that two "Daily Mails" or two "Daily Chronicles" would save a marriage over and over again. It is maddening to be watched reading it or to be asked to halve it. Yet no woman that I've ever met can resist saying, "Well, I do think you might let me have the back sheet!" (Aren't women maddening?) And the average husband never seems to dream of ordering his wife another one. He prefers to simmer for twenty minutes over the bacon and the financial columns and come up to the boil at last with, "Oh, take it! Take it! Take the whole thing!" (Aren't men queer?)

They are queer, — Adam be thanked for it! They are maddening, — to Eve be the praise! Imagine a world in which men were tidy and women did not fuss, in which men had no livers and women no nerves! A pleasant world, — a world too good to be true? I don't agree with you. Imagine how empty life would feel if you knew that never again would you have the satisfaction of saying to a trusty member of your own saner sex:

"Women are maddening!" or "Queer things, men!"

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Marie of Roumania

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MR. BABBITT DRAWS A QUEEN

HAROLD NORMAN DENNY

QUEEN MARIE has gone back to Roumania, where political crises impend from day to day. What impression has she left in America? Why did she come? What did she see? Is there a story behind her country-wide journeyings? Had her visit a political significance? The correspondent who made the trans-continental trip for the "New York Times" and its associated newspapers tells the inside story of Roumanian royalty's day-to-day adventures when seeing America on the grand scale,—and being seen by America.

IN the days when Rome was all-powerful, her conquering generals on their return used to parade through the streets with the chiefs they had vanquished chained to their chariot wheels. We Americans have now adopted that genial custom; and when not long ago the reigning Queen of an impoverished nation came to visit us, the brandishers of American dollars, — which dominate the world in our day as surely as Caesar's swords did in his, — clamped golden shackles on her unresisting wrists and dragged her through the streets of two-score cities with whoops as triumphant as used to shake the gray old walls by the Tiber.

Queen Marie of Roumania came to America for a variety of reasons, not the least of which is the fact that, like others of her sex less distinguished, she quite pardonably relishes adoration, and America is famous for the receptions it accords to the great. In many places she had in full measure the triumph she had wished; yet even where her triumph was the greatest she was still the chained captive, led through cheese factories by butter and egg magnates, exhibited at strange theatrical benefits and even stranger social affairs, made to sit on creaky platforms while public officials in unwonted morning clothes delivered inadequately disguised political speeches, and in general prevented from doing what she wished to do and compelled to do what she didn't. Almost invariably she acceded to the demands of entertainers far more interested in their own glorification than in hers, as a house-party guest lets his host get him up at six for a round of golf when he would much prefer staying in bed.

Just before the Queen departed she said rather ruefully that America had seen her, but that she had not seen America. Even though some six million Americans gazed on the Queen, when she

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left the country she was in a sense less known to it than she had been before she came, for in the public mind her character and her mission were veiled in mystifying confusion.

Many pages might be covered with an analysis of the Queen's complex, interesting, and often admirable character, but it may be compressed into a few words, thus: She is clever, gracious, vivid, dominant, brave, theatrical, headstrong, egotistic (and egoistic as well, no doubt, with her cold blue eyes), avid of admiration, and far more intelligent and probably as honorable as the great run of our own elective officials. She is granddaughter of an Emperor on one side and an Empress on the other, yet she is always talking of her Queenship.

The Queen has one other outstanding quality also, and it played a fateful part in her visit here. That quality is her positive genius for making intimate friends of those who can do her the most damage, however estimable they may be themselves, and then standing by them with commendable but disastrous loyalty. This last quality was never more strikingly exemplified than in her relationship with Samuel Hill, builder of highways and cultivator of famous personages, and Loie Fuller, one-time dancer, for it was the connection of these two persons with the royal party which brought the newspaper quipsters and cartoonists into action and so marred a tour which in the West had become a triumph.

Loie Fuller has long been an intimate of the Queen. She appeared in New York as advance manager for her royal friend, and even before the Queen's arrival in America a considerable amount of suspicion as to the Queen's motives had been raised in the public mind. A certain section of the press, — notably the tabloids, — seized upon this suspicion and made the most of it. It was great fun baiting a Queen.

If the Queen could have been competently managed at this point, — as competently for instance as the average novelist or grand opera singer or prize-fighter, — the situation could have been vastly improved. Then she might have received at her leisure the persons who, whatever their personal worth, put the sterling mark on our visitors. But this was not permitted her, and so such a herd of persons who love to exploit visiting celebrities for the reflected glory they may derive elbowed their way into the picture

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that much of our *haut monde* who would have welcomed her readily kept severely aloof. There were abundant other factors in the unfavorable psychology which surrounded the Queen's activities. There were contracts with certain newspaper syndicates, from which I am told by competent authority she derived comparatively little money. These contracts not only gave a distinctly commercial air to the Queen's visit, but they angered many newspapers and set them hunting ways to damage her.

So with rumor piling on rumor that the Queen of Roumania had come here to negotiate a large loan for her country, that she had come to sell at fancy figures her endorsements of commercial products, that she had come seeking millionaire mates for her son and daughter, that she had come to sell a motion picture which she and Loie Fuller had produced, Marie and her entourage left New York City on their tour to the Pacific Coast and back. The Queen was tired and sick already from her pitiless program. She knew that many in America thought she was trying to exploit us, yet she herself was constantly the subject of exploitation, and the exploiters ranged from advertising agents to packing-house society dames.

All the way across America and back the Queen tried to explain out of existence the suspicion as to why she had come. The chances are great that she really came for the reason she stated: to put Roumania on the map and to make America like her. It would not be surprizing if in the back of Queen Marie's mind there was a hope that American capital would turn to Roumania in the not too remote future to the extent of a hundred million or so; it is not on record that any nation has rejected an American loan recently. But the Queen of Roumania could hardly have been naive enough to fancy she could negotiate an over-the-counter transaction on the spot as the reward of a few judiciously directed smiles. Her principal object in coming here was more fundamental than any loan. There is good reason to believe her purpose was to strengthen her own dynasty and her own country in a situation in which they both were and still are, at the moment this is written, in grave danger.

Queen Marie looked to America, the most powerful and the most stable country in the world. If she could have public and official opinion in America on her side, it might be a source of

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great strength, — even if only moral strength, — if a crash in her country should become imminent. She counted on her undeniable personal charm to accomplish this. She had reason to trust in it, for it had brought her more than one victory in her contests with the shrewd old diplomats of Europe. If she could achieve a personal triumph here, report of it would go over all the world, and in Roumania particularly the news that mighty America had fallen at her feet would strengthen the Queen and her dynasty. That in itself might be enough to turn an adverse tide. There were lesser reasons, of course. And it is entirely credible that the Queen wanted to see America, as she said she did. Many other Europeans have taken the trouble to visit us.

Unfortunately Queen Marie could not come on her own. Being a Queen, and coming as a Queen, she could not travel with the freedom and simplicity of less cumbered folk. There must be an entourage, a special train, and elaborate entertainment. Such a trip would cost in the neighborhood of a half million dollars, and this one did. Neither the country nor the family could afford it. Therefore a journey whose essentials would cost her nothing was provided for the Queen and her children. The fact that the Queen traveled over ten thousand miles of our railroads without paying fare and that magnificent hotels put whole floors at her disposal without charge set no precedent, for those things have been done before for royalty in this country. Perhaps the Queen arrived one royalty too late to accept so much without provoking criticism.

The railroads, represented on the train by Colonel John H. Carroll, as host to the Queen, asked nothing of her in return for their heavy outlay. They carried her as a courtesy to a woman who had placed her country on the side of the Allies long before America entered the War. The local reception committees, however, often let it be known that they expected full value for their money. I have sat at table with local personages who had helped sell tickets to royal receptions which the Queen was too tired to attend, — but attended anyway, — and listened to their arguments that she was under moral obligation to come, since they had made all the arrangements. Perhaps, from their own point of view, they were right. Queen Marie herself felt this moral obligation to be an obedient guest too fully for her own good. She refused no demands made on her, not even when the Mayors of

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Niagara Falls, N. Y., and Niagara Falls, Ontario, insisted that she breakfast with them, thus using up so much of her time that she got only the sketchiest view of the Falls themselves, which she had all her life wanted to see.

When she listened to long speeches by Chamber of Commerce presidents extolling the particular town in which she happened to be playing her one night stand as the "fastest growing city of its size in the country", as the "Queen City of America", as the "Wonder City of the West", or as the "Gateway to Opportunity", she may have felt, too, that these kind hosts, even though they were boring sometimes, really did represent the backbone of America and were the very ones it was most important should know her and like her. Indeed, when she was able to take them in small doses she appeared to enjoy them. She even liked some of our mayors, and encountered only one whom she really could not endure.

There were a few private and unofficial social functions along the route. One or two of those were simple and delightful. Others were dreadfully amusing. I recall one given for the Queen in the magnificently atrocious mansion of the widow of a great biscuit manufacturer in one of our thriving industrial cities. It was very exclusive. About a hundred guests attended. They were first conducted through an elaborate sifting process, which separated them into four distinct social strata, graded according to their degree of intimacy with the biscuit king's widow. When all had been properly sorted, a pipe organ began playing as a signal for the presentations to Her Majesty and Their Royal Highnesses. Prince Nicolas, who never missed a cue in America, remarked to a friend, "Now I've got to go to work," and went to join his mother.

The presentations completed, the royal family and their personal suite were led into a sacred alcove with the survivors of the final social sifting and permitted to sup. After that came the climax of the evening. The hostess summoned two liveried lackeys, and they came bearing a great box, some four feet long by two feet wide by one foot deep, ornamented with variegated wrapping paper and huge ribbons in the Roumanian colors. With much formality it was presented to the Queen. It was filled with biscuits and on it was a card stating that the contents had been "manufactured by the So and So Baking Corporation".

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The most obvious Babbitries occurred in the West, — though some of the Eastern cities gave the West a hard battle for the honors, — but the West at any rate was whole-hearted and less self-seeking and, except in Chicago, less cluttered with climbers. The West really opened its heart to the Queen and her children and the phenomenal crowds which welcomed her in most places were warm as well as curious. This was partly because the West had had opportunity to learn what the East had not had time to see, — that the Queen was the courageous and personable mother of a sweet and attractive daughter and an unspoiled and engaging son; and that in their castle in Roumania royal babies got their faces dirty and fell into puddles and asked devastating questions just as ordinary babies do in America. The West learned of the Queen's gift for doing dramatic and often charming things without forethought and loved her for it. One of these little spur-of-the-moment actions is worth telling here, for the side of the Queen's character it illustrated is too important to be slighted.

Out in Idaho a ten year old boy had climbed on the railing of the Queen's observation car when her train paused at his native hamlet, and the train carried him away before he recovered from his trance at his eye-to-eye view of royalty. A guard on the train hauled him to safety as the train gathered speed and was about to turn him over to the railway officials when the Queen intervened.

"He's my guest," the Queen said, "and he shall have dinner with us."

So the coatless lad, inarticulate with admiration, dined magnificently with a real Queen in an ermine wrap and a Princess looking her loveliest in shimmering white satin. Such things as these endeared the Queen to the West, and she was proceeding from triumph to triumph, with enthusiasm mounting from one city to the next until Spokane was reached and Samuel Hill and Loie Fuller got on the train. Samuel Hill, with his huge bulk, his plump, pink face, his twinkling eyes and his shock of snow-white hair, is always a picturesque figure, and he was doubly picturesque when he made his first entrance at the reception in a Spokane hotel in a pepper and salt suit and a cowboy hat in the midst of all the evening finery. Later that evening, on the train, he immediately made himself known to the newspaper men.

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"Yes sir, I'm just a plain Westerner, — Farmer Hill they call me. — Got elected chief by an Indian tribe, — they said, 'Sam Hill's our friend.' — Forty-one times across the Atlantic and seven times around the world, — Sir, to you! — Didn't know I was in the German army did you? — In the Russian Army, too. — Washington and Oregon have one of the most remarkable climates in the world because there's an air drain. — Seven times around the world. — Yes sir, sir to you! — When I took Marshal Foch as my guest around the world. — Forty-one times across the Atlantic and seven times around the world — "

A day or two later when the train arrived at Samuel Hill's home city of Seattle, where he had built a palace for the King and Queen of the Belgians, — who never went to visit it, — Samuel Hill himself conducted the Queen down from the platform of her private car. A cheering crowd was massed about the train.

"See, they all know me," he said, as he waved his hat.

Samuel Hill had a vital position in the party. He is founder and president of the indescribable Maryhill Museum of Fine Arts, which he built on a height overlooking the lovely Columbia River and the tawny hills of Oregon. The museum, if one may so call it, is nine miles from a railroad and far from a main highway, although Samuel Hill intends sometime to build a great highway past it. It is a hundred miles or more from a large town. It looks like a big garage, and Samuel Hill boasts that it is so strongly constructed that it will outlast any other man-made edifice on earth. It contains a Peace Hall and a Good Roads Hall and the art treasures to be enshrined in it range from a cast of Rudolph Valentino's hand to Rodin statues and works given by the Louvre. The dedication of this work of Samuel Hill was the official mission on which Queen Marie traveled across many thousand miles of sea and land, the official pretext on which her government allowed her to come.

Loie Fuller is a friend of Samuel Hill and chairman of the Board of Directors of the museum. It is hard to imagine her as once having been a dancer, for she is little and dumpy and shrouds herself in flowing draperies, and her moist eyes look oddly out through horn-rimmed spectacles. She has the air of incredible age and is an appealing figure in her apparent helplessness.

The day his museum was royally blest was the crowning day of

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Samuel Hill's long life. Queen Marie's real friends of the train party suffered for her as she sat on a throne on a draped platform in the ugly bare hall while the interminable speeches, each more banal than the preceding and omitting no single tawdry bromide, gushed from the local notables at her feet. Her friends saw the Queen in a ridiculous situation and prayed that somehow the world outside would not learn too much about it. Marie herself bit her lip. At last it came the Queen's turn to reply to all the amiable idiocies. She advanced to the edge of the rostrum, cast a commanding eye over the gathering and in a firm voice, which grew richer as she proceeded, challenged the world to criticize her for being loyal to her two old friends, — Samuel Hill and Loie Fuller, — who had stood by her and helped her and her country when it was ravaged by war. In a few crisp, beautifully worded sentences, flung out without forethought as the emotion of the moment formed them, she defended the right of Samuel Hill to erect that "curious and interesting building" and of herself to dignify it with her presence if she thought fitting, and in effect told all her whispering critics to go to the devil. It was one of the most dramatic and magnificent things this chronicler ever witnessed, and it is doubtful if any American public official could have the wit and courage to seize a disaster as she did and turn it into a triumph. In that moment she was truly the Queen.

It seemed then that the danger which many had foreseen at the western end of the Queen's journey had been conquered by the Queen's daring. But Samuel Hill, gentle and courtly one moment and in a towering temper the next, conceived a violent dislike for Major Stanley Washburn, the Queen's aide, for no valid reason with which the writer is familiar. Within a few hours of the dedication there were brawls, one in the Queen's box at the horse-show at Seattle. Word of the quarrel burst on to the front pages of newspapers all over the country. After two days of tension over what might happen next on the distraught train, Samuel Hill was prevailed upon by Colonel Carroll to bid the party good-bye when it left Seattle. The Queen confirmed this decision, even though Loie Fuller protested excitedly, and so Samuel Hill stepped out of the situation, — and did it very gracefully in the end. A little later, at Denver, Madam Fuller departed also, with Marie's leave and blessing. Thus ended the chapter which had so

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puzzled and amused the public, and calm once more prevailed on the royal train.

But the charm which the Queen and her son and daughter had begun to weave over fickle America had now been shaken. On that long journey back toward the Atlantic there were individual receptions as huge and as noisy and perhaps as enthusiastic as any which had honored Marie on her westward trip. They were interspersed, however, with visits in other cities where scant crowds eyed her with little more than impertinent curiosity. And then there was the three day ordeal of Chicago, with rival stockyard magnates squabbling for proprietorship. It was time to go home, and the Queen knew it. She was genuinely worried over the condition of King Ferdinand and the mounting political crisis at Bucharest. She was tired, desperately tired, and it was a marvel she had endured so long. And dramatic urgency, whether or not it swayed the Queen toward her decision, demanded that the visit should not be prolonged to an anticlimactic conclusion.

The Queen canceled the remainder of her trip, but there was still New York ahead of her and the weary woman dreaded it. She had hoped since early in her journey to seclude herself before sailing in some country place on Long Island, to rest and visit quietly with people she liked. That at least would have brought a decent and pleasant finish to her American experience, and she could have departed with the sympathy of a sentimental people for a distraught wife hurrying home to an ailing husband. But the group who had captured the Queen when she first arrived were not to let their prey slip away from them when only a few days remained for them to bask in her aura. They were unrelenting in their determination to parade her.

So a public which had been struck with sympathy for a woman eager to see her sick husband read each morning of how she had rushed from this function to that, and thought the less of her; and in cities she had stricken from her list when she decided to hasten home, people who had made effort and outlay to receive her heard about these things and must have felt defrauded. It was all over at last, of course. She bade an obscure and almost shamefaced good-bye to those who had striven sincerely for her throughout her long journey and moved on, still smiling, but still jingling her shackles, to the boat.

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WHY CLUBS FOR WOMEN?

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

WOMEN'S clubs, Mrs. Blair avers, are havens of refuge from soul-destroying routine. Undoubtedly they have a number of shortcomings, but where would American women be without them? The ridicule with which the clubs have met is not wholly just, — in fact it is often exceedingly unjust. The clubs are keeping women's minds alert. They keep housewives in touch with the arts and with questions of the day. Women's clubs would scarcely have sprung up unless they filled a very real need.

IN my town there are perhaps six thousand women. In the newspaper office there is a list of two hundred women's organizations. Assuming that these average a membership of twenty, this means that four thousand of these six thousand women are members of at least one women's organization, — sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of the women in the town. Twenty is a very low average, since few run as low as fifteen and several run to a hundred; but I have made it low in order to take care of the amount of overlapping, — that is, women who are members of several organizations. The membership in women's clubs alone, — excepting the missionary and other church societies and lodges, — runs to near fifteen hundred, which is forty-one and two-thirds per cent of the women in that town.

Nor is this percentage peculiar to our town. In our town's next door neighbor live perhaps twenty-four hundred women. In its newspaper office there is a list of eighty women's organizations. Assuming the average membership to be the same, this means sixteen hundred women out of the twenty-four hundred in this town, or sixty-six and two-thirds per cent.

There are percentages of all women, rich and poor, working women, mothers of large and small families, women with large incomes, and women with next to none. These percentages are tremendous. Two-thirds of all the women in that town belong to a women's organization offering some degree of intellectual entertainment, — almost one-half of the women to organizations devoted wholly to some kind of intellectual and social activity.

The potential power of these organized women has been discussed many times before. Their relationship to reform movements has been pointed out. They have even been made the basis of the argument that women are "organization mad".

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They have been the butt of wit and the food for humorous divertisement. They are charged with the decline of States' rights and the reign of lawlessness, of sentimentalism in politics. They are held responsible for the enactment of two constitutional amendments, at least by the opponents of these amendments. They are the object of scorn by the literati and political "highbrow", — of which the following quotation from the recent article of a well-known publicist is an example: "The tenth woman is an individual and not merely one of a herd, in the various futile leagues that delight the souls of nine-tenths of her sex."

But I am not here concerned with any of these phases of the so called woman's club movement. There is an entirely different phase which seems so far to have escaped friend and foe alike. It has to do with the cause of these organizations.

The spectacle of husbands congregating in clubhouses long ago posed a question which has been handled variously in play and story under a general title: "Why Father Left Home." So far as I know, the spectacle of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of the women of small towns, — I don't know the percentages of the city, — attending club meetings with some regularity has never even posed the question: "Why Mother Left Home," much less why she left it for a club. And yet it seems to me the spectacle of hundreds and thousands of women walking off each week to spend two or three hours in company with other women, — not gossiping or knitting or sewing, but in mutual improvement, or what they call that, — is a phenomenon of no small social import. And more interesting, — even challenging, — when it is seen against the background of the social customs and habits of these women's grandmothers, against the whole historical position of women as individualists, more or less isolated in homes, more or less feudal so far as women and their activities are concerned. When sixty-six and two-thirds per cent or fifty or even twenty-five per cent of a group, a class, a species do a certain thing, — the same thing, — do it over a period of time, must there not be back of this action some common cause? And if all kinds of women do it in all kinds of towns, is it not worth while to inquire what this cause is?

To find out what that cause is, we must first discover what clubs offer women.

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Let us first take a few concrete cases of club women. If we can find out why Mary George goes to a club we may be able to formulate a theory and then test it by applying it to other cases. Mary Smith is the youngest club member I know. She is a college graduate, married one year. Before marriage Mary was in an office for six months. It is apparent she is very young or she would either have been longer in an office or longer married. She was enthusiastic about the office. As she said to me, "I just adore the system of an office. It is so orderly and so interesting! Some problem every minute to be solved." She was efficient in the office. Her employer, a publisher, said to me, "She's a good brain for a woman. She could go far. I would promote her if she would stay." And she loved matrimony, too, — meaning not only her husband, but her home and being married, the Mrs. before her name, the sense of importance, of being not only necessary to a man (she thinks she is, praise be to her husband!) but of being a social personage with her name as hostess in the local paper, a committee member, a buyer at the grocery, department, and drug stores, the mistress of a house, — front door and kitchen, — the creator of a home. All these things she enjoys and their smaller symbols, such as pouring tea, receiving guests, showing off her china.

Mary has married a professional man who has his way to make. They have a charming cottage. She has made it very attractive. She has bought for it all she can afford for next year. She is her own cook and maid. She is a good one. At first it took some thought to get the knack of it. But now she can cook two meals each day without so much as looking in a cook book. She can even get up a company dinner without spending much thought on it, although she does spend as much as possible on menu and decorations and trimmings. She puts in hours embroidering MG on sheets and pillow cases; she can now do it without pursing her lips or even thinking at all about it. In short, Mary's brain has taught her hands to do her housework. They can cook and sew with very little assistance from it. She tries to keep up her reading. She puts in an hour or so a day at it. Sometimes she can persuade her husband to read aloud to her at night but not often. "I work my brain all day," he says. "When night comes I want to play. Let's go to the movie." Never can she get him to discuss

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with her. "It's my business all day to get ideas into stupid people's heads. Why do it for fun?" he asks. So she has already stopped talking over the books with him.

Her husband told the truth. "Working his brain" is his business. Her business is hand-work. Yet Mary has as good a brain, — or at any rate, as active and well-trained a brain as his. And this brain, like any active organism, craves employment. Mary found this employment, as she told me herself, in the A. A. U. W., — the American Association of University Women, which has a chapter in Mary's town. Mary joined it. She also joined a "group" to take up the study of the drama. Incidentally, does any one know of any Association of American University Men with drama groups? Is this because men graduates get all the mental exercise they desire without having study groups for that purpose? This explanation is worthy of consideration.

"I needed some mental life," Mary said, "if my brain was not to rust out utterly. I love my home but it makes no demands on my brain. I don't want to get out of the habits I acquired at college or lose my mental curiosity. I dare say there are women who can get mental exercise by solitary study but it is easier for me to do it if I have a stated time and a stated lesson and am engaged to other people to do it. Otherwise I'm so lazy I drift."

Mary was a thinker, she knew why she did things. Perhaps the thousands of other young college women who are going into drama groups and psychology groups and home training and international relations groups of the A. A. U. W. also know. But how about the older club women, the ones who never went to college? Why are they so crazy to write papers on Japanese art and listen to talks on the Far Eastern question?

Let us examine another specimen. Mrs. Barstow graduated from a small high school about thirty-five years ago. She was eighteen and very bright. She was married the next year. They were quite poor but very thrifty. Mrs. Barstow did her own work, — cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, and baking, — and tended the garden. She, of course, took entire care of her two children. She did all her own sewing.

As I say, they were poor. The house was small. It did not take long to get over it. She could spend no thought on furniture or clothes, for she had no money to buy them, — not much on food,

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for she cooked only simple meals. And she, too, had the active mind. "I had done housework ever since I could remember. It was automatic with me. I could bake bread, wash dishes, peel potatoes, just as people run a car, without a single thought about it. In time I could go through my whole day's, — aye, week's, — routine without a single minute's consciousness of what I was doing. But what had I to occupy my mind while my hands were busy? Nothing. So I began to read to have something to think about. And then I wanted to tell someone about what I read. I joined a Chautauqua Club. That was the beginning of my club career and ever since I've belonged to a club, sometimes more than one. I do an awful lot of reading and thinking that have nothing to do with my clubs. But they stimulate me to it."

There are a certain number of people, men and women, who enjoy manual labor, a certain number who are not fitted for any mental work, as well as a certain number who enjoy mixing the two, like the lawyer who works in his garden and the business woman who makes hooked rugs. There are also a certain number, women as well as men, who do not like any kind of manual labor, who like to work with their minds, whose minds, in fact, insist on working. When these people are men, even though husbands, they can choose work of the kind that is mental, they can and do refuse to do any manual labor. But when these people are women and wives they, with few exceptions, have no choice. They are obliged to undertake an occupation calling for manual labor. That occupation is housewifery.

Now with rare exceptions the membership of women's clubs is composed of housewives. It is noteworthy that every organization furnishes some program either of entertainment or of study. It is noteworthy that nearly every woman's organization, even though it be a lodge or a philanthropic organization like the W. C. T. U., Jewish Council of Women, or Parent-Teachers Association provides something for its members in the way of program designed to entertain, uplift, or educate. Can there be any connection between these programs and the desire of housewives for some mental diversion? Can it be that clubs were designed by housewives to satisfy their intellectual cravings?

Does "intellectual cravings" seem too ambitious a phrase to apply to the desire of women who are engaged in hand-work for an

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occasional activity of the brain? For the majority of women, I confess, it is. Even the words "brain hunger" are too strong. Perhaps "need of mental exercise" or "desire for mental diversion" would more nearly express their feeling. But for a few, the first phrase stands. And it is from these few that the leadership of these clubs comes. Did they see in clubs a way to capitalize the need of other women for diversion into an intellectual opportunity for themselves? If my theory is correct clubs serve two purposes. What is my theory? That the clubs' programs satisfy the more or less unrealized desire of nearly all women handworkers for some diversion that appeals to thought in place of activity, while the management offers opportunity to the more active brains among housewives for creative work that shall not interfere with housewifery. One class want to be diverted. The second want to do the diverting. It is these latter who make club programs, become parliamentarians, and urge social reforms.

I make no "claim" that these clubs are the best possible answer to this need of housewives nor even that they are a good solution. Like most social answers to individual needs they have developed out of the material at hand and did not spring complete from a master mind. Almost instinctively, it seems, tired housewives, finding a little leisure on their hands or achieving it, gathered together to talk and sew, then to talk about books, then to talk for improvement, then to read papers. Leaders saw an opportunity and grasped it. Or a leader gathered some women into her parlor for tea and gradually led them toward organization.

In fact I make no "claims" at all. I merely suggest that it is reasonable to think that any movement so general and so spontaneous as this organization movement on the part of women has its beginnings in a common need.

I find one thing common to all clubs, namely, diversion, entertainment, ranging all the way from a "home talent" program or reading "Evangeline" out loud, to a lecture on Esoteric Art by a college professor, — all making an appeal of some kind or another to the intellect (or what passes for it). And I try to discover what need it is this program satisfies. I find that the majority of these members are housewives. And among these housewives I find college graduates saying they hate to see their minds grow flabby or rusty or whatever it is happens to idle minds, unedu-

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cated housewives longing for "improvement", bored housewives wanting diversion.

I then turn to this business of housewifery. And I find it manual labor. I mean by that that the business of housekeeping makes so few demands upon a woman's intellect that it may quite literally be called manual labor. Note that I do not understand "manual labor" to mean unskilled labor. By no means. I understand it to mean work that is done by the hands and not work that is done by conscious brain operation. Doubtless the brain trained the hand. But practice has so coordinated the brain and the hand that action has become automatic. This happens to highly skilled mill and machine operatives. It happens to skilled carpenters, plasterers, and painters. A novice could not do their work. Some workmen never become as expert as others. But the work of a trained worker is automatic. He does it "without thinking".

Housewifery comes in this class. Does any one doubt it? Recall what the college graduate and the older club woman told me. Nearly every experienced housewife will bear them out in their contention that they can go through the routine of housework without using their brains at all. I have one friend who props her book in front of her while she sews, another who has read volumes while washing dishes. But most of us go through our work with our minds wandering over the pleasant field of introspection or speculation or meditation, like will-o'-the-wisps, hither and yon, as they will, — which is, of course, rather bad for our powers of concentration or reasoning. There are those housewives who employ other hands to do their work, who are what might be called directors. But their work, too, is largely routine. Once having established a home and set up the routine, very little demand is made upon the director for the brain-work. Surely no one contends that the choosing of menus, the ordering of food, the checking up on dusting and sweeping, the ordering of one, or even two, servants requires much brain-work, — especially the tenth or twentieth year one has ordered almost the same menus and run the same house.

Let no one imagine I depreciate the housewife's job. To express what I think of its importance and value would require an entire article. I fully realize how her days are filled with multitudinous

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details and interruptions and that the happiness, comfort, and welfare of many people depend upon her attention to this detail and response to the interruption. Only a professional worker who neglects these demands realizes fully their importance and their pull upon the nervous and physical energy of women. But I think few of these housewives will deny that neither detail nor interruption makes much demand on their intellect or calls for a conscious mental process. Certainly the housewives, when gathered together, do not hesitate to express themselves as to the routine nature of their work and its effect on their mental activity.

I dismiss the so called drudgery of housework as having no place in this discussion, because I am not talking of hard work or overwork; and I doubt if routine work may be called drudgery, even though its tasks be uninteresting and even menial. Doubtless a college man with an active brain would consider it "drudgery" to do the janitor work for his office building, even if he were the head janitor, and certainly the tasks involved in housewifery, — cooking, washing dishes, dusting, sweeping, — in a home are quite like those of janitoring, — sweeping, dusting, and washing an office building. And doubtless many college-bred wives with active brains do regard their household tasks as drudgery. A very successful housewife whose home was such a model of comfort and beauty and she so expert at cooking and sewing that I thought it her hobby, once surprised me by saying, "I've gotten breakfast every day for thirty years and I've hated it every single morning. I hate housework and every part of it. Yet I've been condemned to spend my days doing it. And why shouldn't I?" she continued. "It takes no brains to cook or sew. Look at the women too stupid to do anything else who make good servants. It was my duty and I did it. Don't talk to me about making it a profession or enjoying it. Fancy Jack (her husband) condemned to working in a garden or being a stenographer all his life! And he's no abler than I. In fact I ranked him always at school."

But my object is not to discuss housewifery except in its relation to women's clubs. Drudgery would not drive women to clubs but to rebellion, suicide, or slavery. That housewifery has done none of these might indicate that women find pleasure in their work. I think most of them do. The worst they can fear from it is

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becoming automatons. And the escape from that is in mental employment for leisure moments. They get some of this in clubs. They get at least an intellectual stimulus. So they find clubs a solution to their needs. They go to clubs, not as a substitute for housewifery, but as a diversion; they seek them not as an alternative, but a supplement.

Think not that women make no efforts to employ their minds creatively in their housewifery. Many have been the efforts of individual women to exercise their minds in housewifery; and tradesmen, professional decorators, and builders, — even magazine editors, — have striven to help them to change housewifery from a manual occupation to a profession. Witness the elaboration of entertainment, the changing style in curtains and color schemes, the fashions in dress. All of these make a slight demand on brain power. And who has not seen the young housekeeper strive to keep her mind busy with parties and curtains and cakes that were "works of art"? But alas! most of them cannot do this for years on end! The demands of a family set in. They find necessities to be provided in such numbers, so many details to be handled, so many interruptions that before they know it they are systematizing their job and, except for the occasional refurnishing and rebuilding, become automatic housekeepers.

In this connection I remember how, soon after I was married, I organized a Domestic Science Club to study food and dietetics, house decoration, china. In addition to our programs on these subjects, each hostess in turn served a luncheon to cost forty cents a plate and, for menu cards, wrote the cost of each dish and the calories it contained. At the same time most of our members joined a Shakespeare Society. We got training at the Domestic Science Club. In the Shakespeare Club we found escape. The Domestic Science Club disbanded in a few years. The Shakespeare Society is still vigorous after twenty-five years, and the same members enjoy the modern plays they read and put on.

There are exceptions. The women's magazines help them. They give wonderful recipes, marvelous patterns which these women use, each one trying to compete with her neighbor in the newness or perfection of menu or dress. But writing about work does not make it intellectual and eternally making new dishes and new dresses does not stimulate a tired or idle brain. The women's

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magazines have long realized this. The better ones, — aye the more popular, — are giving more and more attention to club movements, club questions, to books and questions of the day, and less to making a cult of housekeeping.

To trace the connection between this change in magazine "copy" and the women's club would be interesting, but this is not the place for it. There is a connection, just as there is between improved housekeeping methods and clubs. Although undoubtedly women went into clubs for intellectual food or stimulation, they took their problems with them. Many of those problems they are discussing. Out of this discussion will come solutions.

Perhaps the title of this article should be "Why the Club For Women Who Are Club Women?" Of that thirty-three and one-third per cent who are not, a goodly number doubtless have no needs that a club could fill, among them professional and working women who feel like professors and business men about intellectual diversions. This is equally true, of course, of many who belong to clubs. They join because it is customary, "the thing." But this need not weaken my argument, for it only became "the thing" when enough women felt the need to make it so. And evidently they are the kind that other women want to follow.

In this thirty-three and one-third per cent are doubtless many women who can better satisfy that need in other ways. There are the scholars who pursue their studies separately and alone. There are the students who subscribe to "courses" by mail. There are those who "keep up their reading and French and music" by themselves and have no need for outside stimulation, sometimes feeling superior to those that do. There are women on farms with no opportunity to join a club, business women whose time schedule does not permit it, who sometimes feel resentful that clubs are designed for housewives so that there is no place for them. There are working women who have neither leisure nor opportunity. There is also the small sophisticated and the very rich group who, not coming under the classification housewives, have no needs clubs would satisfy. No one of these groups seems to me to offer any evidence tending to contradict my theory of the club for the sixty-six and two-thirds per cent who do join clubs. But perhaps there is other evidence. After all, it is but a theory and, as such, open to discussion.

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AN ACCIDENT ON THE QUAI VOLTAIRE

MARY BORDEN

Drawings by Thomas Handforth

HE was a poor little dark cinder of a man, a writer of verse, laborious, conscientious, painstaking. Since his death they say in Paris that he was a great genius, one of the few of our age who will last; but at the time of our story he was not the fashion, was read only by a few, mostly writers themselves, and was lucky if he got a hundred francs for a poem that had cost him a month of headaches. Writing was for him a torment, even the fancies that came floating into his head, for they had to be written down, — that was what they came for; they insisted, they came floating along as gently as little white clouds, then set up a clamor of demons inside him, demanding shape, solidness, permanence. He was a young man, sickly, alas, and ugly in his own eyes, but young, only twenty-five, and he was having no fun out of it. Ah, how he would have enjoyed being healthy, handsome, clean, with waxed mustaches and a cane twirling in his gloved hand, and patent leather boots and a scented handkerchief in his pocket!

Then, *then*, if he were that man, he would be in love with some

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beautiful woman. But he was never in love, just as he was never hungry, not really. He was always flinging away from his food and his friends with disgust. They made him feel sick. He would rush like a lunatic out of the café where they foregathered and where the sanded floor was stained and smelly and wander about the boulevards alone and watch the large white-skinned, jeweled women sweep in and out of the theatres and restaurants like proud, fat, white swans; and then he would creep miserably up the five flights of stairs to the apartment in the Boulevard Saint-Michel where he lived with his parents, who kept a fur shop on the *rez-de-chaussée*. There, likely as not, hanging out of his high window from which he could see the towers of Notre Dame across the many silvery ridged roofs, he would be espied by one of those sprites that always seemed to be lurking round the eaves waiting for him.

It would begin by his being confused and miserable as usual with all the discordant sounds and sights and smells of the day jostling and tumbling in his head, stupid things people had said. Since the Cocteau band had discovered him, he was never alone, always being talked to, teased, *tu-toied*, laughed at, scolded, told he had discovered something, invented something, found out a way. "*Toi, tu as fait une trouvaille. Ah, le malin! Tu vois cela, Jean? Ecoute.*" His wretched bits of paper grabbed out of his hand, his weary little worn lines read aloud over the beer-slopped table, criticized, words torn up by the roots, poor little words so deeply embedded, so closely knit together it hurt them, being torn out like that. But he must laugh, be slapped on the back, dragged off somewhere to some cheap place, some queer place, of niggers perhaps, or some little dark hole where laughter yelled at the bottom of a well and the skeletons of girls went through distasteful antics, or perhaps not girls.

He was a dutiful son. Although it was suffocating at home in the apartment under the roof, though the whole little varnished place reeked of garlic, which his Mother and Father both doted on, — she came from the Midi, near the Italian border, his Father was a Levantine, — still, he felt bound to them by awful, hurting ties of affection, corpulent and greasy as they both were, and puffing up the long stairs in the evening like porpoises as they did, and bullying him. Oh, he saw them clearly enough. . . .

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It was awful, but she was his mother, he couldn't get away from her, nor from his father, who sat like a turtle on his stool in the gloomy shop, surrounded by all those skins of wild animals, like a turtle on a stump in a jungle, and craned his neck and blinked at him as he slunk past the door. How strong the skins of those beasts smelt. He could feel the smell creeping up the stairs. Never, never would he go into the business. It was horrible. Human beings were horrible.

But the night over Paris was beautiful. The golden haze rising like gold smoke from the burning streets into the cool, blue night, the shadowy towers of Notre Dame lifted up. Why scoff and sneer at Notre Dame? "*Cette vielle accroupie*," Jean called it. He loved it. It had no sense, of course, and nothing to do with poetry. That is to say, it had no need of him, didn't want him to do anything about it. What of that? It was a part of his childhood, of his life. It rose up in the centre of his life, solid, serene, impregnable, like a benediction. It saved him. It was his friend.

His life had nothing to do with his writing. That was where the Cocteau band made their mistake. They thought one's life should be, if one had talent, abnormal. Because he had a peculiar gift for seizing the *insaisissable*, for making visible and permanent the fleeting, invisible flick of a second, the thing glimpsed over the shoulder that vanished when you looked at it squarely, because he had an uncanny eye and ear, they thought he must be queer himself, whereas he was really dull and commonplace, just a little bourgeois, very devout, who never missed mass and liked the stained glass windows and the rolling thunder of the organ and wanted to be ordinary, quite ordinary. His secret ambition was to have a house in Passy near the Bois, with geranium beds in the garden and a motor-car. But of course he couldn't tell this to anyone, he didn't dare. He was a coward and painfully conscious of being unworthy of his gift.

Gradually the disorder and disgust of the day would slip from him as he stood at his window. He would grow quiet, become happy. He would be quite happy for a little, — perfectly quiescent, as happy as a child asleep, — then his sense of his own happiness would come to him, he would be aware of it, would feel it grow, swell, become too big for him. He would seem to himself like a balloon, — light, tight, distended to contain an unbearable

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ecstasy that must in a minute explode. And then, at that moment, the sprite of poetry, like a gnome half formed, like a little live but shapeless ameba clinging to the window frame, would drop on him and sink into him like a sucking leech. It was all up with him then. Useless to go to bed and try to sleep. It would end fatally by his getting out his papers and pens and sitting down at his rickety table and setting to work.

Then one day an amazing and fateful thing happened to him. He was knocked down by a motor-car, that is to say gently bumped into, not at all hurt, merely sent sprawling on the cobblestones, and it had been his own fault, for he was at the moment of crossing the street very busy looking, that is listening, for a word to replace another word in a line that had bothered him for days, with its one defective syllable, and so of course had not noticed the long, black, shining automobile coming round the corner. One couldn't hear loud, hooting horns when one was listening for the small, lovely, inaudible sounds of elusive words. And strangely enough, with the bump and the shock, the word he wanted had jumped into his head and, sprawling there in the mud of the street, he had been on the point of shouting it out delightedly when he looked up and all at once cared no more for the precious find than for a scrap of garbage, for there bending over him was a face, pale and lovely as the moon.

He must have seen her many times before without noticing. She was actually the woman of his dreams, the one with whom he walked in the garden, the one he would have loved had he been the handsome, healthy young man in patent leather boots. Her face must have been imprinted on his mind without his knowing it, for when she picked him up and smiled at him he recognized her. It was the way things had of swimming past him in a blur that was responsible for his not knowing that he knew her and had dreamed of her.

She was a big, fair woman of decided character, prompt in action and accustomed to imposing her will, so when her Hispano knocked the shabby little young man down on the quai Voltaire at the end of the rue du Bac she was out in the street in a second and had picked him up and patted him straight and brushed him down and sent a small boy for his hat and had got him safe inside the motor, imperiously waving off the voluble *sergent de*

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ville who flung his cape about and waved his baton ridiculously, before a crowd of any size had gathered. Then, when they were smoothly rolling away down the merry, clanging Paris thoroughfare, she had turned to him with a smile that made his poor, dazed head swim and his nervous heart give a great, painful jump in his side, and had said:

"You are Maxence Grout, aren't you? I've seen you often. Do you live near here?"

It was a wonderful, an incredible thing to have happen to one. Her hair was golden. Her eyes were blue, her face was like a flower. The sun, as they rolled swiftly along, ducked under her large hat to touch the little curls over her ears. The sun loved her, you could tell. She gathered it in her silken arms with all the fleeting, rushing gaiety and merriment of the streets and the costly glitter of the shops and all the benevolent grandeur of the calm façade of the Palace of the Louvre across the river. It was all hers. Everything was hers. Paris, with all its wiles and its amusements, its wide boulevards, its gardens, its fountains flinging spray into the sunlight, — Paris was hers. She sped through it with him huddled beside her. The sun danced in her eyes, flashed from her little white teeth, slipped down her full creamy throat and burned softly in

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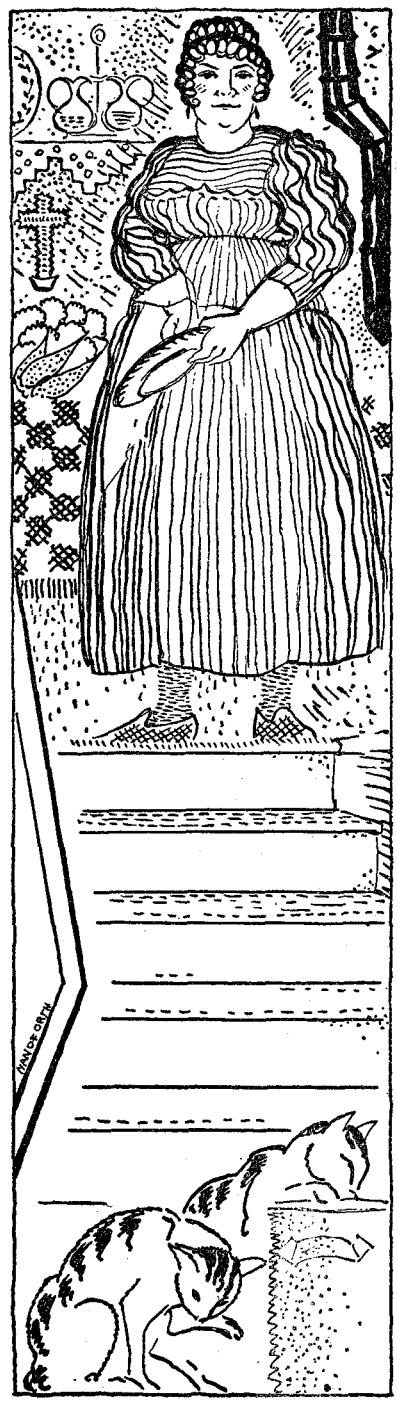
a series of lovely, tiny, smoldering sparks in her monstrous pearls. She was a goddess, a creature of Olympus. She was Juno, Minerva, Venus. She was the mother of gods. She was Eve, the mother of all men. She had picked him up as if he were a child and had put his hat on his head firmly and had lifted him swiftly into her motor.

He answered her somehow, huddled there beside her, black and small like a chimney-sweep, stammering, confused, dizzy, conscious of waves and waves rolling over him, waves of bliss, stupefying. He was trying to remember, was aware that he had seen her before, was unable to recall where, unable to believe in what had happened to him. Still, she was the woman of his dreams, there was no doubt about that.

"Are you sure you are not hurt?" she asked, and then, "Shall I take you home or will you come back with me to tea?"

She spoke French, — French with an accent, — was an American, perhaps or an Englishwoman. Her eyes were kind. She was amused, but gently, indulgently. When he stammered out in a choking whisper some senseless words that meant really, though they weren't the right ones, that it would be heaven to go back with her to tea, — "Cocteau has told me



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about you. I don't understand your poems, but never mind that."

She was like a garden, — warm, fair, fragrant. Her laughter was like the sound of a fountain, a cool, tinkling burble of merriment.

She lived in the rue de la Faisanderie near the Bois-de-Boulogne and her name was Sally. Oh, the quaint secret comedy of it! He quaked with sardonic merriment. They all called her Sally. They were all ridiculous, all her gay, noisy, cosmopolitan friends who were waiting for her in her wide, bewildering house, who had come to play bridge and have tea and bang the piano. All called her Sally except the two young tow-headed giants who called her Mummy in booming bass voices and leapt round her, fawning like monstrous, devoted dogs. "My sons," she said, introducing him. That too was ridiculous. He laughed nervously. It was such a joke. But he was very bewildered. He stood in the centre of the vast place, smiling uncertainly first to one side then the other as she said people's names. They shouted at him jovially. They had heard of him. How could that be? But it was so. They said so. They knew his name. They came up to him, bumped into him with their cordiality, looked at him then as one does through the bars of a cage at some animal in the Zoo, then turned away and forgot about him.

A dark blue cushion flopped on to the piano stool. It had hands and a small round knob of a head. It began to bang the piano and sing, "I wanno go —" All their mouths opened. From all their mouths came the same noises: "go-o — I wanno go-o."

He was stranded in the centre of an immense expanse of gray carpet, surrounded by distant gray walls and gleaming mirrors that reflected endless vistas of himself in the centre of a gray carpet, surrounded by distant gray walls and gleaming mirrors that reflected, — he thought that sentence could go on for ever, covering pages and pages. He was frightened. She rescued him, put him in a chair. He was aware, as he sank down into it, of sensations, soft and profound. The noise stopped. He sank deeper and deeper. It was a Louis Quinze Bergère, he realized, with cushions of frail, worn, exquisite silk. He was enclosed by it, embedded in it.

One of the giants who was, — so she said, — her son, brought him tea in a porcelain cup thin as an eggshell and a strawberry ice with a froth of cream round it, on a transparent plate of lovely

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Springfield, Missouri

glass. These he placed on a little table beside his chair. It was a magical chair. From the scented alcove of its arms, with the aroma of the tea twirling up from the lovely cup beside him, he could peer out at the room, at the people, the glittering tea-things, the card tables, each with four empty chairs.

She, Sally, had taken off her hat. Her head was like a sunflower, no, like a yellow chrysanthenum, no, a bush of gold, a burning bush, — anyhow it ravished him. It was no good trying to talk to himself of it, it simply delighted him, all that mass of golden curls.

They were at the card-table now. Dreamily he watched the far-away, fluttering, jeweled hands tossing the little bits of cardboard, with their red and black marks, on to the green baize. He was in a fairy ship, floating. The chair seemed to rock gently, to sail. He felt himself floating away, — gardens, trees, minarets, fountains, palaces passed by. She, Sally as they called her, was like the Song of Solomon, she recalled pomegranates, honey, spices, myrrh, a column of ivory.

Someone came in, an enormous man, bigger than the giants. He stood laughing in the door. They all called and shouted, "Hello, Sam. Hello, hello, Daddy." Sally, Juno, Minerva, looked up from her cards, looked down again. "Hello, darling," she said. "Two, no trumps."

The big man wandered about lazily, helping himself to cakes and things, then came to a stand behind her. It was clear that he adored her. She lifted her chin and looked up at him over her shoulder, then ignored him. She was absorbed. In one hand she held a fan of cards. With the other she tossed from the tips of her pink, tapering fingers the white bits of cardboard on to the table, gathered them up again deftly with beautiful, quick, smooth movements, stacked them in little piles, and while she was doing so she frowned a little, very intent, very serious. She was evidently an expert. She was as efficient as a watchmaker, or a witch casting spells, and the game of bridge was very important to her, was a profound science, an awful mystery. Somehow, as he watched her, he knew all about her and the big man who was her husband and a banker and enormously rich; and he knew suddenly that he, the poor miserable writer of verses, had no business there in that house, and a small pitiful little voice inside him

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began to urge him to fly, to run away. But he couldn't move. He stayed on and on, gazing hungrily at her beautiful face, at her twinkling hands, at her small, arrogant, silken foot. She wasn't thinking of him. She had forgotten that he was there. They had all forgotten him. Still he stayed. "Don't betray me," said the little voice inside him. "Come away. Get out of this." But he stayed and saw her at last get up from the table, taking a wad of hundred franc notes from her gold purse, and hand seven of them to a man with a monocle in his eye who had been playing with her. Seven hundred francs, seven months of headaches! And then at last she remembered him and, calling her husband, explained how she had knocked him down on the *quai* and brought him home with her, and the big man looked very concerned and said heartily that he hoped he wasn't hurt anywhere and that Pierre, the chauffeur was, in his opinion, the worst driver in Paris.

"And you must come again," she said very kindly, when at last he backed awkwardly out of the door.

It was a pity that she said that. It was a thousand pities that she was kind. She should have closed her door on him then; but she was such a good-tempered creature that she was always letting herself in for bores, — and then, of course, she had knocked him down. There was

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a kind of obligation to put up with him, and after all he was a poet. Several people had told her that he had a curious, rare talent. She had a superstitious awe of people who had talent. It puzzled her a little to think that so many of them were poor and hungry while she had so much of everything. Though she didn't care for poetry, she liked novels and a good play and music that made you feel stirred up; and she was grateful to the artists who supplied these things and sorry for those who, not supplying the sort of thing she liked, didn't make a living. She was so very fortunate that she was a little worried about it sometimes and felt she must buy off fate by being kind to people who were less lucky. She couldn't bring herself to turn him away, and really he didn't do any harm. He just sat there in that chair and never said a word, and so, whenever he came back, — and he came often, — he was admitted and was given tea and was allowed to sit in the Bergère in the corner as long as he liked; and when her friends teased her about her little, black poet she laughed good-humoredly.

But her husband grumbled and said: "If writers were as dull as that, give him common, decent people who washed, for he wasn't clean, the little dago, and went about with a very queer lot," — the Cocteau band, whom Sam de-

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spised, — "and he didn't want his wife — " and so on. "And if the wretched boy had brains why didn't he ever say anything?"

They all felt that, all Sally's friends, as time went on. They were all mystified and disappointed by his dulness. He got on their nerves, sitting there day after day. "My God," they would say, "what's the matter with him? If he can write, why can't he speak? He's a crashing bore, my dear."

But still she kept on being kind to him, for really she was awfully sorry for him and felt, somehow, the pity of him. But she didn't know, of course, what it meant to him. She didn't know how he hung out of his high window, night after night, staring at the towers of Notre Dame and thinking that she was exactly like the cathedral and meant the same thing to him; and she didn't know how all the rest of his life had become even more loathsome to him than it had been before, and how he had at last dared to cut loose from it and spent all his time in his hot little room, waiting for the hour when he could go back and pass through the high gates of her courtyard and ring the doorbell of her house and be admitted and allowed to sit for an hour in the armchair with the soft silk cushions. Nor did she know that he never wrote a line now and stifled the little, tormenting fancies that whimpered and beat their wings persistently inside his head, — and lay on his untidy bed at night dreaming of her, but with a consciousness somewhere in him that he was betraying something. For how could she know what she was doing to him or that the songs that he alone could write down were fluttering about in space, helplessly, like little lost swallows, because he wouldn't have anything to do with them any more, being absorbed in her? She was a busy woman. She had her dinners and balls to go to, her servants and her sons and her husband, — who all adored her, — to look after, her shopping, her clothes, her bridge to absorb her. She had her rôle to fill in the world. She was fated to be a beautiful, fortunate, hospitable, happy creature who disengaged from her person a radiance of good health, good cheer, good living. And she like her life. She was perfectly in harmony with it. She had everything she wanted. She gave generously and asked nothing of anyone but amusement. All day she amused herself, being kind to people, giving people things, visiting people in hospitals, buying things, arranging flowers on tables, poking cushions,

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ordering meals, writing invitations, telephoning to people who called her "Sally darling", trying on dresses, going swiftly through the lighted streets at night in her smooth car from one brilliant house to another, — dancing, laughing, being kind, good-humored, gay, enjoying it all; and at night, sinking luxuriously into her fresh, snowy bed, she would sigh happily, "How I adore Paris!"

But the little black cinder of a man who had that thing, a rare talent, a true gift of poetry, — and who had hidden it away and choked it as you'd choke a child, twisting your fingers round its throat, at her bidding, — could give her nothing. He had nothing to give. If he had given her his poems, she couldn't have read them. She didn't know how. He knew this. Still, he carried them always with him in his pocket when he went to her house, hoping in a panic that some day she would ask to see them and that then, — although he knew how that they weren't good, though they had gone shriveled and soiled from being tucked away with her contempt in his heart, — he could give them to her for what they were worth, his one gift, and he hoped timidly that she would accept them. But she never asked for them, never showed any interest in them. She condemned them unseen, proving to him that they were worthless and that all the torment of his life had been silly, proving to him that this well-being of hers, this harmony of rich, material things that she had gathered round her, was all one wanted of life, all that one needed on this earth that she loved.

How could he not believe her? How, in his despair, could he call her a liar, when she was happy and he so miserable? When the thought of his father, sitting like a turtle among the stinking furs in the shop, and of his mother, reeking with garlic, and of the beer-slopped café, where his friends toyed with obscenity, made him sick, — but sick to death? She loved her life. He hated his, She was fresh, fragrant, like a heavenly garden. He was a withered weed of a man. Only one thing there had been to make existence bearable for him and that had been a torment to him. It had been like a beautiful strain of music that he could never exactly remember, that he mutilated, that he hurt. The effort to render it, to be exact, to be true to it, was all that had mattered to him, until he had met her. And suppose that effort had been worthless,

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what remained? Nothing. Nothing but her monstrous, distant, burning beauty that towered over him, that he approached in his thoughts timidly with bowed head, as if he were going to mass.

He did not know that tears streamed down his face as he sat there, thinking these things and making himself small in his arm-chair in her drawing room, his knees drawn up, his shoulders huddled, his hands clasped.

But her husband, seeing him, got very red all over his big, handsome, jolly face and felt rotten and uncomfortable. "Good Lord!" he muttered to himself, "Crying! Poor beggar. This can't go on, though."

She wasn't at home when he called the next time, and the next. Twice, three times, four times, he was turned away. Then one day the butler let him in. Madame was expected. He might come in and wait. Madame had left a message that if he called he was to wait for her.

He found himself alone in the house. He was exhausted by the apprehensions of the past days. The warm summer afternoon sunlight filtered dimly through the latticed shutters, into the great dim lustrous place. His chair invited him. Its silken arms beckoned to him. He went weakly towards it, about to sink down, about to find peace, rest, relief, when he saw, lying on the *lit de repos* under her portrait, a scarf that she had left there, that he had seen her wear, a filmy thing. Timidly he crossed, conscious as he did so of being reflected endlessly in the great, cruel mirrors. Timidly, — oh so timidly, — he touched it, lifted it, approached it to his little, dark, sickly face, his nostrils dilating, palpitating, his breath panting through his trembling mouth; and then suddenly, as the scent of it inundated him, his heart seemed to break and he began to sob silently.

He was standing by the couch, crushing it to his face with two straining hands and shaking silently, when Sam, her husband, came in. It was very unfortunate. There was his reputation for *mauvaises moeurs* that Sam knew about, there was his ridiculous attitude, there were his tears. It took only a minute for Sam to get him out on the doorstep. "And don't come back please, you understand," said Sam in his atrocious accent. "*Ne revenez pas s'il vous plaît, vous comprenez, n'est-ce pas?*"

It was raining. The door step was wet. He slipped. Sam hadn't

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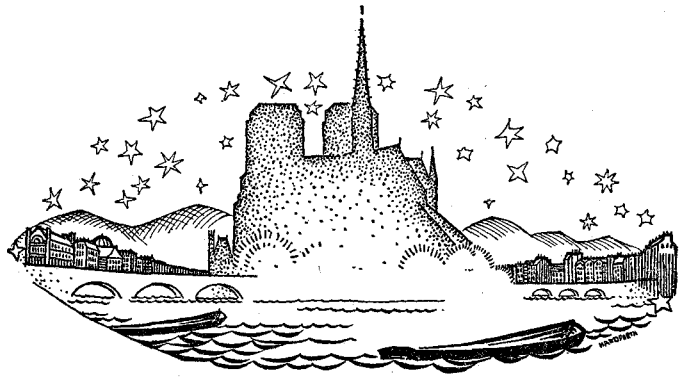
really thrown him out. He hadn't been rough. He was a kindly man. It was only that Sam was very big, and he very small and weak. Anyhow the door was shut. The courtyard was empty. No one saw him fall down the wide, shallow steps, pick himself up, slink hurriedly away through the rain, unless perhaps the concierge, peering out of her little window under the great gates that clanged behind him.

That was five years ago. But they say since his death last year from an overdose of some drug or other that he had a very rare talent, that he contributed something of lasting value to French poetry.



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A TABLOID A DAY

ABEN KANDEL

ARE the tabloid newspapers imperiling our manners, morals, and good taste? Do their efforts to please "readers who cannot read" lower the general tone of the press? Mr. Kandel replies with an unhesitating yes. The tabloids, he says, take an unfair advantage of the mentally helpless. There are no lengths to which they will not go. They wash too much dirty linen and print too many bathing beauties. They breed a dangerous sophistication in the very young. They are becoming the literary equivalent of the drug habit.

EIGHT years ago, the "Daily News," dean of the tabloids, set up its first wail in New York. It was a sickly infant, a sort of half-acknowledged child of the "Chicago Tribune", self-styled, "World's Greatest Newspaper." A midwife had babbled, and the story ran that the "News" had been infused with life for the sole purpose of draining away some of the excess profits which the parent paper had piled up in that abnormally prosperous year. When the first issue appeared on the stands, the wiseacres of Park Row picked it up gingerly, felt the heft of it, observed its pallor, listened for faint heartbeats, and sadly wagged their nicotine-stained beards.

"It cannot live a month," the bulletin ran.

To-day, the "Daily News" has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the country. It has brought pride and profit beyond wildest expectation to the bewildered parent. It has given moments of panic to the staid and hoary metropolitan sheets. It is directly responsible for the "Mirror", owned by Hearst and dedicated to mimicry, and the "Graphic", owned by Macfadden and pledged to muscle.

Every day, two million men, women, and children, as statisticians say, read the tabloids in the Greater New York area alone. Many read all three and pant for a fourth. This takes no cognizance of the addicts who take their tabloid a day on the Pacific coast, in Florida, and in some of the inland cities.

How the tabloids developed overnight into such powerful giants, makes the most phenomenal chapter in the history of newspaperdom. To explain it by saying, "Pictures," is not enough. There have been picture-newspapers before in America, — but they failed. The answer is pictures plus. Or rather, pictures minus. Examine a current specimen of a tabloid. The "News" or the

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"Mirror" are so slavishly alike that it doesn't matter which. The front page is straddled by a buxom bathing beauty, wearing legs, arms, and torso, *au naturel.* Her heaviest piece of raiment is the caption. Sometimes the bathing queens share the front page with ladies of the court, — that is, police or civil court, and with ladies in waiting, — waiting to be married, remarried, divorced, or tried.

These decorative ladies are peculiarly lacking in individualistic traits. When they are not clad in lingerie or in the more athletic bathing suits, they are generally seated with ample legs crossed. It is amazing how the adroit tabloid photographers contrive to trap the unwary females always in the same pose, — shapely legs crossed, shielding skirt raised high above the knees.

The inside pages are dressed with lesser nudes, harrowing murders, burglaries, arsons, and rapes, with a generous sprinkling of arrows to direct the untutored eye, and with pictures of love nests, in the eaves of which news of genuine national and international importance are concealed.

To be sure, there are sports, theatricals, comic strips, fiction, radio, and the usual departments that go to make up a newspaper. The tabloids thrive on the principle that it is easier to look and feel than it is to read and think.

If newspapers were exclusively a matter of dollars and cents, a private industry retailing reading matter for the profit of its owners, then, there would be no cause for alarm in the amazing growth of the tabloids. But the education, the emotional and mental reactions, the point of view of more than two million readers are involved in the powerful grip the picture papers now have on the public. Most of those men, women, and children, who make up this lopsided audience read nothing else, and in that fact there is cause for serious alarm.

What can be done about it?

The better-educated, the intelligent, the mature-minded adults do not read the tabloids. If they occasionally dip into the slough, it is only on a slumming expedition, from which they emerge thoroughly sickened. The regular addicts are shop-girls, stenographers, housewives, lower theatrical folk, laborers, and, — what is most serious, — school children.

All these constitute a vast audience of the mentally helpless.

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Unable to forage for themselves, they feed on the undressed pap the tabloids give them daily. They receive grotesque, tinseled, wholly distorted ideas of the conduct of life and human affairs. Cut off, as most of them are, from any intellectual contacts, from wholesome, cultural stimulus, this steady diet of the lurid, the vivid, and the insipid will in time enfeeble their minds, dull their thinking, rob them of any remnant of intellectual initiative, and worse, — even make them forget how to read. After all, one cannot accurately call a tabloid-taker a reader. The illiterate can browse without trouble through the picture paper. All he needs is a pair of eyes and the ability to recognize familiar phenomena, such as thighs, torsos, policemen in uniform, buildings, and crosses.

What ideals of life can this average addict form from such papers?

Here are some characteristic full-page headlines:

"Wine Orgy Laid To Daugherty; Charlie Wise Faces Murder Quiz; Bandits' Jail Break Foiled; Police Apollo Weds Another Rich Girl; Romance Impeded First Hall Inquiry; Mystery Attack Killed Rudy; Indian Guide Demands $500,000 from Stillman; Kin Fight to Part Kip and Alice; Rudy's Dream of 'Lotus Women' Shattered By Nudity of 'Follies'."

And if this phraseology is not strong enough to stimulate the imagination, each headline is supported by high-voltage pictures that tell the stories in a way that leaves absolutely nothing to the reader. He need not read, he need not think. All he need do is clutch the paper, — and look!

A serious by-product of the amazing popularity of the tabloids is the effect upon intelligently edited newspapers. In the struggle to hold their circulation and to make a bid for new readers, they have been obliged to adopt some of the picture devices of the newcomers. Fortunately, however, their concessions have not been very radical, and their indentities are still intact. But should the encroachments of the tabloids meet with greater and continued success, one is terrified by the prospect of future newspapers.

A good illustration of how the tabloids do a favorite story brown was offered in the treatment of the illness, death, and funeral of the late Rudolph Valentino. On August 15, Valentino was operated on. From then on for thirty days, he drew the front

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page in the tabloids nearly every day. It is probably safe to state that in all history, no individual has ever received such lavish newspaper attention as did Valentino. Every few days a fresh news vein was tapped, — his illness, his death, the poison theory, Pola Negri's arrival, his funeral, his will. The tabloids went into an orgy of sensational display, carrying hordes of readers into their intoxication.

The "News" alone devoted about one hundred columns of printed matter and more than two hundred photographs to the subject of Valentino! There were whole page photographs, editorials, purported diaries, confessions, biographies, stories of his loves and life from every conceivable angle. The tabloids went Valentino mad!

His death dwarfed every other event that was sufficiently ill-advised to have happened during the Valentino crying-jag. One was the death of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, editor of the Harvard Classics, perhaps the greatest educator America ever had. What irony to find the following inch of meagre type on page four, far down at the bottom near an advertisement for curing dandruff.

TRIBUTE TO ELIOT

Northeast Harbor, Me., Aug. 24. — Fisher folk here joined with relatives in a final tribute to the memory of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, 93, dean of American educators, who died Sunday.

This was typical of the attention the tabloids paid to a great American mind. Even less concern was shown by them over the deaths of Stuart Sherman, litterateur and one of the great critics, and Senator Bert M. Fernald, both of whom also died at about the same time.

George Jean Nathan, of the "American Mercury", one of America's keenest critics, gives this explanation for the popularity of the tabloids: "Pictures don't lie. Or at least the boob doesn't think they lie. He no longer believes anything he *reads* in the newspapers, but he believes everything he *sees*."

Whatever the explanation, the fact is that they are all undoubtedly growing, — and this despite the fact that a tabloid is not a newspaper. Only a small proportion of news can be photographed. Even a full page picture of President Coolidge signing a treaty can give no sense of the international importance of that

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document; and surely all the news does not grow out of crimes of passion, deaths of sheiks, and bathing beauty contests.

Aside from the contents of the tabloids, the ethics they practise in their frenzied grasping for new circulation, makes one of the ugliest stains on modern life. The one act that seems to have aroused most public indignation was the "Graphic" headline, while Valentino was still in the hospital. In huge type the words spread, "VALENTINO DEAD," and in tiny letters underneath, "is report." But this was nothing compared to the early circulation wars fought with contests.

Perhaps a little background would help illustrate this point. The "Daily News" was founded by Joseph Medill Patterson, at the suggestion of the late Lord Northcliffe, who told him:

"New York is simply begging for a picture newspaper like the 'Sketch' or the 'Mirror' over here."

Within a week, following this suggestion, Patterson arranged to use the plant of the old "Evening Mail" (now extinct) at City Hall Place, and within thirty days the first issue of the "News" was out on the street. Its first bid for circulation was a beauty contest, and since then it has conducted all kinds of contests. Directly after its appearance, Hearst equipped a tabloid plant, which lay idle for six years, for it was not until June, 1924 that the "Daily Mirror" was born. From its inception, it was a slavish imitation of the "News". The theory it followed was that nothing succeeds like what has already succeeded. The "Mirror" copied the "News", department for department, used its tricks in make-up, — and prospered.

The first circulation battle between them was the Lottery Contests. The "News" opened the pot with $1,000, and this was worked up in frenzied manner to the dizzy peak of $20,000, — until by mutual consent the Government stepped in and put an end to a futile struggle that would have drained both papers. During this contest readers had a ringside seat to a first-rate newspaper fight and learned something of the higher ethics of newspaperdom. Other contests followed, some catering to the most trivial and most vulgar in the readers. Tongue teasers, tongue twisters, crossword puzzles, pasting together parts of Presidents and film stars, prettiest legs, most popular barber, and many others.

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Hearst eventually lured Philip Payne away from the "News" and made him managing editor of the "Mirror". One of the inducements in the contract of hiring, it was said, was a healthy bonus for every thousand in circulation added to the "Mirror". Payne, of course, may have been actuated by highest ideals of justice and retribution when he reopened the Ward case. But what better stimulus to circulation than murder news? Nothing came of the Ward case. But such an archenemy of unpunished crime is not easily daunted. Payne reopened the Hall-Mills case and tapped a gold mine in increased readers.

A perfect illustration of the sportsmanship existing between the "Mirror" and the "News" came to light during this case. The "News", employing an ancient and convenient stratagem, "faked" a photograph of Mrs. Hall, purporting to show her as she was leaving the courtroom. The alert and jubilant "Mirror" promptly called this bluff, and offered a large reward to what it gallantly termed "The Snooze News" for proof of the genuineness of that photograph. It kept this sport up for a week, its challenge unanswered. Readers who watched the contest, learned a valuable lesson in the ethics of primitive warfare.

The "Graphic", dedicated to clean living, no clothing, long hiking, and bulging biceps, is the product of Macfadden. While it is the weakest of the three tabloids, it, too, has sunk its sanitary teeth into a big chunk of public and is holding on. It enjoys a peculiarly sheltered position. It prints excellent photographs of well-nourished nudes, some in provocative positions, all in the interests of better health and cleaner living. If the human form, unfettered by garments, is divine, then every edition of the "Graphic" is a prayer. No one can question the earnestness of Macfadden, or the honesty of his devotion to this principle. He has published photographs of his own daughters in the "Graphic".

Among choice features in the "Graphic" was an endeavor to find the perfect female and the perfect male and pair them in the interests of eugenics under the benevolent auspices of the paper. Later tidbits included a gesture to Italian readers with a series of articles, entitled, "Why Italians Make Good", and an inspiring example to little girls embraced in a narrative by Charlotte Mills entitled, "My Own Story of My Mother's Love and Murder."

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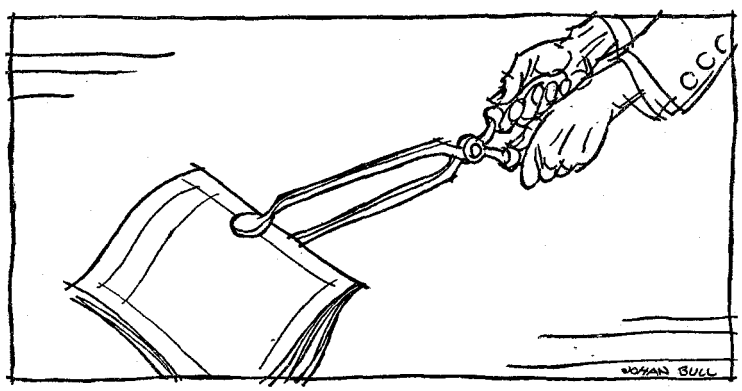
The "News" claims a daily circulation of 1,111,726, and on Sundays, 1,227,587. The "Mirror" is approaching these figures, the "Graphic" is in the race, and in other cities other tabloid sheets are making wholesale converts.

To every thinking man and woman in the United States, the menace of the tabloids is apparent. They are converting readers into witless gossips, gutter vamps, and backyard sheiks. They mock at privacy and finger in glee all the soiled linen they can discover. They fill the mouths of readers with intimate details of all the illicit love affairs they can uncover. They fire their resistless minds with lewd photographs. They lay stress only on those aspects of modern life that can be interpreted in terms of sensationalism. They implant in children, who are their most avid readers, a dangerous sophistication. They teach youngsters the vocabulary and lurid ritual of illicit love. Yes, the young are in greatest danger! The tabloids make eavesdroppers of reporters, sensual meddlers of journalists, and reduce the highest ideals of the newspaper to the process of fastening a camera lens to every boudoir keyhole.

If this appetite is not curbed, a tabloid a day will soon be a national drug habit.

The whole question of tabloid journalism will be debated in the April number by Martin Weyrauch, assistant managing editor of the "Graphic", and Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the "Nation".



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THE NEW LAUSANNE CONFERENCE

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

WHEN the Editor was asked recently to name the best thing that could happen in America in 1927, he replied: "The sending of outspoken delegates to the congress of eighty-seven christian religions at Lausanne." The existence of so many interpretations of the simple teachings of Jesus is one of the world's outstanding indications of the confusion and as yet infantile development of the human mind.

The World Conference on Faith and Order called to meet at Lausanne, Switzerland, next August, will state boldly the grounds of difference. To unite again we must first hear why we still differ. The author of the following important declaration, the great American jurist who has been governor of New York, member of the Supreme Bench, Republican Candidate for the Presidency, and Secretary of State, is general chairman of the American Committee preparing the Conference. Mr. Hughes himself is a Baptist.

I HAVE no illusion as to the difficulties which confront all efforts to unite the Christian forces. But in a world where the ultimate question is whether the culture of the spirit will fittingly crown other achievements and justify life itself, we cannot be insensible to the duty to rise above the differences which dissipate spiritual energy and make antagonisms more impressive than faith. In this, as in everything else, it is the aim that counts.

No one is asked to surrender honest conviction, to sacrifice independence of thought, much less to give up the sincerity without which Christianity would be but a worthless form. But conviction, independent thinking, and sincerity do not gain by combativeness or by the fear which closes the mind. In considering eternal purposes, we can afford to be serene.

The hope of progress in unifying Christian effort lies in the method in which we approach its problems. The more profound we are in our thinking, the more likely we are to get below what is non-essential and to find agreement in the foundations of our faith. My personal view is that the closer we come to the simplicity of the teachings of Jesus the more united we shall be. This Conference is an opportunity to discuss faith and order, — not to conceal disagreements, but to ascertain in how much we agree.

Is not this an enterprise which is far above other activities which preoccupy us? Can we not at least give our cordial sponsorship to a movement which bears witness to a broader vision, to a measure of emancipation from old prejudices, and to a sincere desire to have the most generous cooperation in man's highest pursuit, — in seeking first the kingdom of God?

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BLOOD RELATIONSHIPS

Mixing the Nordic and Mongolian Strains

H. MUNRO FOX

OF the many recent advances in science as applied to the human body, none has been more fruitful than the discovery of what are known as "antibodies". Clumps of antibody, which get rid of foreign serums in the blood of animals, called "agglutinins", have been the subject of special study; and it has been found that men can be classified in four groups by blood tests. The author of "Mysteries of the Moon" here discusses the bearing of the new work on the vexed question of racial relationships.

A QUARTER of a century ago an epoch-making discovery was made by Dr. Nuttall, now Professor at Cambridge University, England. He proved that the expression blood-relationship has a real biological meaning. The degree of relationship between different species of animals can actually be found from their blood. The exact way in which this is done is as follows: When serum taken from one species of animal is inoculated into the blood of a member of another species, the latter produces substances which precipitate the foreign serum. Incidentally, if the "foreign" serum were not thus got out of the way by precipitation it would have very harmful effects on the blood. The substances in question which get the foreign serum out of the way are called antibodies. The blood of the animal into which the foreign serum has been inoculated retains the antibody for a long time afterwards. If, later on, another dose of the same kind of foreign serum is inoculated, it is immediately precipitated. Instead of serum, living cells may be inoculated. If these cells come from another species of animal they too are soon destroyed by an appropriate antibody.

Suppose now that horse serum has been injected into the veins of a rabbit. The rabbit's blood forms an antibody which at once precipitates any subsequent doses of horse serum, but this antibody will not precipitate cat serum, nor monkey serum, nor the serum of any other animal unrelated to the horse. Nevertheless the antibody in the blood of our rabbit will precipitate the serum of a mule, although less completely than that of a horse. Further the rabbit's blood in question will give a slight

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precipitate with donkey's serum. In other words, the amount of precipitate shows the degree of relationship of the animals supplying the serum. The mule is closely related to the horse, the donkey less closely, the cat not at all.

All this has been well known to science now for some time past. Quite recently, however, the study of the degree of relationship by means of antibodies has advanced a long way further. What has just been told applies to the relationship of species with species. But the recent discoveries tell of blood relationship inside of one and the same species of animal. The species which has been most studied from this point of view is man himself.

Antibodies destroy cells which have been inoculated into the body of another animal in various ways, some by dissolving them, others by causing blood cells to stick together in clumps, and so on. An antibody which clumps together and destroys blood corpuscles is called an agglutinin. Now, it has been found that the blood of many men contains such agglutinins. These particular antibodies, when they are present in human blood, are found there from birth onward. That is to say, in this case no previous inoculation of a foreign serum or cell is necessary to call them into being. The antibodies are already present.

This was discovered by Dr. Landsteiner. He showed that human blood corpuscles may contain both or either of two substances "A" and "B". They are so designated because their chemical nature is as yet quite unknown. Dr. Landsteiner showed further that human blood may contain antibodies which agglutinate blood corpuscles possessing either "A" or "B". Such antibodies are called agglutinins. They are referred to respectively as "anti-A" and "anti-B". Now it is obvious that blood with "A" cannot also contain "anti-A". If it did so, its corpuscles would themselves be agglutinated. Similarly blood possessing "B" cannot also contain "anti-B".

Human beings are found to belong to one of four groups according to the fashion in which they possess "A" and "B" and their respective antibodies. Bearing in mind that "A" and "anti-A" cannot be present in the same blood, nor "B" and "anti-B", the following scheme is readily understood. It shows the distribution of these substances in the blood of persons in each of the four groups.

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	Group 1	*Group 2*	*Group 3*	*Group 4*
Substance:	O. Anti-A.	A.	B.	A + B.
Antibody:	+ Anti-B.	Anti-B.	Anti-A.	O.

Persons in Group 1 possess neither "A" nor "B" but have both "anti-A" and "anti-B". Those of Group 2 have "A" and "anti-B", and so on.

The practical application of this remarkable discovery is in blood transfusion. It is obvious, for instance, that blood of a man in Group 2 could not be transfused into the veins of an individual of Group 3. "A" would then meet "anti-A", and the blood corpuscles of the Group 2 man would be agglutinated and so destroyed. Nor could a Group 4 man give his blood to one of Group 3. Only a Group 1 man could safely make the sacrifice. Of course, given samples of serums containing "anti-A" and "anti-B" agglutinins, it is simple to make preliminary tests in a laboratory to find into which group a man falls.

This, as we have said, is one practical application. There is a second one, which has a legal bearing. By means of these agglutinins it is often possible to decide before a court of law who is the father of a child. To make this clear it must first be explained that these substances "A" and "B" are inherited from parent to offspring. This was discovered by two workers at Heidelberg, Drs. von Dungern and Hirszfeld. The facts are these. Parents possessing "A" may have children with "A" or children with "O" (which means absence of "A" and "B"). Such parents never have children with "B". Similarly parents with "B" have children with "B" or with "O", but never with "A". And parents with "O" (i.e. neither "A" nor "B") have all their children with "O". Now the manner in which this knowledge can be turned to legal use is this. Suppose a mother of Group 1, — that is possessing "O", — and a child with "A". The father must belong either to Group 2 or to Group 4, since he must have supplied the child with "A". In point of fact agglutinins have actually decided parentage cases in Germany.

For biologists and for anthropologists, however, agglutinins have opened far more interesting fields than these. The question

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which comes first to mind is the following. What is the connection between the four serum groups and the different races of men? Do these groups correspond in any way to the racial divisions of mankind?

It might be expected that some relationship of this nature would be found. It is known for instance that in anthropoid apes there is a predominance either of "A" or of "B" according to the species of ape. Chimpanzees have "A" only, while among orang-utans as many individuals have "B" as "A". South American monkeys have blood containing "B" alone, while Old World monkeys have neither "A" nor "B". And likewise in man there is a connection between the number of individuals having "A" or "B" and the race, but it is by no means so simple a case as that of the monkeys.

The facts concerning the races of men were found out during the War. They were discovered partly owing to the unique opportunity afforded by the War of studying many different races of men together. Dr. Hirszfeld, now of Warsaw, and his wife were doing medical work on the Macedonian front. They took the opportunity there afforded of obtaining statistics showing the groups to which the men belonged who passed through their hands. Their results are highly interesting and suggestive.

Briefly, the results were these. All four groups are represented in every race of men examined. But in each race the four groups are present in different proportions. Some races for instance show a predominance of Group 1, other races contain a majority of individuals of Group 4. Now the distribution of the two substances "A" and "B" turned out to be by no means haphazard. On the contrary, there proved to be a definite geographical distribution of "A" and "B". In northern and central Europe "A" is most common. As we go east "A" becomes less and less common, and in Asia it is least represented. To be more precise, in northeastern Europe over 40 per cent of individuals possess "A" in their blood. Scandinavians for example have 48 per cent, French 45 per cent with "A". Going east, the border peoples between Europe and Asia such as Russians and Turks show only 30–40 per cent "A". Finally in India fewer than 30 per cent have blood with "A". At the same time the proportion of men with "B" in their blood increases as we pass from west to east.

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In England only 10 per cent have "B", while in India more than 60 per cent possess it.

Of course, this distribution of "A" and "B" and of their corresponding agglutinins, "anti-A" and "anti-B", might be due to climatic conditions, not to racial characteristics. But this is not so. Dr. Hirszfeld was able to prove the contrary. In Salonica, Greek fugitives from Asia Minor, which had been their home for centuries, had the proportions of "A" and "B" characteristic of Greeks, while the Turks of Salonica had the Asiatic proportions. Again, in Hungary the German population had the characteristic high proportion of "A" while the Gypsies had the Asiatic predominance of "B".

How is all this to be interpreted? Did there exist originally two races of men, one with "A" in their blood, the other with "B"?

The present distribution might be due to the meeting and mixing of two such biochemical races. The race with "A" would have spread eastwards from the northwest, the race with "B" would have migrated west from Central Asia. This suggestion in no way contradicts the accepted ethnological ideas. The Nordic race has spread outwards from the northwest, successive waves of Mongolian immigrants have swept over Europe from the East. "A" may be the Nordic substance, "B" the Mongolian.

In all of these races, however, there is a proportion of individuals with "O", that is to say, without either "A" or "B". This proportion varies from stock to stock, but is represented in all. Indeed in certain peoples outside Europe the percentage of "O" individuals is very high. American Indians, for instance, have only 20 per cent of individuals with "A" and two per cent with "B", so that 78 per cent are "O". But to return to Europe, where the facts are best known, what is the origin of these individuals with "O"? There are two possibilities. It may be that men and women without "A" or "B" arise by what the student of heredity calls mutations, or what the horticulturalist calls "sports".

This expression means that from time to time individuals appear in a race having some unusual characteristic. The reason for the sudden appearance of something new is as yet unknown to science. But once the new characteristic has

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appeared, it is not lost, but is passed on to the succeeding generations. Such a new character in a stock is a mutation or sport. Now it is a remarkable thing that mutations very often involve a loss. They are, so to speak, negative. Some characteristic of the race disappears. An individual is born lacking some typical trait. For instance, albinos arise from time to time in a colored race. And these albinos have albino offspring. Now, in just this way individuals lacking both "A" and "B" may perhaps arise spontaneously in all races of man. Once arisen, such people will transmit their negative characteristic "O" to their children.

This is one possibility to explain the presence of "O", but there is a second one. It may be that somewhere between northwestern Europe and central Asia there was originally a third race of men, a race lacking both "A" and "B". Such may have been for instance, the Mediterranean race. The present day distribution of "A", "B", and "O" would then be due to the gradual overlapping, crossing, and interbreeding of those three original stocks.

There is a final point of special interest. Suppose, — a thing which happens very often, — that two parents belong each to different blood groups. The father may contribute "A" to the offspring, while the mother has "anti-A" in her blood. How is it, then, that the blood cells of the foetus are not destroyed while in the womb of the mother? The latest work on agglutinins has supplied the answer to this difficulty. It is that the agglutinins do not pass through the placenta, the structure which attaches the foetus to the womb. In other words, the substances "anti-A" and "anti-B" cannot pass from the blood stream of the mother into the blood of the foetus. In cases where the offspring has agglutinins "anti-A" or "anti-B" in its blood, these antibodies are formed there anew.

Most of what has been related above is now scientific fact. Part, however, has been highly speculative, — in particular the suggested racial origins of substances "A" and "B". In defence of such criticism it must not be forgotten that the whole subject of agglutinins is an absolutely new branch of biology, hardly weaned as yet.

At all events, it is certain that in the near future great advances will be made in this fascinating field.

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GREATNESS AND POPULARITY IN LITERATURE

CARL VAN DOREN

THE greatness and the popularity of a book have no indissoluble connection. A book may be genuinely great without being in the least popular, or may be immensely popular without having any important element of greatness. This distinction has not been often enough observed.

The failure to observe it, or the refusal to admit it when it is suggested, has led to much sighing among critics. They find that this or that great book steals into the world without a din of welcome and survives, as it is indeed likely to do, upon the nourishment of praise from only a few sagacious judges in each of its generations. They find that this or that popular book arouses a din altogether disproportioned to its intrinsic merits, though it does not, as a rule, have quite as good luck with posterity as one of its greater rivals. What follows such discoveries is generally not explanation but accusation. The public is accused of trivial estimates, natural bad taste, or even of instinctive aversion to excellence. The hurt experts assail the vulgar mob with, at best, condescension, write tearful elegies over the great books which have not been popular, and by confusing the issue widen the gulf. The confusion is particularly painful in democratic societies, where decent critics, innocent of coxcombry or of scorn, may begin with wondering why it is that so many good books have to go without recognition from the voice of the people and why so much recognition is given to bad books, and may end with either a broad damnation of democratic opinion or else a weak conclusion that the voice of the people is the voice of taste.

Critics need not sigh or sneer if only they have the courage to perceive the distinction between greatness and popularity and to acknowledge it. They must not, however, slip into the error of thinking that because there is a distinction there is consequently an opposition between these qualities. The distinction is so marked that no opposition exists. A book may be great without being popular or popular without being great; but it may also be

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at once great and popular. What makes it great does not necessarily keep it from being popular. What makes it popular does not necessarily keep it from being great. In fact, the elements of greatness and of popularity have been confused for the reason, most of all, that they are very frequently seen together. Association has illogically been regarded as relation, as with religion and morals. To distinguish between the associated elements, analysis has to go behind their ordinary appearances and to insist, with what may seem wire-drawn precision, upon their essences.

Still, the distinction is not especially hard to make or to express. A book is great when it speaks to the best minds. It is popular when it speaks to the most minds. While this statement does raise the further, and the endless, question which are the best minds, it is at least simple enough to serve as a point of departure into argument and illustration.

Illustration comes properly before argument, if there is to be as little as possible of reasoning in a vacuum. Such a book as Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* furnishes a plain example of greatness without popularity. It has chosen an entire civilization to be its province and has represented, interpreted, and distilled its civilization. The hills, wastes, oases, plants, and animals of that ancient country stand as clear in these pages as in the light which falls upon them. Here, too, are the ruins which mark the long past of the land, the roads by which men travel over it, the resting-places of caravans, the villages, and, along the borders of the desert, the old and the new cities. Moreover, this desert is far from uninhabited. It is peopled with its own tribes, seen moving about their customary occupations, studied by the traveler not only in their outward costume and gesture, but in their folkways, mental processes, and language. What they do is traced naturally back to what their ancestors have done, and that explained as the outgrowth of immemorial conditions, of soil, climate, religion, social organization. Furthermore, the book is not a treatise merely. It is a poem, conceived on an ample scale, developed with abundant power, written in an idiom which had to be created for the purpose, an idiom at once rich, noble, stately, flexible, and exact. Every paragraph bears some mark of greatness in the writer. As only a great will could have survived these adventures, so only a great mind could have held all the materials

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of the book, and only a great character could have carried out the scheme without ever seriously flagging in passion, wisdom, or craftsmanship. Even to read it calls for a kind of athletic sympathy with greatness on the part of the reader.

Yet *Arabia Deserta* has hardly a single element of popularity. Few of those who have listened to excited rumor concerning it and have bought it, seem able to prove that they have read beyond a few harmonious pages. Arabia is so far away from England and America that not many imaginations have the curiosity to venture among the Bedouins. And the Arabia of Doughty is too Arabian for casual visitors. The mere details of topography and history and manners which he includes are enough to make amateur heads swim. What is worse for amateur sightseers, such as give books of travel their popularity, he takes it for granted that the Arabs have somehow a right to be Arabs, without apology. He does not forever confirm his readers in their own prejudices by knowing airs of superiority. He is no Briton shocked at the improprieties of nomadic life. He is no American contemptuous of a people ignorant of labor-saving devices. And he makes the least effort to catch the restless attention and hold it. He does not repeat, he does not emphasize, he does not sum up in easy conclusions, he does not indicate his course with convenient milestones. His language is a language of eternity, not a quick, lucid language of the sort which does all its work the moment it appears upon a page.

These distinctions can be made clearer by a second example. Such a book as *The Americanization of Edward Bok* has almost all the elements of popularity and almost none of the elements of greatness. The scene, instead of lying in a strange distant region, among tribes of men incredible to readers who live upon the two sides of the Atlantic, lies close at hand. The closeness is by no means a mere matter of geography. If the scene lies close to the average American or European experience, the action lies even closer. It tells one of the two stories, — how a man wins a fortune, how a man wins a wife, — which surpass all other stories whatever in their appeal to the interest of mankind. Edward Bok in this narrative rises in the world as dramatically as the orphaned prince of a fairy tale. But he does not rise by the arts of magic, and so remain only an agreeable figure of romance. He makes his

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way by qualities no stranger, — to common doctrine if not to common practice, — than industry, sobriety, perseverance. His account of his march to wealth and reputation might serve as a conduct-book to any youth ambitious for a similar career. All is familiar ground. The hero is torn by no philosophic doubts, diverted by no wayward impulses, stayed in his course by no wild beauty, urged by no quirk in his constitution to do anything ecstatic or extravagant. At every triumph the ordinary reader is once again persuaded that the familiar principles of behavior are sound. Honesty is the best policy, and here is a man who is incorrigibly honest. The rotten apple spoils its companions, and here is a man who avoids all dubious associates. Money makes the mare go, and here is a man who drives his golden horses to the sun without a tumble. The average man who has followed this hero to his last page has had a romantic adventure which he can imagine without an effort; he closes the book comfortably assured that his average manner of life is both more interesting and more advantageous than any other. Finally, the language of the book is as satisfactory as its moral. It is brisk, perspicuous, adequate.

These are the qualities which make a book popular. The *Americanization* has few to make it great. Its scene and action both belong in a small world. That world, of course, is more busy and more populous than the dry wilderness of *Arabia Deserta*, but greatness is not to be measured by quantity. To be great, a book must somehow exhibit or suggest a spacious world, with implications at least here or there of magnificent horizons. The boundaries of Edward Bok's universe are snug and tidy. And the deeds of the hero are too unimpassioned to hold the rigorous attention of a profound or elevated mind. They seem, rather, like exercises in ingenuity. He who does them is not face to face with merciless nature or with dreadful doubt or with strong, subtle emotions. Rather, he is working out a puzzle, fitting not very mysterious parts together into a not very difficult pattern. With ingenuity a profound or elevated mind is seldom much concerned. Ingenuity belongs in games, of which the rules have already been laid down by other players. It is an old story, neatly told again. Edward Bok might have told an old story with such glints of irony or with such depths of poetry that the bones could get up and walk, fully clothed. But in his *Americanization* he is naive

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and prosaic. His story has not been told in any of the languages of eternity, able to make him remembered as the hero of a book long after his physical existence is forgotten. This is the language of journalism, which reports but does not perpetuate.

It is difficult to speak of greatness or popularity in literature without sounding partizan, because the terms of criticism have been so long employed on one side of the apparent conflict or the other that they can hardly be trusted to convey just meanings, no matter how justly they may be intended. Perhaps the argument that the two qualities are distinct may be more impartially advanced by a third example, that of a book which is equally great and popular. *Gulliver's Travels* is great enough to arouse continual wonder in the most penetrating and detached minds. It is popular enough to have become a classic of the nursery. A little study of the book, however, will show that it is, in a sense, two books in one.

One of these books is purely a romantic narrative. Gulliver, voyaging into strange lands, comes first among a race of pigmies, then among a race of giants, then, after a topsyturvy interlude, among a race of horses who have man-like creatures for their slaves. The story seems to move under its own power. Each step is from wonder to wonder, but from a known wonder by easy graduation to an unknown wonder. The element of ingenuity is displayed in the calculation of relative sizes. The element of familiarity is no less strikingly displayed, for, though the pigmies and giants and horses live at the ends of the earth, they concern themselves in these records with nothing more unusual than food, clothing, domestic habits, trade, sport, politics, and war. The most average reader, even a child, observing their behavior, may marvel, but he marvels without real effort. At the outset surprised into these singular universes, he thereafter gets no shock. The story is delusively simple, as is also the language in which it is told, as easy to read as water to swallow or as air to breathe.

The other of these books towers like an ominous shadow behind the easy, original substance of the first. The complete text does, indeed, go forward almost as rapidly as the abridgments. There is always the tremendous original conception to drive the narrative. But by a thousand hints Swift makes clear that to him the shadow is more than the substance. Would he

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waste the strength of his pen upon a seaman's yarn about a country of insectile pigmies? Only if thus he could bring home his belief that the race of man, reduced to its smallest dimensions, would still have room for all its ugliest follies and vices. Would he then turn to giants merely to reverse his picture and repeat himself in other dimensions? Only to show that large, generous, beneficent creatures may be hopelessly dull. Would he work out the details of his absurd Laputa only to satirize the Royal Society? This gave him an excuse to have his say about mankind in general when it plays at topsyturvy. And as to his horses, he wrote of them not to celebrate those useful, beautiful beasts, but to indicate by comparison how mean and filthy are the human beings who elsewhere are first in the animal kingdom. With these intentions of his, Swift could never have expected to win the sympathy of the most minds. To them he lavishly, it may be contemptuously, flung a beguiling tale. But he invited the best minds to stand off with him at a distance which they alone could reach and there scrutinize the race, including themselves, and to weep or laugh or rage as the mood might take them. Nor did he stop there. Though he doubted that the race deserved even to be allowed to live, much less to occupy the thoughts of a man who could perceive its vanity and nastiness, he did not spare himself, but bent all his art to the task of making his story worthy of its theme. That look of power which he conveys by being able to stand so far away from his world is increased by his willingness to stoop to it and shape it in his satiric hands.

To hate or despise the world is not, it must be quickly added, a surer evidence of greatness than to love and enjoy it, in the manner of Fielding or Wordsworth. The greatness of a writer consists in his ability to stand a little without and above the materials of a book, and thus to command them, whether in hate or in love. The merely popular writer, on the other hand, may be sunk in his materials without notable disadvantage to his popularity. In fact, this may be the secret of his success. If he is to please the most minds, he must draw near them. His stories must not burden their imaginations. His sentiments must not give offense to their prejudices. His characters must be of promptly recognizable types. His language must as far as possible be that of his readers, though it may be either some undistinguished idiom

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or the slang or dialect of the hour. These are the only elements he needs, and when he possesses them in sufficient measure he may dispense with the elements which make an author great: living stories, original sentiments, unforgettable characters, individual language.

It is scarcely carrying a biological analogy too far to say that there are various universes into which books are born and in which they perish or survive. Nor is it wholly unscientific to reduce the number of these universes, for the convenience of discussion, to two. In the universe populated by the best minds, the condition of survival is a commanding originality. In the universe populated by the most minds, the condition of survival is an ingratiating familiarity. To complain, therefore, that great books are not always popular or popular books necessarily great, is like complaining because flamingoes do not fly about the Pole or walruses climb the Andes. Survival depends upon special adaptability, not upon general endowment. The creations of man, like the creatures of the earth, survive by their craft and not by their virtues.

Any persons who care to do so may raise the argument that there is compensation in either case. But compensations are the affair of moralists, who like to dig in that field.

Whether the distinction thus drawn between greatness and popularity has what is called a practical bearing suggests unanswerable questions. Can a writer choose to please with either a commanding originality or an ingratiating familiarity? The believers in free-will may say that he has the same liberty of choice in this concern as he has in the selection of his hat or of his house. The believers in determinism may say that he has no more choice than a woman has in the sex or the complexion of her child. Fortunately, a decision on this point can wait till free-will and determination are at peace. Meanwhile, the majority of writers are neither great nor popular, a few are popular without being great, fewer still are great without being popular, and the fewest and greatest of all are both at once. The different universes of greatness and popularity, now barely overlapping, may hardly be expected to coincide, however, till that millennial era when there are no writers but the very greatest.

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'DOBE AND PUEBLO

WOOD AND LINOLEUM CUTS
BY HOWARD COOK IN

SANTA FE

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TESUQUE INDIAN PUEBLO

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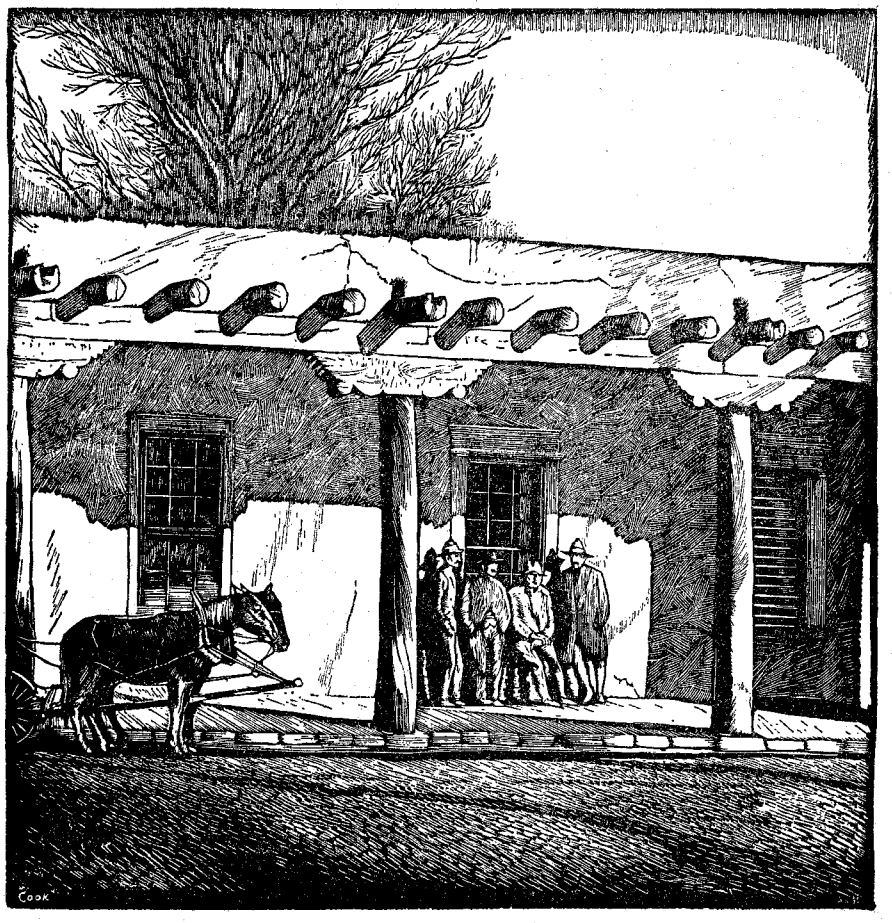

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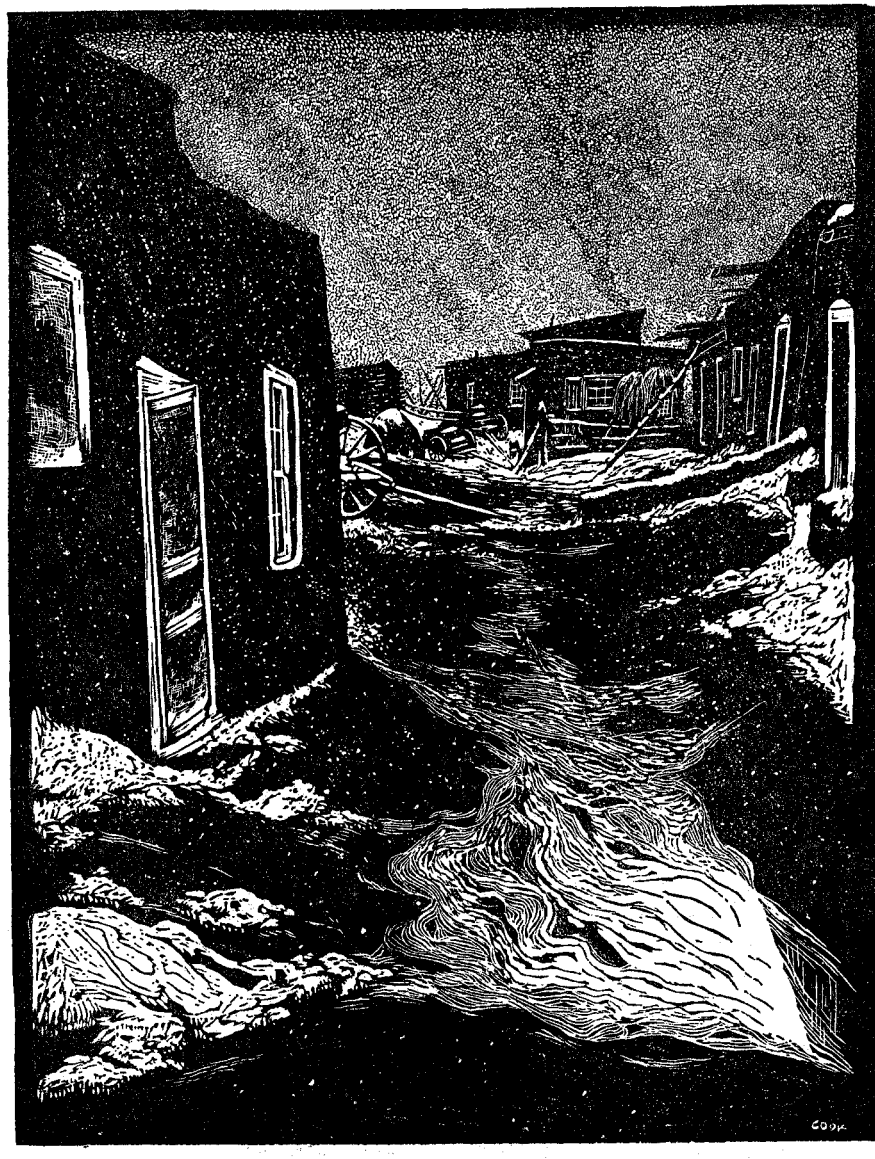

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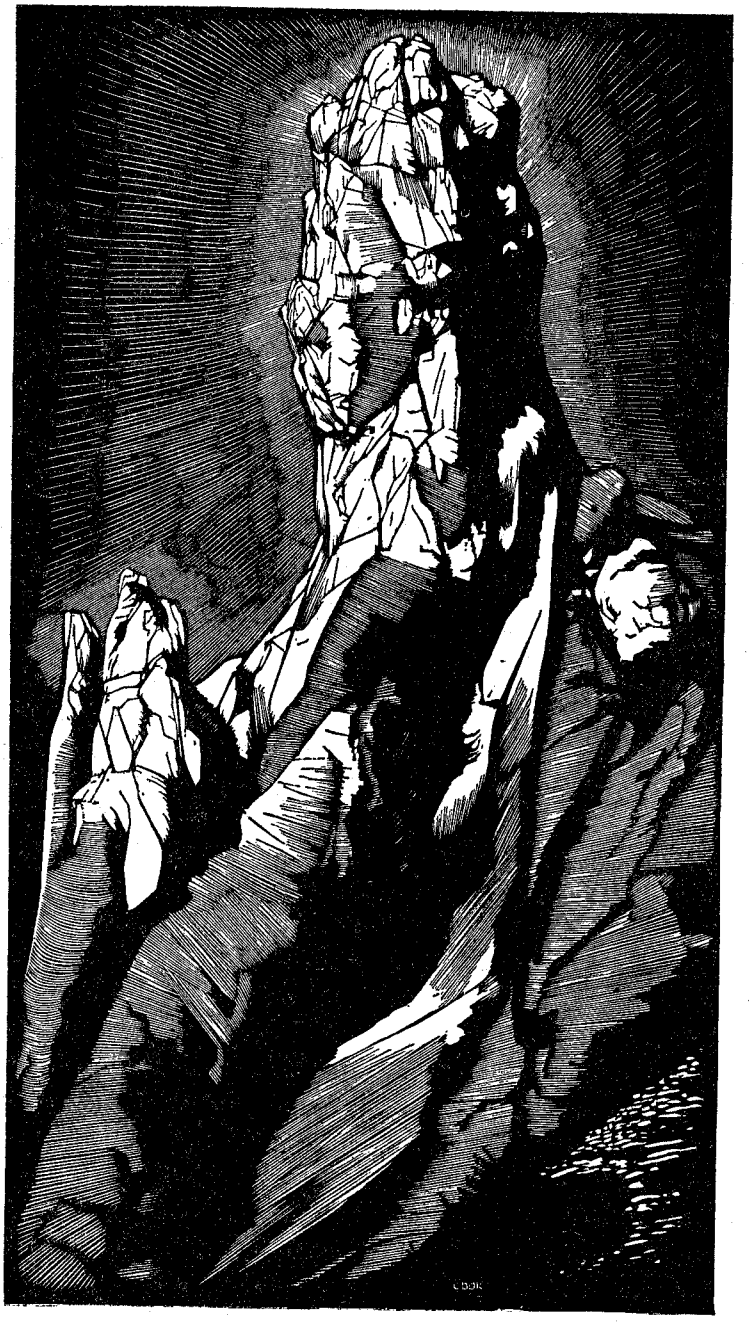

THE GIANT'S THUMB

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THE PREVENTION OF CANCER

JAMES EWING

FIFTY years ago patients in search of a reliable disease could count on a verdict of "Bright's disease". To-day we have the magic word "cancer". Unfortunately, real cancer is also only too common, and Dr. Ewing shows both why it is neglected and how it may be prevented. His essay supplements our general Medical Series. It illustrates Dr. Crookshank's discussion of the Causes of Disease and points forward to the third main article by Surgeon-General H. S. Cumming, which is to appear next month.

HOW shall we protect ourselves against cancer, the greatest of all the natural hazards in the adventure of living? For cancer is generally like old age, the result of the wear and tear of the tissues, due to the natural stresses of living. Unlike senility, cancer attacks the young much more frequently than is commonly realized and it plays the greater havoc the younger the subject. If an ounce of prevention is generally worth a pound of cure, who may measure the value of cancer prevention? Yet prevention does not form a prominent chapter in the literature of cancer. It has not been dignified, like cancer therapy, by decades of acrimonious debate in medical societies. Nevertheless there is a great deal to be done for the prevention of cancer, and most of it must be done by the person himself.

There are two main reasons for this neglect of the prophylaxis of cancer. In order to prevent a disease one must know its causes, and every one has been told again and again that the ultimate cause of cancer is unknown. There is a very venerable and widespread belief, in and out of the medical profession, that cancer is caused by some mysterious microscopic parasite. Every month or so, one reads of the discovery of this parasite, and often of cancer cures based upon the new discovery. If cancer really is caused by an unknown parasite, then prevention is not to be considered; and we are not much better off than the ancient Egyptians, since we may at any time be stung to death by this hobgoblin parasite in its own mysterious way. The distressing difference in favor of the Egyptians is that they were beautifully embalmed like Tut-ankh-Amen, and we are not.

To-day, however, the scientific evidence is against the parasitic theory of cancer. It is a fortunate fact that most cancers are caused by various forms of chronic irritation, many of which we

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can detect and eliminate and thus prevent cancer. What the scientists mean by the cause of cancer is the ultimate cause of cell growth, and this we shall probably never know. What people want to know are the effective, exciting factors in cancer, and of these we have much useful knowledge.

Another obstacle to the serious attempt to prevent cancer, and to tell people how to do it, is the rather general impression that cancer is an hereditary disease, and once in the family will always remain there. Cancer prevention would then consist mainly in cleverly choosing one's parents. The hereditary theory is supported by experiments on mice and rats, by which it has proved possible, by inbreeding, to intensify so greatly an hereditary tendency that all the animals in a given strain will die of cancer. This situation is very hard on the artificially bred mice, but similar conditions of inbreeding do not occur in the human race. Human matings are very miscellaneous. We are mostly heterozygous, to speak genetically, and the hereditary element in us is generally quite attenuated. Quite a fascinating tale could be told of the influence, or lack of influence, of heredity in human cancer; but the best opinion to-day is to the effect that all human beings are rather susceptible to cancer if exposed to the right forms of chronic irritation, and that very few of them have a very strong or really important tendency to cancer. Heredity cannot, therefore, stand in the way of cancer prevention. Heredity cannot, however, be wholly eliminated from the tangible causes of cancer. Some families seem to be especially susceptible to the disease. It would be a wise decision for members of such families not to intermarry, or if they do, to take unusual precaution against the disease.

What, then, are the effective, exciting factors of cancer which may come within the range of our control? Since about 1860 and the time of Virchow, whom medical scientists regard as the father of modern medicine, cancer has become recognized more and more as the result of chronic irritation of a great variety of types and producing an equal variety of cancers. For, like tuberculosis, cancer is not a single disease, but a great group of diseases of very different causation and course. The body is made up of microscopic cells, arranged in an orderly way and producing useful organs. Cancer is simply an excessive, destructive overgrowth of

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some of these cells, producing the many forms of cancer. There are possibly as many different diseases in the field of cancer as outside of it. There are scores of infectious diseases and scores of malignant tumors, each arising under different conditions and requiring different preventive measures.

Among the most obvious preventable cancers are those affecting the lip, tongue, floor of mouth, and throat, — the intraoral group. Nearly all of these are the result of chronic irritation by bad teeth, tobacco, and the late results of syphilis. Eliminate these factors and intraoral cancer will largely disappear. Frequently all three factors are present, but generally only two, — bad teeth and tobacco. Bad teeth alone often suffice; tobacco alone will do almost as well. All well-kept persons indulge in fair dentistry and do not allow broken and decayed fangs to scratch their lips and cheeks. Pyorrhea is bad enough in itself and worse when it leads to cancer of the gums. Ill-fitting plates cause many a cancer at the point of friction. Sharp edged teeth or even smooth teeth slightly out of line should be regarded with suspicion if they irritate the mucous membrane.

Tobacco in excess tends to cause chronic inflammation and especially the "white spot disease", and these lead to cancer, often long after the reformed habitué has abandoned the habit. For the irritations that produce cancer may act a long time after the irritant has been removed. Tobacco users should know "white spot disease" as well as they know the brands of tobacco; and the habitué, if he intends to reform, should begin long before the signs of danger appear. General uncleanliness of the mouth and throat forms a favorable "atmosphere" for the inception of cancer, and should be relieved, best by the thorough gargling of the throat once daily by suds of some mild soap. Scrubbing the teeth is not enough to cleanse the back of tongue and the slums of the tonsils. Not only cancer, but a formidable list of other diseases result from uncleanliness of the mouth and throat. Remember the old French proverb: "*La mort entre par la bouche*" (Death enters through the mouth). Daily cleansing by soap gargles is the best preventive.

Cancer of the skin develops in plain sight of the victim for many months and even years, and yet about three thousand persons die of this disease annually in the United States. The forms

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of skin cancer are somewhat varied and the causes rather complex; but most skin cancers should either be prevented or treated so early that they become rather simple affairs. Many skin cancers arise from suppressed hair follicles on the face and about the nose and eyelids where chronic irritation plays a prominent part. Persons with oily skins and heavy growth of hair are especially prone to hair follicle cancers, which are called "rodent ulcers". They appear first as minute pearly thickenings in the skin and they grow very slowly without pain. If properly treated in the early stages they are almost always cured, but if imperfectly treated they recur and become refractory and dangerous, so that the older physicians used to regard them as a "*noli me tangere*" (don't touch me). Hot baths, modern soap, and liberal friction are required to empty the sluggish oil glands and hair follicles of such persons. In this petroleum age frequent exposure to oil products may possibly increase the number of skin cancers.

Flat, persistent warts which do not disappear like ordinary warts but slowly increase, sometimes with pigmentation, should be treated before they unfold their tendency to become cancer. Persons much exposed to sunlight and wind, often develop thickened scaly or slightly pigmented areas in the skin, especially of face and back of hands, and these may slowly become cancerous.

Pigmented moles are the most important source of skin cancer. These moles exist from birth. Only a small proportion of them are dangerous, and these are conspicuous, by their very dark color, by the growth of hairs, by steady increase in size and blackness, by a warty tendency, and by a location at points where they are exposed to irritation. Any such features in an old brown mole of the skin call for careful attention by an experienced physician. They are especially dangerous on the feet and toes, where they are often overlooked and misjudged by patient and doctor until they become cancerous.

Skin cancers are therefore not wholly preventable, but they are nearly always curable, if the patient is alert and the doctor skilful.

If the esophagus gullet were not so long and so delicately constructed, — features which intensify the grateful sensation of swallowing delectable foods and drinks, — cancer of this organ would not be so common. In Budapest, cancer of the esophagus

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stands fourth in the list of cancers. This disease cannot be cured, so that the only hope lies in prevention. Yet the giraffe does not have cancer of the esophagus. His food is simple and he swallows it slowly. It is difficult to trace the exact causes in every case, but rather frequently they appear quite obvious. In a recent case the writer observed very ill-kept teeth and extremely unclean mouth and throat, excessive use of tobacco in all forms, alcoholism, and an acknowledged habit of bolting hot and imperfectly masticated food. Those who cultivate such habits may become eligible to the silent brigade of esophageal cancer victims. If, in addition, the gullet happens to have some abnormal holes or kinks, they are very apt to be drafted.

Stomach cancer is the most frequent form of the disease (twenty-five per cent), but there is an embarrassing lack of clear knowledge of its causes. About two to five per cent of gastric stomach cancers arise from simple gastric ulcers, which are rare conditions. The curing of simple ulcers prevents a few cancers but not many.

Experienced physicians recognize two types of individuals as prone to develop gastric cancer. One of these boasts of an athletic stomach, which takes years of abuse without rebelling. They claim never before to have had a sick day in their lives. This claim is rightly made by many other cancer patients. Another class of patients is of the delicate, sickly sort whose digestion has always given trouble. These observations suggest that the perpetual abuse of a normal stomach frequently gives rise to cancer and that an abnormally weak stomach may suffer the same fate from less abuse. In both instances abuse and overfunction must be regarded as the exciting causes. How the irritants act, we do not know. We do know that the stomach is not lined by copper, but by a single row of rather delicate cells. No single article of diet or drink is known to have any special relation to gastric cancer.

The sole safe conclusion to be drawn from these data is that all forms of abuse of the stomach must be avoided if the high mortality from this very common disease is to be reduced. The glutton announces that he prefers a short life and a merry one, secretly thinking it will be long as well as merry. He is mistaken. Food kills more people than drink.

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A well-known British surgeon has proclaimed that chronic constipation is the great source of stomach cancer and indeed of most concern, but he has brought inadequate evidence to prove his claim. It is safer to play this knave in connection with cancer of the rectum and lower bowel.

Rectal cancer is a very common disease and again one of which the causes are imperfectly known. A high proportion of cases gives a history of chronic constipation. Most cases are long mistaken for hemorrhoids (piles), with which rectal cancer is sometimes complicated. Structural anomalies of several types, rendering the rectum more susceptible to the irritation of hardened fecal matter, probably account for many of these cases. Among the victims of rectal cancer, tall persons are said to outnumber the short ones.

Man has freer access to unlimited quantities of food and fewer opportunities to empty the bowel than any other animal. He also is the only animal that suffers notably from cancer of the stomach and rectum.

Cancer of the breast is one of the most urgent problems in the entire file of malignant tumors. Until recently there has been very little to say about its prevention. The interest of the medical profession has been directed toward its earlier recognition and treatment. It has long been known that breast cancer is much more frequent in women who have not nursed children than in others, and since it occurs mainly after forty years of age it has been vaguely attributed to abnormal processes connected with the natural atrophy of the breast and the loss of its functions. Yet the disease frequently occurs in young women, from twenty to thirty years of age. Recently new light seems to have been thrown on the causation of breast cancer by the discovery that in mice breast cancer can readily be produced by withdrawing the young at birth and allowing the breast to become swollen with retained and decomposing milk. Ligating the ducts on one side of the mouse has led to cancer in four of the six breasts on the ligated side, while no cancers developed on the nursed side. That stagnation of milk and other secretions occurs in striking degree in many cases of human breast cancer has long been known, so that the recent experimental observations are supported by much former knowledge of the disease. Such experimental results re-

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quire repetition and verification before they can be assumed to apply to the human subject; but if they do prove to be applicable, as seems extremely probable, then we have a basis for the prevention of cancer of the breast.

Contrary to previous notions, it thus appears that the breast will not always take care of itself, but must be watched and cared for intelligently by women themselves, directed by sound medical advice. Secretions accumulate in the ducts of the breast during monthly periods of congestion, as the result of miscarriages and abortions, and especially when the normal periods of nursing are reduced or eliminated. Massage and the regular use of the breast pump are available to correct these conditions, but our present knowledge does not warrant a definite statement of the best methods of establishing a normal hygiene of the breast. This is the task of the well-informed family physician. It is notably safe to assert that the habit of early and abrupt weaning of infants conduces to cancer of the breast. Comparatively few women who develop breast cancer give a history of normal lactation.

The domestic cow is milked every morning and every evening, and the last vestiges of milk are "stripped". No one hears of breast cancer in this animal. After all, we humans are not so far removed from our lower animal friends that we may not learn something from their experiences.

It must not be assumed that stagnation is the only factor concerned in the causation of mammary cancer or that the hygiene of the breast ends with attention to this matter. Diseases of the skin of the breast, infections of the nipple, abcesses of the breast, congenital and probably inherited anomalies in the structure of the organ, and some benign tumors, all occasionally lead to cancer, and should, as far as possible, be guarded against.

Cancer of the breast is sometimes preceded by the appearance of a lump in the breast or by bleeding from the nipple. Both of these conditions call for immediate examination by a physician.

Cancer of the uterus (womb) is by far the most frequent form of the disease in women, and is responsible for about thirty to thirty-five per cent of the deaths from cancer in the female. It is one of the forms of cancer which is probably increasing in frequency. It is much more frequent in women who have borne children than in those who have not; and there is general agree-

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ment among physicians that the uterine lacerations occurring in childbirth are a very important factor in its causation. It is especially when the lacerations, often slight, are not properly repaired and fully healed that cancer is prone to develop. About these neglected, unhealed wounds, inflammation and infection become established, abnormal discharges appear, and in the course of time, sometimes relatively short, cancer develops and generally makes rapid headway. The remedy is rather simple and easily applied, but only periodical examinations by a competent physician can determine when and how to apply the remedy. There seems to be no other means of preventing uterine cancer than recognizing it early, for if the patient waits until the bleeding occurs, it is often too late. There is a most pernicious belief among women that the change of life is accompanied by bleeding. Abnormal discharge, or any bleeding in a woman after forty years of age, calls for immediate examination by a competent physician. Very early cancer of the uterus frequently gives no detectable symptoms and can be recognized only through a physical examination by a physician. To further this end, clinics for free examination of women for breast and uterine cancer, and for the conditions that lead to them, have been established in a few cities. It is obviously the duty of women of intelligence to consult their private physicians on this important matter.

In another considerable group of cases, cancer affects the body of the uterus, and here the causes are more numerous and less clear. The whole matter of the prevention of uterine cancer reduces itself to periodical examinations by a competent physician at least once a year, and the maintenance of a proper hygiene of this organ.

It thus appears that the major forms of cancer which cause most of the deaths are due to controllable factors, generally some form of chronic irritation. There is a sound basis for the effort to prevent cancer by such public propaganda as is conducted by the American Society for the Control of Cancer and by increased medical efficiency. This belief is strongly supported by the fact that cancer does not as a rule develop suddenly in previously normal tissues, but nearly always slowly in tissues that have been altered by inflammation and disease. The changes that precede cancer are called "precancerous", and it is an important fact

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that they require time to become cancer. During this time both patient and physician usually have definite and ample warning of approaching danger. Absence of pain is probably the chief reason why the danger signs are not more generally heeded. The fact that they are not generally heeded is one of the great anomalies of modern life.

We are so much absorbed in the pursuit of business and pleasure that we much prefer to take out life insurance for the benefit of our heirs rather than devote a few hours to the acquisition of a little knowledge about our wonderful animal body and how to take care of it. The average educated American is grossly and inexcusably ignorant of physiology and hygiene. Ignorance of the nature of disease breeds the fear of it and does not help the victim. Dr. Crookshank, who contributed to the FORUM Medical Series last month, has pointed out in his excellent introduction to Mr. H. W. S. Wright's little book on *The Conquest of Cancer* that the search for a single "cause" of cancer is one more request for a mythical "philosopher's stone". But, as he well reminds us, to use the formula of "right living" is not merely a verbal solution of the difficulty.

Finally, the analytical reader will probably notice that most of the factors tending to produce cancer belong among the personal habits of the individual, which are more or less necessitated by the stress of modern civilized life. The most effective plan of avoiding cancer is to practise moderation in all things, to live as simple a life as possible, to attend to any minor persistent disturbances in the functions of one's organs, and to consult a physician at least once a year, with specific reference to the hazards of cancer.

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THE NEW RELIGIONS OF AMERICA

V — Hindu Cults

JULES-BOIS

FROM an obscure pagoda in Calcutta came the word of command: "Go to America, my son. Tell them of the real India, venerable source of philosophies and religions. You are a patriot and a monk of Shiva, the god who breaks the body, the better to deliver the soul. Whatever the sacrifice, go, my son. You will return with the authority and the means to build the mother house of innumerable monasteries consecrated to the wisdom of the Vedas. So India, enslaved but immortal, will be rescued by the practical spirit of the New World and again cast her spell to the farthermost corners of the earth."

Thus spoke Ramakrishna, the emaciated Brahman saint, the Buddha of our day, to his young apostle Vivekananda, who accomplished the prescribed journey and returned to die on the banks of the Ganges, but not without leaving behind him the spark which was to inflame the social gospel of Gandhi. Most important revolutions have a mystic origin, and India could be aroused, not by vulgar plotters, but by a religious call.

As was suggested in my book *Visions de l'Inde*, published several years before the world had heard of the extraordinary political figure then living obscured among the Hindu groups in South Africa, a preparatory spiritual atmosphere was required before the masses would rise in response to the "Swaraj". From the serene teachings of Vivekananda, innocent of political schemes and a legal subject of Great Britain, was to spring the most formidable uprising that Asia had known for a long time.

By protecting and aiding Vivekananda, a poor Hindu monk of genius, capable of supreme abnegation, the people of the United

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States were unwittingly the instigators of Gandhism. So much for the unforeseen international outcome.

As for America itself, the land of the strenuous life, its people rarely have the time or the inclination for "the practice of orison" or soliloquies with the Inner God.

But since men cannot exist without, at least occasionally, breathing the atmosphere of the heights, those whom the familiar religions have failed to hold are ever seeking a substitute. The Ramakrishna and Vivekananda Mission has erected in the great bustling cities, — San Francisco, Boston, New York, — lay temples dedicated to the purpose of "taking consciousness of the life eternal within us". Moreover, as America, like India, contains solitudes of mountain and plain seldom disturbed by automobile horns, the Vedantists have there organized retreats. Such retreats are becoming necessary in many spheres. The "creative artists" already have theirs; society women and business men also feel the need. In this world of illusion one must not be surprised at seeing American ladies, indifferent to Christian cloisters, transforming themselves into Hindu nuns, donning the costume of India, praying to Kali and Shiva in the abstruse but musical formulas of Sanskirt *memtrams*, and even exchanging their Anglo-Saxon names for symbolic sobriquets, — Sister Nivedita, Satya Prana, Devanta.

It must be admitted that Europe first gave the signal, but only in the orientation of ideas. Europe is too old to become asiaticized in her manners, and the solitudes favorable to introspection are somewhat lacking. But the discovery and translation of the sacred books of the East opened up a new vista to the modern mind. Curiously enough, the movement started in the eighteenth century, when skepticism and sensualism threatened to gain the upper hand of faith and morality. To Anquetil-Duperron European philosophers owe the reawakening of their sleeping idealism. First came the Zend-Avesta, and this was Zoroaster's trumpet call, to be followed by a sound of far distant bells from the pagodas of India, China, Tibet. To inquirers, the most strictly guarded monasteries disclosed the treasure of libraries as vast as cities. Vyasa, Sankara Acharya, Patanjali, Gautama Buddha, Confucius, Lao-tze, reappeared on the horizon of the occidental mind, kneading and transforming again our interpretation of the cos-

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mic and psychic mystery. May it not be said that the East was predestined to stimulate the West, which was dozing in well-being, led into selfishness and materialism by the lust of lucre and conquest?

It is not that Christianity lacks the elements necessary to the complete doctrine by which the planet will one day be brought to unity; it is rather that the meaning of Christ's sublime teaching may escape us because our serious attention is no longer fixed on it. We might be compared to the overcultured Greeks of yore, eager to receive lessons from oriental hierophants. Moreover, though already in possession of the truth, we are inclined to believe it has a fuller significance when uttered in a foreign tongue. A fez or a turban can often lend strange potency to a familiar truism.

But here begins the great struggle for universal influence. We send our missionaries to the far-away infidel, foreseeing and preparing for the day when India and China will be completely Christianized. On the other hand we evoke the reactive ebb of Eastern propaganda. While we endeavor to prevail in Asia, she has something to say in protest, — something we might profit by, did we but know how to hear it in a calm and critical spirit, disentangling the useful from the fanciful in this gigantic mass of learning. If Asiatic myths and metaphysics are sometimes for us merely historic documents, their marvelous explorations of the soul, their soaring scientific conjectures, are an inspiration for our earth-bound psychology and hesitant hypotheses.

In any case, whether for good or for ill, Asia has responded. She has sent to us her own missionaries, — witness the Ramakrishna Mission founded by the Vedantic master, Vivekananda. Its members are called "swamis". Unfortunately the name has been used at times by charlatans, and the authentic messengers of a pagan church should be distinguished from the shallow self-seekers who often enough, with Asiatic shrewdness, attract gullible crowds by offering them a program of half-truths and fantastic promises.

The swamis of the Ramakrishna and Vivekananda Mission are sober-minded because they have been trained in the hard school of *sannyasins* to resist, in so far as a youth can, the temptations of our complex civilization. They have assumed vows of chastity

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and poverty. Coming into a Christian land they are tactful enough not to seek to impose their cult dedicated to Kali and Shiva, but preach a sort of universal religion which seeks to vivify and harmonize all the others.

On the introductory page of his most important book, *Raja Yoga*, Vivekananda, the initiator, proclaimed with a revolutionary spirit:

> Each soul is potentially divine. The goal is to manifest this divinity within by controlling nature, external and internal. Do this either by work or worship or psychic control or philosophy, — by one or more or all of these, — and be free. This is the whole of religion; doctrines, dogmas, rituals, books, temples, and forms are but secondary details.

This bold declaration of faith is reiterated in milder terms by Paramananda, the best known present-day swami:

> We believe firmly that the revelations of the saints and sages and seers everywhere are One. God is One, spirit is One. We are all children of that One; and we cannot serve that One and love that One unless one love makes us include all His children, — east, west, north, south, everywhere. To uphold this unity is the chief aim of this work.

The better to indicate the atmosphere of this old Asiatic religion, newly set up in the United States, I propose to recount briefly my relations with Vivekananda in Europe and in Bengal, where I went to join him in his monastery, which was built with money obtained in America. He and his philosophy had been much in my mind before chance brought us together. When the Congress of Religions was in progress in Chicago, I, in Paris, eagerly followed its debates. One declaration which arrested my attention was that of the young Hindu prophet promulgating a "universal religion". Though profound, his address was beautifully incisive, — a refreshing contrast to the usual pronouncements of that kind, which are apt to be gelatinous. These sentences bore the stamp of genius, and they dwelt in my mind until the day when I received an invitation to meet the swami himself at the home of a rich American friend in Paris.

After an informal conference Vivekananda approached me as though we had known each other for a long time. A brief conversation followed, at the end of which he startled me by proposing to come and live with me. Expressing my sense of the honor his suggestion implied, I reminded him of the luxury and attention

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he was enjoying and explained that I was only a young writer who could offer him very little in the way of comfort.

"I am a monk and a mendicant," was his reply. "I can sleep on the ground or on the floor. Our luxury will be the wisdom of the masters. I will bring my pipe with me, and upon its incense will rise the verses of the Vedas and Upanishads."

Next day the swami arrived with a small valise.

Up to that time, in Paris and London, not as a dilettante but as an earnest explorer of the unknown, I had associated with Brahmans, Buddhists, pundits, and deified sannyasins; but now I was face to face with a quite exceptional personality, — not a reflection, like the others, but a light in himself, the Emerson of India. In him the divine spark, — though at times clouded by idolatrous superstition and unbounded idealism, — grew effulgent through an organism already worn by overwork and the trials of life. More logical than Tolstoi, then nearing his end, he carried out to their rational conclusion the premises in the great Russian's teachings, and exemplified them in his life as well as in his death.

Through his life the old wisdom of India spoke to me. In the tradition of the Orient, oral initiation is more important than reliance upon the written word. The Asiatic has disciples while we have pupils. His conviction is that knowledge, like the secrets of the heart, is to be transmitted only at the favorable moment.

At that time I was living in the rue Gazan, facing the Parc Montsouris. There, far from the hum and drum of the city, the days flowed by in unbroken calm and a quasi-solitude. From the balcony one looked out over a miniature Switzerland of hills, valleys, and artificial lakes bathed in radiant sunlight. At the close of the day, after having attended to my own affairs, I would find Vivekananda there, scarcely having moved from the spot where I had left him, but having smoked and meditated much. This monk of Shiva had gone up and down the earth, preaching his alluring but terrible gospel, proclaiming the illusion of the external world and our personality, and the reality of one single Being behind the multiform appearance of things and creatures. Marvelous evenings in the pure intoxication of metaphysics and nature! The perfume of young flowers and the grave Hindu plainsong; a Parisian spring and a breeze from the Ganges; the semi-

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obscure glamour of the stars, while the messenger of the old Barattha, with his dark nimbus of hair, his imposing carriage, his prominent eyes now widely open, now veiled by heavy lids, sat like a Buddha of the Himalayas transported to a suburb on the Seine. It was not the India of the fakirs and the cranks, but the magical land of beauty and wisdom. And the five yogas, transmitted from time immemorial by the *guru* (master) to the *chela* (disciple) revealed once more, this time to a young French poet, their methods for the experimental union of the individual with himself first and then with the divine.

It would take too long to give even a slight account of this psychological teaching, which is preserved to a few. William James summed it up when he said, "The different yogas are based on persevering exercises; and the diet, posture, breathing, intellectual concentration, and moral discipline help the disciple to overcome the obscuration of his lower nature sufficiently to come face to face with facts which instinct and reason alone can never meet." Here I am laying stress on the human side of the teacher. Vivekananda was a loyal disciple of his master, Ramakrishna, who had been the central influence in his youth and to whom the prince of orientalists, Max Müller, referred as "a real Mahatma". In very truth a real one, having nothing in common with those false Mahatmas whose chief claim to fame depended upon silly prodigies of legerdemain.

The Swami's emotion was profound when he told me of his first meeting with the last great saint of his race:

> As a boy I went to hear him. "Do you believe in God, sir?" I asked. "Yes," he replied. "Can you prove it?" "Yes." "But how?" With a transfigured smile he murmured: "Because I see Him, just as I see you there, only in a much more intense sense." Oh, the unforgettable moment! I realized that one glance, one touch can change a whole life. I understood the apostolic succession. Putting aside everything, I consecrated my youth to sitting at his feet, to question and listen.
>
> Ramakrishna gradually exhausted his strength in instructing whoever came. "While I can speak I must teach them," he would say, and he kept his word. One day he told us he would lay down his body that very day, and, with the most sacred word of the Vedas on his lips he entered into *samadhi* (ecstasy), and so passed away.

After a long silence, and in a voice that had fallen to a whisper, my companion continued:

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> He had called me Vivekananda (Happy Discrimination), but after his death I was as though mad. I felt as if I had lost my soul. I become a sannyasin, throwing aside everything, even to clothing. I traversed India on foot, covered with ashes, taking meals now with rajahs, now with the humblest peasants, sleeping on porches or in trees, bewailing the loss of my guru and vowing to render immortal the gospel I had received from him. When I felt morally strengthened by this sacrificial wandering, I set out for America. There my lectures permitted me to amass a certain sum which does not belong to me. It is in the hands of an American friend and will be devoted to the monastery of Ramakrishna near the Ganges, and then I too shall die.

That evening I had the intuition that the prophesy would not be long of fulfilment. Death was already hovering over Vivekananda; quite visibly it was doing its work within his robust body, broken by too arduous efforts. I took him to the best doctors in Paris, but they shook their heads.

We left the city at the moment when it was in gala attire for the great exposition in 1900. En route toward Jerusalem and Benares, with chosen companions, we visited Constantinople, Greece, and Egypt. At Port Said we parted. The monk of Shiva took the steamer for India, while I decided to sail for Palestine to spend Christmas in Bethlehem. Vivekananda's road led to Nirvana, mine to Calvary.

For the last time, we met at Ramakrishna "Math", or monastery, near Calcutta.

From a small skiff on the Ganges, Calcutta receded into the distance and finally the Math came into sight, all white in the midst of a grove of palm trees, the trident of its pagoda rising high above the pleasant terraces.

Vivekananda stood on the threshold. His first words were: "I am free, my friend, free again. I have given away everything. In the poorest country in the world I am the poorest man. But the house of Ramakrishna is rebuilt, and his spiritual family there finds shelter."

He introduced his disciples to us as his "brothers and children". Under their turbans a group of adolescents, — who are now men, spreading their mission in all parts of the world, — smiled upon us with eyes full of naïveté. Venerable pundits left their meditations to greet us, and we noted upon their bowed foreheads the tattooed symbols of Shiva. Sudras and Brahmans and pariahs were there together, for this prophet had abolished caste.

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He took a narghile from one of his disciples, drew a puff which scented with rose the air around us, then placed lotuses in my hand, and we went up on the terrace. From this point a stupendous spectacle spread beneath us: India with its fresh fields under a burning sun; ponds like mirrors which a goddess might have dropped in her flight; forests resembling a soft green fleece; the virile arm of the Ganges amorously embracing the earth.

Vivekananda himself served us tiffin in his cell, where the bare simplicity of the Hindu anchorite was combined with the commodious furniture of the American philosopher, a rocking chair and a collection of books in which Emerson and Spencer stood side by side with native publications.

A disciple handed me some betel wrapped in a green leaf. Both had been plucked fresh from the garden. I tasted it, — a flavor of nicotine and flower filled my mouth.

Ramakrishna's apostle talked again of the illusion we Westerners call life. "What you others call a dream," he said, "is for us the only reality. Cities, luxury, the marvels of material science, — we have awakened from that brutal dream by which you are still enthralled. We close our eyes, we hold our breath, we sit under the kindly shade of a tree before the primitive fire, and the Infinite opens its doors to us, and we enter into the inner world which is the real one."

A bell sounded, and we leaned out of the cell window. Under a fig-tree, the monks sat about in a circle, swinging their head and bodies in a monotonous rhythm. One of them chanted in a queer tone which recalled our plain-song, but more strident and quite hypnotic in effect. In their midst the trident of Shiva, decked with garlands, was planted beside a fire which was burning down to a gray ash. All eyes were fixed on the flame, in which resides their divinity. A wild sort of peace rose from those creatures entranced by the flame-spirit, — a peace terrifying for us who are intoxicated by physical activity, a silence in which the hymning soared like a joyful lamentation. Above the rapt faces golden bees danced in the sunbeams, while behind the sacred stables the cows lifted their venerable heads, associating themselves with this primeval worship in which man, himself attuned to universal nature, is reintegrated into it without having to die.

In contrast to this Old World rite, the graceful and touching

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Springfield, Missouri

ceremonies which replace it in the Vedantic chapels of the United States might give an impression of flatness and tameness. These shrines are not "Maths", stern and majestic, but "Ashramas", flowery retreats for intellectual refreshment. The congregation takes pleasure in the address of a visiting swami, followed by a silent elevation of the whole being, amid lighted candles and the burning of sandalwood before the images of the prophet and his apostle. It is rather innocent and not greatly different from local forms of worship.

The principal branches of the Vedanta Society in America are to be found in New York, Boston, Washington, Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco, which possess lodges or Ashramas where services and classes are conducted by appointed Swamis. At La Crescenta, California, the Swami Paramananda started, as an extension of the Boston Vedanta Centre, a flourishing colony in the open air christened "Ananda Ashrama". Organized under his supervision by Sister Divamata, this congregation, she writes me, has rapidly become a place of pilgrimage.

As to the writer of this essay, his conclusions, confirmed in his own life, may be summed up in a few words:

First, these ancient oriental creeds and forms, venerable without doubt and deserving of an impartial and thoughtful examination, pertain more to critical science than to religion proper. We have passed beyond them. Practically speaking, they distil, almost without exception, a metaphysical drug which, if one is not cautious, may be deleterious to the soul. The trouble lies in idealistic pantheism, monism, complete identification of the individual with the absolute, — "That art thou" interpreted by certain Upanishads as "I am God". As has been remarked by a Hindu sage, — Maharshi Debendra Nath Tagore, the father of the poet, — if the worshiper and the worshiped are identical, if God and man are one and the same substance, whom and what can we worship and pray to? Religion is canceled.

Second, I turn to men and women of good faith, believing themselves genuine Christians yet following the teaching of Vedanta and adhering to the postulate, — much in vogue to-day, — that all religions are of equal value; and I feel it my duty to warn them that even lavish homage paid to Christ simply as an avatar among the others, — Buddha, Krishna, Zoroaster, Mohammed, — ought

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not to make them forget that this is the first step on the road to dechristianization. If they wish to remain true Christians they must believe that Christ is, as Browning said, "the Son of God and the very God." Outside this creed we revert to chaos, in religion and in society as well. Roosevelt stated on impregnable fact when declaring that the man who loves all women as much as his wife, loves in reality neither his wife nor the other women. Similarly, he who dabbles in all religions is soon unable to profit by any.

To Vivekananda I owe much in human enlightenment. In his company for months I enjoyed the unique privilege of having met in one man something of Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and perhaps of Buddha himself. To him I am indebted, by contrast, for a deeper adoration of the Christian truth. In the efforts we made together to tear away, by the mere force of mind, the unliftable veil, I became convinced of the futility and insufficiency of human reason confronting the absolute. Despair is at the end of Stoicism, however heroic it may be. The early teaching which my mother whispered to me stood out as holding more practical wisdom, in its impulses of simple faith and homely love, than all the dicta of the greatest sages.

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AGRICULTURE AND MONEYCULTURE

VIRGIL JORDAN

THE woes of our own Western farmers are nothing new, in the eyes of Mr. Jordan. Their predecessors, who tilled their fields to feed the city mobs of ancient Rome, had essentially the same problems to face, and so did the farmers of classical Attica. The returns of agriculture are not to be measured wholly in terms of money and by urban standards. Farming is a business,—yes, but it is also a way of life. Do we really want to throw away our rural heritage? And what will happen to us if we do?

THE lamentations of the Jeremiahs and the Spenglers about nearly everything are much the same in every age; but concern over the decay of agriculture and rural life under the vicious influence of the flourishing and wicked city seems to be more persistent and uniform in the history of gawdsaking than almost any other worry,—except possibly the shameful behaviour of what might be called "the younger degeneration". As many historians have traced the fall of Rome to the decline of her agriculture as to her malaria, her militarism, and her vice, and possibly all four are connected. But even before the days of Pliny's celebrated lament, *latifundia perdidere Italiani*, etc., and in every Western nation since, down to Goldsmith and Lloyd George, the same cry has been heard, and always too late or in vain.

In his *Ancient Greece at Work*, Gustave Glotz tells us that long before the Persian Wars, the Attic farmers were complaining about the discrepancy between the price of farm and city product, high interest rates, land speculation, and the growth of tenancy. Describing the changes in agricultural conditions in the sixth and fifth centuries, he says, "Since all values are assessed in money, the scale of prices is set up to the disadvantage of the countryman, in consequence of his ignorance on the subject and of the extension of the market to new lands. Natural products are assessed very low. . . . *So the peasant needs money and he cannot get it.* Suppose he thinks of increasing his returns by improving his land. Then he must have a large sum. How is he to borrow it? Interest is enormous, because it is reckoned on the profits of overseas trade. For the same reason loans are short-date transactions. It is impossible to make up by intensive cultivation for the constant diminution of property and the low price of farm

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products. There is no remedy; the peasant is condemned to drag out a mean existence on a piece of land which is too small and gives an indifferent yield. . . . Once in the toils of usury the peasant is lost. The best that can befall him is that his creditor should be content with his land as security.

This, with little change, might be a quotation from the "Congressional Record" of to-day. These conditions which Solon sought to remedy by forbidding loans on the person differ little from that with which our own Solons are struggling now in trying to ease the mortgage burden on the farmer. Yet these problems continued to perplex the statesmen of Athens in the golden age of Pericles, — as they do those of Washington in the golden age of Calvin, — until it finally came to pass that none would voluntarily assume the burdens of the farmer, and Greeks had to be conscripted or forced to cultivate the soil. "Agrarian pauperism," says Glotz, "was the cancer of Greece in Hellenistic times. . . . Greece went down in a whirlwind, and her last defenders fell with promises of sharing land and abolishing debts on their lips."

Nor, since those days, has any nation seemed able to solve the problem of preserving its agriculture and its rural civilization against the virus of easy money engendered by the recurrent rise of urban industry, trade, and finance. In the golden age of every cycle of civilization there comes the time when the fruits of prosperity seem to rot on the branch before they are ripe or before they can be harvested, because the soil and its tillers lose their strength.

Is this to be the fatality of this age of ours, to which the term golden may be more literally applied than to any other before it? Is it impossible to-day, as it has been heretofore, for the country to enjoy the fruits of urban industrial, financial, and commercial development except at the cost of the ultimate destruction of rural life? Nobody knows how much there is of truth in the ancient warnings and lamentations and their modern interpretation. Henry Ford would probably lay the downfall of Greece to the fact that finance, business, and munitions manufacture eventually fell into the control of the metics, whom he would surely take for Semitics. We do not know for certain whether the decline of our agriculture under the weight of our industrialism and urbanism is the thing that is going to bring us eventually to the dogs, but

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we can at least recognize, understand, and frankly face the questions that the current agricultural unrest and the situation of which it is a symptom put to us.

For it has become clear that, since the beginning of the century and the ascendancy of our urban culture, with all that it implies by way of life, work, and thought, something vital has happened to American agriculture, something that each man will welcome or deplore according to his temperament and character, but the effects of which no one can either escape or foresee. It is clear that the farmer has fallen more and more out of step with the urban prosperity parade, that both he and everybody else has become at last clearly aware of it; but that its jazz rhythm has at last caught him, and that he is determined henceforth to take his place willy-nilly in the plutonic procession, to step to the business band and follow the gonfalons of finance behind the captains of industry. And it is equally clear that the current and impending legislation, born of political persuasion or panic, as well as all the projects and proposals which the friends of the farmer proffer, will not only fail to arrest this procession, but will hasten it till rural life is left far behind, forgotten except as a sentimental fancy. For there is no way and never has been in which agriculture could be maintained on urban standards and keep step with the city without ceasing to be agriculture and becoming something quite different,— whether something equally good is a matter of taste, opinion, ideal, or temperament, or whatever it is that makes men choose what they consider worth while in life.

There is no need at this late date to demonstrate the decline in the relative economic position of farming as a business, industry, or investment. Farming does not pay as a business, it is not a success as an industry, and it is unprofitable as an investment. This has been proved up to the hilt not only by the farm leaders and the agricultural economists but now, significantly, by industry itself. It has been true at least since the beginning of the century. The farmer has suspected it in a vague way and has been instinctively but slowly seeking his fortune elsewhere, and in consequence our agricultural production has fallen behind our population growth since 1900.

No issue in our time has been less sanely understood or more misconceived and misrepresented than this; and of all those who

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have been misled the farmer is not the worst sufferer. For, let it be said fearlessly, this economic disparity has been the farmer's security, his real advantage, his least perishable asset and, — if translated into the finer and more enduring values of life, regarded in the eye of eternity, — it is a priceless boon to the nation, however much the city may now fear and deplore it. It has been the source and distinctive quality of the rural culture in an age of useless getting and aimless spending.

The gap between the moneyculture and agriculture cannot be bridged without destroying one or the other, and there is no doubt which is the weaker. Farming has never been and cannot be more than a home and a job, — a way of living and a noble occupation in which men could live and work in freedom of spirit and integrity of mind and preserve and strengthen their souls in peace by constant contact with the real, simple, and ultimate things of life. It is not, and cannot be, leveled to a basis of equality with other ways of living and other occupations without ceasing to be itself. It has not, under whatever conditions or artificial aids, the economic potentialities of sustaining urban standards of expenditure. The demand for such equality is an expression not so much of financial as of spiritual bankruptcy. It means simply that those who demand it no longer value the way of living and the occupation that is agriculture and prefer to surrender their freedom and integrity and peace for the sake of the things which the city man has bought thereby. The essence of the farm problem is not that the farmer has no money, but that he now needs it.

We are told that his inequality must be corrected by forcing our surplus farmers to the city and leaving the land to the efficient and businesslike grubbers, or by bringing the city to them by organizing agriculture as a successful business. But if we can keep our people on our farms only by bringing the city to them, or them to the city, only by destroying the essence of independent rural life, the spirit of the culture of the soil, what problem have we solved and what have we gained? In either case the farm relief movement is a reflection of nothing but the hunger of the city for more victims and a mere satisfaction of the fatal yearning for self-immolation before the urban idols which it has stirred in the rustic heart. We have not solved the

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farm problem; we have merely temporarily solved the much more urgent problem of the city. We have gained customers!

It has thundered in the West before now, but the agrarian agitations of the past, to the real gain of the nation, always failed in what they sought. The oppressed, at the last, preferred their inequality to the wheels of the Juggernaut, or the priests of Prosperity did not so keenly feel the need of new sacrifices to their gods. The great danger in the present storm, whose thunderheads hang over Washington, is that it is almost certain to do what it threatens. But if the farmers get what they have been made to want this time, it will mark the beginning of the end of American rural life.

That the end has already begun, that our agriculture has already succumbed to the moneyculture, is easily read in the signs of the times. The farm prophets have turned their peoples' eyes from the cornfield to the cooperative, from the plowshare to the tractor, and finally from the tractor to the Treasury; and its doors have been oiled to open more easily than ever before at the sound of the trump of political doom. The Administration and the business interests have ceased to reckon the agricultural income in terms of the cash value of the fresh air of the countryside, the beauties of the sunsets, and the matutinal twittering of the birds, and have begun to estimate the farmers' purchasing power for radios, gasoline, and moving pictures, which sing as sweetly, smell as fragrant, and look as well, — and besides bring comfort to the cash registers of commerce and incense to the industrial idols.

What, indeed, do they want, — these Joshuas who are tuning their trumps to blow down the tariff wall, the Isaiahs who are attacking the usury that eats up the agricultural income, the Ezekiels who are demanding "equality" for agriculture, the Lowdens who lament the growth of tenancy and the lack of business organization among the farmers, the captains of industry and the brigadiers of business who are sounding the reveille to awaken the country to the agricultural crisis? What do these friends of the farmer want him to want? In simplest terms, this:

To abolish for good the distinctions of thought and desire, of ideals and purposes that have hitherto separated our rural from our urban culture; to reduce farm and city values, in every sense,

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including the spiritual, to a single level, and to measure them all in the common criterion of cold cash; to make agriculture an industry; to make the farm a factory; to bring business into the barnyard, install a cash register in the corncrib; to change a way of life into a system of selling, snatching and spending, a game of grub, grab, get, and gain, a business of beg, borrow, buy, and blow in.

Whatever attitude we may take toward this, we must recognize it as inevitable and prepare ourselves for its consequences. The farm has been the last and the greatest stronghold of that sense of natural, long-time values, of independence and integrity of spirit, and of that capacity of looking at things *sub specie aeternitatis* which to-day passes for stupidity, rusticity, or yokelism. It was so primarily by reason of its isolation, its self-sufficiency, its pecuniary improsperity, and its hard labor; for it has always been true that the poor man, the solitary man, the free man, and the tired man know best what things are really worth, no matter what they cost or on what easy terms they may be bought. Farm life has been based upon moderation and real valuation of material desires. When, in the past, the farmer has been exiled or seduced to the city he has sighed, like Aristophanes's Dicaeopolis, "Oh, how I miss my village! It never said to me, 'Buy coal or vinegar or oil.' It did not know the word buy; it produced everything itself."

But the growth of our industrial system, and particularly its situation since the war, has made it impossible for any large part of the community to remain apart from the mass in any such state of mind. This form of Puritanism is out of date and economically "unsound"; it has been replaced by that Prohibition which is epicureanism and profligacy in disguise, — the substitution of gasoline for alcohol as a source of exhilaration, the substitution of the distant voices from WJZ for the inner voice as a source of inspiration and solace, the revelation of radio for that of rum. It has been necessary to subdue this rustic retreat of indifference to the unimportant, to carry the gospel of "Iwanna" and "Gimme" into the hinterland, — in other words, to raise the standard of living and rally the simple-minded round it so that the standard of living in the city may not have to be lowered. The war, with its stimulation of every kind of efficiency, including

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that of murdering domestic and foreign consumers, so expanded our industrial capacity, so increased our power of producing the useless in large quantities, that it has become imperative to let no living consumer or his purchasing power escape un-index-numbered. The urban consumer is reaching his saturation point. The hope of adding an inch to every Chinaman's shirt has gone glimmering.

But is not the third of our population who live on farms closer to our hearts than the breech-clothed hordes of the Orient? They, too, are living in relative ignorance and poverty, without benefit of plumbing, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, or radios and have only enough to eat, quiet homes, fresh air, and freedom. Brother Farmer, we say, let's forget the "free intangibles" of country life we used to tell you about. Parsnips and poetry butter no bonds. Get thee a safety razor, some hair shine, and a white collar, and we'll lead thee to the top of the Woolworth Building and show thee the wonders of the world. And if thou hesitate to cast thyself down and get into the swim with us, we'll fix it to let thee down easily with parachutes of public subsidies, export bounties, equalization fees, and what not. The city folk have more money than they can spend; we'll loan you some to buy things they have no more room for.

In such a situation it was impossible that the farmer could withstand the wishing and wanting wave that washed over him from the city. The mail order catalogues and reams of sales matter that had hitherto been a vulgar utility and the diversion of an idle half-hour told a tale of temptation impossible to resist. It was easy to make him feel that radios were superior to robins or rural delivery, that Buicks were better than buggies, gasoline cheaper to buy than grass is to grow, and a tractor more tractable than a team. He has inevitably been forced into the magic circle of exchange, ensnared in the spells of salesmanship, and caught helplessly in the curve of the dollar sign. Every step in the development of agricultural life in the past twenty-five years has involved him more deeply in moneyculture. The inflation of land values and the cost of building roads forced him out of his self-sufficiency and made him a chaser of cash. The coming of the automobile made him a suburbanite, — almost a commuter, and delivered him over daily from the monotony of mail order cata-

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logues to the metropolitan magic of the movies and the charm of the chain-store; from the irksome calisthenics of the kitchen cabbage patch to the easy exercise of the can-opener. The coming of the tractor has opened vast acreage for market production formerly used to feed livestock and replaced the comforting confessional of stable and stall with the gasoline fount and the garage man.

And as for the radio, the isolation, introspection, insipidity, innocence, and ineptness of farm life have surrendered to the inspiration and intelligence of the announcer of station NGNG, the argument of the aerial advertiser, the chaste charm of the Charleston, the art of the Oskaloosa Ironworks Quartette, the brilliancy of Betty Beanpot's bedtime stories, and the wisdom, sweetness, and light of William Stork's weekly lecture on Life and Leadership. This would not harm the happy hayseed if it were not that the radio has also dispelled his ignorance of ways in which he might get more cash as well as spend more, by helping him with hunches as to what to plant and when to sell and how much to hold out for. It has turned him into a money maker by first making him a money wanter.

The whole problem of agricultural unrest has arisen out of this vicious circle: The iridescent bauble of urban life has been dangled before the farmers' eyes; he has been brought to pant for better roads, quicker motion, more amusement, better clothes, innumerable contraptions; he goes into debt to the bank and to the state to get them; he has to have cash to pay for them and he can't get it because the earth does not and never did grow money.

And why should he not have them? Are not ease and plenty the ends of life, and the incense most pleasing to the gods of the time? Who dares to whisper the suspicion in Gath or Gotham or advertise it in Askalon or Oshkosh that these things have not brought happiness to the hordes that have harnessed themselves for their sake to the cars of the industrial idols? They have certainly already made farm work more easy and farm life more pleasant, but they have just as certainly destroyed some of the economic, — and through them the cultural, — peculiarities that have distinguished the culture of the soil from that of the city. They altered the very soul of the tiller and delivered him over in pocketbook and spirit to forces which he must either

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learn to control, as we others have not, or submit to abjectly, as we others have.

In the first place, they have shifted the focus of his attention from himself to other people and to other things, and from his farm and farm home to other concerns. The isolated landsman of the past was doubtless no encyclopedia of information, but what he did not know did not hurt him so much as what he does know to-day, and usually it made him richer in fundamental wisdom than his city cousin.

And in this process, too, the close-knit spiritual integration, the labor-links, of the family life give way, the children scatter, the farm collapses as a home and becomes a drab asylum for the aged, unfit or shiftless, or a caravanserai for the transient tenant with his eye on the distant town. At best, though he stay, the farmer really lives elsewhere; his farm becomes his workplace, somebody else his employer.

But the subversion of rural culture by the pecuniary virus goes deeper still and promises to alter not only what the farmer wants but the very way in which he gets it. It is tacitly recognized that, even with subsidies and credit and special aid of any sort, farming itself and alone will not provide the purchasing power necessary to fulfill the new desires that have been implanted and cultivated in the ruralist. It is recognized, too, that the congestion of workers in the cities threatens rapidly to reduce the urban purchasing power, not only because wages cannot be kept at high levels but because rent and overhead costs of distribution and merchandising of necessaries eat into the workers' income so as to reduce his ability to throw his money away on other things. On the two horns of this dilemma the industrialist has sounded a new note of hope. By bringing the city and its jobs to the farmer, we can make farming pay as a business and kill two birds of consumer resistance with one stone. Whatever else may be killed in the process does not matter. There is no power of our people worth saving but Purchasing Power.

Inevitably, once the farmer shifts his hand from the plowshare to the wheel of his sedan and looks behind him to see who is getting his dust, he becomes in a hurry to "get there", he doesn't care where or how. The bank, the state, the garage man, the grocer, all call for cash, more cash, and care not how it is got.

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Few of the farmers' organizations or their leaders have the vision to see that the current agrarian agitation is not an effort to save agriculture and the country so much as an effort to help industry and the city. Few have the courage to say that the long run interest of the nation and of the farmer himself are more important than the immediate difficulties that our industrial elephantiasis has led us into. These few know that the only solution of the farm problem is not to devise ways by which the farmer can get more money, but to free him from the bonds of artificial debt and desire which have made him want it at all.

These few are silent because they see that the farm question is only part, though a vital part, of the question that all American life presents to us to-day, — the problem of economic ends. We need our iron slaves of industry and our genii of gold to work for us, to clothe our nakedness, to shelter us, to make toys for our delight, and to coddle our ceaseless cravings; and we shall not free them. But shall we supplicate their services with our spirits, surrender to them our souls, and feed them with our freedom? Or can we control them for the creative purposes of life, coax them back into the bottle from which our curiosity and our craving released them, so as to retain our integrity and peace when they shall have done their work? Or shall we, to gain a little respite before they demand their ultimate forfeit, turn them loose to rob our rural life of its material and spiritual riches? For the land is not only our ultimate natural resource so long as we have to raise food, but it is our ultimate human spiritual resource so long as we wish to raise men. The problem of its cultivation is primarily a problem of culture and only then a problem of economics. It is whether we shall cultivate soil and souls or dollars and desires, whether we shall have men or mere consumers on our farms.

We must not forget what Xenophon put in the mouth of Socrates long ago: "Agriculture gives strength to the body and hardihood to the soul and teaches the free man justice and solidarity. It is the most honored profession because it gives the community the best citizens. Agriculture is the mother and nurse of the other arts; when Agriculture thrives all the others thrive with her; wherever the land is left untilled all the other arts perish, on land and on sea."

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IS IT RIGHT TO BREAK UNJUST LAWS?

YES, says Miss Mary Badger Wilson. The issue is to define what makes a law unjust. Laws have two just functions: to protect life and property, and to increase the general convenience of human relations. When laws exceed these functions, they are unjust. Citizens who break them perform a public service by opposing a cancerous growth.

NO, says Miss Winifred Kirkland. In a democracy all laws theoretically express the will of the majority. "The only way to prove a law unjust is the laboratory test of keeping it." A law that cannot be enforced does not represent the will of the people and is, therefore, unjust. Even so, it is not right to disobey it so long as it remains on the statute books. Repeal is the proper course. To break unjust laws is to disregard the form in which the will of the majority must be expressed, weaken this safeguard of democracy, and pave the way for a dictatorship.

The prize-winning answers to this question were published in the February issue of THE FORUM. *Herewith are printed the two papers adjudged second best on each side.*

I—THE SANCTION OF HISTORY

BY MARY BADGER WILSON

THE root of this debate is imbedded in the adjective "unjust". Adjectives are great trouble makers. Most of us can get together on a verb and we are willing to concede the fact of a noun, but once introduce an adjective into a sentence and the quarrel is on.

As to this adjective "unjust",—if we could agree on our definition of that one moral modifier, there would probably be no debate on the propriety of breaking laws. In asserting, then, that it *is* right to break unjust laws, I would rest my argument on a definition of the term "unjust", as applied to civil laws.

One who conceives the state to be organized for the good of the individual and for the promotion of human progress will recognize the necessity for two sorts of laws. First, protective laws, laws which protect human life and property. Such statutes, while they leave a man free in the enjoyment of his own life and the possession of his own goods, estop him from threatening the

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life of his neighbor and from stealing or otherwise trespassing on his neighbor's property. Second, laws of convenience, laws which regulate the management of public property and the operation of public utilities.

When the law has achieved these two ends, protection of the individual and operation of the machinery of community life, it has fulfilled its function. If the state undertakes to go further than this and to regulate what may be called the personal and private life of the individual by putting obstacles in the path of his intellectual adventures, interfering with his religious faith, or dictating his moral code, the state usurps authority and it becomes not merely the right but the duty of a good citizen to resist such usurpation.

When the state assumes authority which does not properly belong to it, the state itself is guilty of breaking the social contract which underlies all government. The contract thus broken is abrogated, and the citizen is released from his obligation to abide by its provisions. If, however, the citizen submits to an unjust law and continues to obey it, then he actually becomes a party to the breaking of the fundamental social contract and shares the essential lawlessness of his government.

History offers substantial proof of the rightness of breaking unjust laws. The Roman Empire had a law directed against the Christian faith, a law which forbade assemblies for Christian worship. The motive which actuated the passage of such a law was probably a reasonably good one. Romans, fearing the wrath of the gods, doubtless thought to wipe out a dangerous heresy in destroying that strange, fanatical sect whose doctrines were imported from Palestine. But regardless of motive, the law itself was unjust because it undertook to control faith and ideas, the regulation of which is outside the province of law. And the Christians who disobeyed the unjust law, — Christians who hid in catacombs and held their secret services and taught the Romans to forsake Diana for Christ, — did a great service to the world.

In the seventeenth century, when theologians possessed temporal authority, scientists were forbidden to teach the Copernican theory. Galileo himself was forced to recant his belief that the world revolved. Had scientists continued to

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submit to such unjust prohibitions, the progress which succeeding centuries have recorded and the marvels of our twentieth century life could never have been achieved.

In our own country there is an increasing disposition to legislate in matters which properly lie outside the province of civil law. Two conspicuously unjust laws have recently focused public attention in the United States, namely, the law forbidding the teaching of evolution, which has been passed by several State legislatures, and the law prohibiting the sale and consumption of alcoholic beverages, which has been incorporated in our national Constitution.

The first of these enactments undertakes to control mental processes as well as to dictate religious dogma. The second undertakes to fix a moral code. Neither the mind nor the morals of an individual are properly within the province of civil law. If a man's belief in the doctrine of evolution should lead him to commit certain acts of cruelty toward his neighbor, then the law could with propriety intervene to prevent such cruelty. If a man's private moral code permitted him to drink to excess and, while intoxicated, he should interfere with traffic on the public highways or should become abusive of other persons, then in all justice he should be legally restrained. The two functions of law as a protective weapon and as an instrument of public convenience would thus be discharged.

But the two laws named above go far beyond the discharge of such proper functions. Accordingly they are unjust laws and citizens who consistently break them are performing a public service since by resisting tyranny in its incipiency they may prevent a cancerous political growth.

One whom the iconoclast, Bernard Shaw, concedes to have been a great political economist, marked out the proper boundaries of civil law some twenty centuries ago. He said, "Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's." Now Caesar is rightfully concerned with questions of property or of public safety or of public convenience. But when Caesar extends his dictatorship to the minds or the morals of an individual, he is interfering with the things that are God's. Against such interference the just man will and should rebel.

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II — THE TEST OF DEMOCRACY

WINIFRED KIRKLAND

CIVILIZATION is the attempt to let as many men as possible work off their own steam without scalding the man next door. One man may be an engineer and his steam may chain mountains; another an inventor and chain lightnings; another a doctor and chain death. The aggregate steam is the push-power of humanity's procession, so that liberty for individual initiative is the only excuse for laws. Government is a machine to make and enforce laws, so that by each man's giving up a little liberty, there may be liberty enough to go around. This is the theory of government; but so long as human nature is imperfect, the practice of this theory will be imperfect. In any human system of law and order, the individual's toes will at times be stepped on; but that is no reason for brandishing those toes in air and obstructing traffic.

The two types of governmental machinery most used are despotism and democracy. In a despotism one man makes and enforces the rules for all the rest. In a democracy all men make and enforce their own rules. A despotism can exist only where citizens are in their first childhood, or their second, — both alike requiring a nurse to keep order. For a reason before which each one of us should stand appalled, despotism has to-day become not only fashionable but frank. It announces that its strength lies in the fact that men are by nature unfit for the responsibility of formulating and of obeying their own regulations. Against this argument humanity has only its old pipe-dream, namely, that men have emerged from babyhood and become capable of governing themselves. To-day despotism and democracy stand forth for testing. At this crisis every citizen of a democracy has the opportunity of entering the laboratory of history and taking a man's share in a supreme experiment, — or of scuttling back into the nursery.

The only way to prove a law unjust is the laboratory test of keeping it. Now, any man's conception of justice will be generally found to be the most pettily personal thing about him. Because this is true, democracy has decided that majority rule is the

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justest method of functioning. Democracy provides the means of expressing majority opinion through the constitutional technique of Senate and Representatives in Congress assembled. Majority rule may not be perfect as a principle, nor may its processes of representative expression be perfect; but so long as majority rule and its legal method of operating constitute our basic law for lawmaking, to invalidate either by personal revolt is to invalidate all laws.

In a democracy the time to break an unjust law is before it is made. Under representative government any citizen who is not too lazy to use his privileges has a share both in making and repealing laws. If a man has indulged in a siesta during those momentous hours when a law is in process of making, his next duty is to be awake when that law is in process of repeal. No man can have influence toward a law's repeal unless he has first kept the law. We do not look to pickpockets to repeal laws about stealing, nor to bootleggers to repeal laws about drinking. There is deep democratic justice in the fact that we measure any citizen's unproved fitness for remaking a law by his proved fitness for obeying it.

There are, however, two kinds of lawbreaking, so simple to distinguish that even more childish than a man's breaking a law that he himself has had a share in making and remaking is taking unction to himself as a martyr for so doing. The procession of humanity cannot advance unless rules are made by which each man gives his neighbor elbow-room and ankle-room. In a despotism these rules are made by a nurse-man holding a whip for switching unruly babies, in a democracy these rules are made and enforced by the great mass of average men who constitute the middle ranks of the cavalcade. In the van are the men with vision beyond the average, who will from time to time perceive nobler laws for the human conscience than those of the man in the middle, but to obey these nobler laws is to disobey his. For this disobedience the average man executes the martyrs, believing their views of right and wrong an affront to his own. But always when his march brings him abreast of these dead he adopts their laws that have blazed the way of advance.

Back in the rear is the man who is too weak to keep the laws of the majority because he prefers the childish dominance of his own

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temper and his own appetites. The average man punishes this lawbreaker also; but not so severely as he punishes the martyr, because the inferiority of the criminal to himself is so plain as to be pardonable. A martyr is a man who, for the sake of his convictions, does something that makes him uncomfortable and is ready to pay the penalty. A criminal is a man who for the sake of his convictions does something that makes him comfortable and hopes to get away with it. If about to give yourself an intelligence test to find out whether you are a martyr or just a common criminal, remember that a martyr is so busy being a martyr that he doesn't have time to discover he is one until he's dead. We do not picture one of those heroes of the Roman arena who bequeathed us the Word, powdering his nose and remarking to his admiring self, "See what a fine martyr am I!" The martyr obeys a God in the sky, the criminal needs to be very sure he is not obeying a fat little god squatted inside his own stomach.

The martyrs are the advance guard of the march, the lawbreakers are the pullbacks in the rear. Since lawbreaking is most contagious, these pullbacks may at any moment cause such a stampede of disorder as to halt the whole procession or to cause it to turn tail and progress backwards! And there is still a third fate before which every John Jones of us should to-day stand appalled. However exasperating our laws, however easy to break them, it is toward this third fate that every individual lawbreaker among us is at this very hour hurrying us all. From capital to capital of Europe dictatorship goes flying like a plague. Shall it cross the water? Let us not be so foolhardy as to suppose that if we indulge ourselves in the conditions favorable to the disease we shall ourselves escape. Already one may detect premonitory symptoms. Why do so many Americans admire Mussolini? Is it that at heart they believe a Mussolini could govern us better than we are at present governing ourselves? The most blasting despotisms of history have happened after people had experimented with democracy and failed. When lawlessness enters a country, there enters always, sooner or later, the dictator, with his nursery switch and his cynic laughter.

What is an American? A man trusted to make a dream come true. If John Jones prefers despotism to democracy, let him call himself not an American, but a slacker.

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WHAT IS NATURAL?

Forum Definitions — Tenth Series

IT is a terrible thing to have to lie awake nights for fear of oversleeping mornings. Many people, under these circumstances, have been known to count lambs jumping over a stile; and some get so interested in the counting that they forget to get up when the time comes. It was in order to help such unfortunates, so they say, that Edison or one of his friends invented the alarm clock.

Be that as it may, there is no surer way of keeping awake than *trying* to go to sleep. And the great French observer, La Rochefoucauld, similarly observed: "Nothing so much hinders being natural as the longing to appear so." This perhaps explains why an air of surprise hung around so many of the attempts to define the word "natural", which was selected for the tenth word in our Definitions Series.

The Natural is like cycling, breathing, and Spengler: you know just all about it until some one asks you. Particularly surprising was the discovery how hard it is to discover anything really "unnatural". How can it be the abnormal when idiots are called "naturals"? "I cannot conceive of anything unnatural or supernatural," wrote Mr. E. W. Peterson (San Diego, California). Imperfection is unnatural, decided Mr. F. C. West (Berea, Ohio). But others were equally emphatic that perfection, since it is never attainable, cannot be natural. "Whatever is right is natural," thinks Mr. W. H. Radcliffe (Brooklyn, N. Y.); while to Ivan Molek (Chicago, Illinois) it is "everything that conforms with truth"; and to S. A. Davis (Springfield, Ohio), "truth in its application to material things."

Others waxed metaphysical. Thus: "The word 'natural' indicates the measure of your affinity with me" (George S. Nobles, New York). "The transcendental force that holds the starry firmament in unison" (T. Brickley O'Brien, Fort Myers, Florida). "The zero between plus and minus of created purpose" (Rev. James S. Hodges, D.D., Denison, Texas). "A condition in which life responds to the logic of a constitution common to matter and mind" (R. A. Sedlacek, Traverse City, Michigan). Mr. Frank B.

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Codling (Collingswood, New Jersey) confesses to "a definite preference for George Handel's 'Largo'" and therefore finds himself frequently in conflict with "natural" musicians.

To William T. Lane the word "means primarily complete lack of affectation in thought, word, and deed"; to Charlotte R. Hatton (Sunland, California) it "suggests freshness, freedom, ease", to Bert S. Chewning (Liberty, Missouri) "that which is sinful and shameful to the Puritan". Mr. Ingvar Stoep (Minneapolis, Minnesota) vaulted somewhat cryptically over all difficulties: "Natural is merely all that which *seems* 'unnatural' under other circumstances." Probably under sufficiently odd circumstances it even catches us unawares, like Professor Lewis Elhuff (Winter Park, Florida), for whom "'natural' is an adjective form most often used to fill in space in sentences where information has come to an end." We might have awarded the Professor a prize for that, were it not that the space we have to fill with the winning selection is already occupied as follows: —

1 Natural is applied to unaltered, primitive or original, inert or living substances and forces, the existence and persistence of which are conceived through our physical senses. Natural phenomena are inevitable and recurring reactions of substances and forces which are traceable to primitive universal sources, all of which are physically conceived by us; otherwise, they are unnatural and impossible, or they are termed "supernatural". Natural, therefore, designates the evident physical originality of substances and forces the inevitable reactions of which are manifest periodically or continuously in our universe. (*Julius Matz, Fortuna, Porto Rico*).

2 In Shakespeare's day Natural was used to describe a fool; that is, he was natural and just as God made him. The only true naturals are babies and fools for they often have a wisdom to confound the wisest. Because dogs are natural, they are better companions than some people. All things artificial are created by religion, culture, learning, and law. We pretend to love nature and all things natural, yet not one of us dares be natural. Anatole France says, "That which distinguishes man from the animals is lying and literature." We shall never be natural so long as we *write* and *lie*. (*George W. Lyon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*).

3 Natural means in conformity with the order of nature. Descartes (1596–1650) was the first to assert the immutability of natural laws. This conflicted with Christian belief in an active Providence and denied the possibility of miracles. Science has never discovered any psychic force, vital force, or other metaphysical force: therefore all force, or energy, is natural. All real science is natural science. The

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Roman child was taught that the sun was the actual wheel of Apollo's chariot, and until Franklin's time lightning belonged to the supernatural. These phenomena now belong to the natural. (*John Candee Dean, Indianapolis, Indiana*).

4 Natural. (1) Whatever conforms to or is the result of law, — physical, psychological, ethical, or a matter "of course", — as a natural bridge. It is natural to dodge a falling brick. One naturally prefers the company of a friend. (2) When an appearance or representation is like a previous or original one, — as, "The features of the corpse looked quite natural." "The scene was photographed in the natural colors." (3) Not artificial or restrained, instinctive, — lifelike, — as, "He spoke in a natural tone of voice." "A dog naturally follows its master." (*E. Place, Schenectady, New York*).

5 Natural. That which Man has had the least to do with! The elements that scoff at our leashes, that drove our forebears to sheltering caves (physically) and to supernaturalism (mentally) are in their old nature and, hence, natural. Man trains an ape but the ape-nature remains intact regardless of the dexterity. Domesticated animals respond to kindness but their nature has not become refined. Man's mind alone has wandered. Unnaturalities are chargeable to it. Its recourse to the supernatural is its great stray. (*John M. Crook, Chicago, Illinois*).

6 Natural. Agreeing with the usual and common sensible experiences and sequences, or deducible therefrom. As Darwin said, "I mean by nature the aggregate action and product of many natural laws, and by laws the sequences of events as ascertained by us." When a she-bear ran away and left her cubs we called her an unnatural mother, and radium behaved most unnaturally, — until we were used to it. (*Alfred C. Lane, Boston, Massachusetts*).

7 Natural. That which exists or occurs at any period, past, present, or future, entirely independent of, and uninfluenced by, human intellect. (*A. H. Stewart, Shields, Pennsylvania*).

8 Natural is the way anything or any one would be if not interfered with by man in the first instance or society in the second. (*John Shirer, Cedar Rapids, Iowa*).

Next word to be defined: — HEAVEN. (*Entries, limited to one hundred words, should be typewritten and must reach* THE FORUM *office on or before March 31*).

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THREE POEMS

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

MEDITATION

EVENING has quieted the wind, the night
Is soft around me while I sit alone
And reading by calm candle-light.

The voice of a forgotten poet cries
From the clear page up to my listening heart,
And my heart listens, and replies.

And yet even in loveliness I find
No refuge from old wonder; the old thoughts
And the old questions come to mind.

Was it for this the ravin and the rage,
The lust and hunger of the centuries
Clamored, — to close in this calm page?

Beauty is desolate, being the crown
And end of all, — to her the laboring years
Lift yearning hands, and time bows down.

The ages travail with a great unrest,
In agony and ecstasy, to build
The frail arch of one dolorous breast.

I will not think of this; I will read on
In these calm pages. It is written here,
"The Song to the Beloved One."

The heart that wrought it, and the cunning hand,
Are stilled forever, and the poet lies
Forgotten in a far-off land.

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He takes his ease in the dark earth, and there
Has rest from all his labors, and the night
Covers him with her heavy hair.

If I could pierce into that hushed abode
Of slumber and corruption, I should find
The mouth from which this sorrow flowed.

It would be quiet now, for all it cried, —
Most quiet and indifferent: it is
With its own sleep preoccupied.

Yet surely in this very room it sings
Miraculously to my heart to-night.
How shall I understand these things?

I will not think of them; I will read on
In these calm pages. It is written here,
"The Song to the Beloved One."

The night is hushed around me while I move
Darkly, with dreamy thought, from page to page,
From line to line of grief and love.

The lonely splendor of Antares shines
Through the barred window, and an aphis crawls
Among the letters and the lines.

Little he guesses what these letters are,
Nor I the meaning of the trembling Word
Written beyond us, star on star.

The night covers us both, and we are driven,
Like leaves before the wind, through the immense
And glittering wilderness of heaven.

Earth takes us with her: silently she swings
Through the old orbit, bearing in her breast
The drowsy mouth, the mouth that sings.

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And yet all this lives only in my mind;
And when that darkens, the whole world will darken
Suddenly, — the whole world go blind.

All I have touched, all I have loved and known
Will fail me, — and the breast of Life draw back,
Leaving me in the dark, alone.

O starry universe, hung in the clear
Bell of my mind, be living in me now!
Dwell in me for a moment here!

How often, in the many minds of men,
Have you been born, only to pass away, —
Dying with every mind again!

This is a thought that is too hard for me:
It is a bitter thing to think upon,
That, to myself, all this shall be

As if it had not been, when I am gone.

STONE AND IRON

NIGHT, — and the shadow of great walls.
The city sleeps, her muffled pulses start, —
And ebb, flagging in the long halls.
I lie alone with wakeful heart.

In stone and iron bound,
Brood the old sorrows; avenue and street
Are hushed, — no sob, no sound of feet.
My heart listens, not a sound!

My heart listens. . . . A cry
Pierces the dark, — a lonely voice somewhere
Trembles, and is still. I hear a cry
Out of the dark somewhere.

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Night slumbers on. . . .
The cañons are
Empty, — no echo save
For a lone car
Far-off, that rumbles and is gone.
Then silence, — the silence of the grave.

RETURN TO EARTH

I HAVE no fear at last to be
Home with her that cradled me,
Nor shall my being shrink to blend
With her dark being in the end, —
So one we are, so well I know
The bounty of the heart below,
Her holy love. Have I not heard
The lonely and prophetic word
Her hushed hills and valleys keep
Locked in their eternal sleep!
In Bethlehem, in buried days,
So the sacred story says,
Out of her ancient dream awoke
The elemental heart, and spoke
Such thunder in the ears of men
As echoes ever after, — then
Closed her lips in sleep again.

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

THE WELLS OF ENGLISH MUCH DEFILED

I HAVE received a most provocative letter. The fictitious signature may lead some smart monkey to suppose that I wrote it myself, a conjecture supported by the fact that it is somewhat in my manner. A slight improvement perhaps, but I might have done it in one of my more lucid moments. I only wish I had.

New York City, December 30, 1926.

Dear Pedestrian, —

Your habit appears to be to take good-natured flings at the follies of this perverse generation. Why not have a fling at the very prevalent custom of employing persons, thoroughly qualified as day-laborers, to write for the public press? Hardly a day passes but I am shocked at the evident crass ignorance of these writers. It would be bad enough were their errors of failure in English only (you can doubtless find a text for that in this my complaint). They offend, however, not only in their use of their chosen language (I say *chosen* advisedly), but in history, geography, and present, every-day facts.

It is needless to cite examples. You have only to read your papers. But two or three may amuse you. Some time since, the papers published the photograph of a female person who (it was stated) was about to claim royal connections and fortune in the *South Seas*, in Surinam, if you please, one European ancestor of hers, hight Bernard *Surinamer*, having gone there, allied himself with a charming native princess and bestowed his name on the place. *Charming*. But what of the joy of the adolescent youth of Salem and similar New England ports, who loved the home-coming of a "Surinam packet", redolent of spices and pepper? Their Surinam was on the N. E. corner of S. America, Dutch Guiana, *I think*. Not in Mr. Balboa's "South Sea".

This morning we are told to fill a three letter space in a cross word puzzle with the "plural of dice".

Typographical errors will occur sometimes, but the daily occurrence of solecism after solecism certainly points to the writers. To quote a man who once worked for me, and was himself among the world's most ignorant, "They don't know nawthin'."

Go to it. Give them a broadside.

Yours in hope,
Aunty Bunk

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Well, Aunty Bunk, you have said what the people you condemn would call "a face-full". I fear I haven't any "broadside", but I have a reliable pop-gun, and in my pouch a good many notions on your subject. I cherish the hope that one or two of them, if fired off, may prove to be ideas. "I ACtually do!"

Superficially, the answer is easy. There is so much wood pulp put into paper that there aren't enough writers to go round. Editors simply have to turn to day-laborers, college professors, and other flivverous folk.

That isn't such a superficial answer, either, when you think twice. The demand exceeds the supply. The reading public is so large and so voracious, like the radio public and the patrons of the films, that an editor who quibbles about quality is lost. He might have to send out several blank sheets with each issue, and even the highbrows would object to that. I can hear them clamoring, in their peculiar highbrow dialect: "G'wan, wut yuh givin' us? We want our money's worth!" No, the people want quantity; or, if they don't want it, most of them tolerate it. They even tolerate Mr. Hearst, who, if I may steal a phrase from David McCord, has conspicuously helped to put the litter in literature.

"Howlers" used to be confined to school-boys. When a child wrote that "Henry VIII was noted for his absolution", it was both funny and pardonable. Dean Inge quotes an English boy as saying that "Socrates died of too much wedlock". Not that the grown-ups weren't capable of "howlers" too. They just had no audience. But now, through the simple medium of a mobocratic press, we have given to grown-ups with school-boy mentality (or less) an opportunity to keep right on putting misinformation into bad English. A man might *sing*, "O little Tommy Bethlehem" with small chance of detection; personally, I got away for a good many years with

> "Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
> And Phoebus *skins her eyes*."

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But once in print, murder will out. "Writing maketh an exact man." So, also, it revealeth an inexact boob.

Most of us use words, I fear, as the crowd uses them. We indulge in such meaningless phrases as "integral part", "psychology of the situation," "compliments of the season." "Complements of the season" might mean something, — turkey and presents and a holiday spirit; but all "compliments of the season" can mean is a strong implication that, were it *not* the season, well, — be damned to you!

The fact is, we all go about with counterfeit phrases in our mouths. And our grammar isn't much better. Now that the generation of which President Eliot was the last survivor is dead, nobody speaks or writes perfect English. "There ain't no sich animule." Witness the recent altercation, involving librarians and college presidents, as to whether one should say, "Two-thirds is" or "Two thirds are." Why not both?

I'm glad you hit on the inaccuracy as to facts, though, for that seems to me the graver fault and one which might be remedied if we could get over our insane passion for quantity production. Bred of the same parents is another imbecile child, — a positive passion for the trivial and the commonplace. "The American Mercury" girds at it valiantly every month in its "Americana", but this child is Hydra-headed, — and Mercury is not Hercules.

Applied to education, you know what all this means,— colleges crowded with morons who *could* hoe corn. One of the great shibboleths of our mobocracy is that every one has a right to an education. This is rapidly transmogrified into the notion that

every one has unlimited capacity for education, that you can put a gallon into a one-quart container.* So now we reap the fruits. Everybody is educated, is "shipped to think", is warranted in writing to the papers, even *for* the papers. Thus an able-bodied

* You *can* put a gallon of gas!

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seaman, raised to captaincy of the good ship "Townsend Star" (Montana), writes:

> "Owing to the lack of space and the rush of editing this issue, several births and deaths will be postponed until next month."

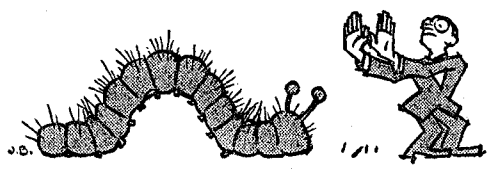
But don't blame the people. Don't blame the poor-devil authors. Don't blame even the newspapers. Blame the monster, Quantity Production, in whose service we wriggle, for whose dear sake the news-makers, just like any other manufacturers, must stimulate a demand for rot and then, having stimulated it, must supply the demand with pens dipped in mud-puddles.

"Senax", writing a letter to "The Independent" and rejoicing in the news that goal-posts are at last to be put on a quantity-production basis, goes on:

> "As its furniture falls apart in the highly heated homes of America, the owners rejoice; no right-minded person wants to live with the same furniture all his life. To-day this community maintains a co-operative research bureau whose chief duty is to reduce the quality and quantity of glue to the absolute minimum. Since horses are the chief source of glue, the bureau is experimenting with horse diets, and has about come to the conclusion that horses fed on waffles and maple syrup make up into worse and more glue than any others.
>
> "The moral is obvious."

It is a melancholy prospect. Is there no way out? Perhaps, by revolution. By a return to *local* culture, *local* government, *quality* production. Athens, not Greece, produced the Age of Pericles; the Sabine Farm, not the Roman Empire, produced Horace. But all this means another chapter, and I fear it requires heavier metal than a pedestrian carries in his pouch.

Thanks just the same, dear Aunty Bunk, for your letter. My advice would be to make a start by giving up that dreadful habit of cross-word puzzling.



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Drawings by Harold von Schmidt

Death Comes for the Archbishop

A Novel in Six Instalments — III

WILLA CATHER

FATHER Jean Marie Latour, a young French priest, newly consecrated Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico and Bishop of Agathonica, had been sent by Rome as a missionary into the Southwest, in the last half of the nineteenth century. Sharing his pilgrimage to Santa Fé rode Father Joseph Vaillant, a boyhood friend, and together the two priests claimed the country for the glory of God. After traveling for almost a year to reach Santa Fé, Father Latour met there a refusal on the part of the Mexican priests to recognize his authority.

Stubbornly they asserted that they were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Durango and had received no instructions to the contrary. The quickest way to communicate with the Bishop was to go to him, and consequently, after a few weeks in Santa Fé Father Latour set off alone, riding down to Old Mexico and back, a journey of three thousand miles. The first two instalments of the story have recounted the strange adventures which came to the young priest in a country only sparsely populated by Indians and Mexicans and into which American influence, after the Mexican War, had barely begun to make its way.—*Editorial Note.*

A Wooden Parrot

DURING the first year after his arrival in Santa Fé, the Bishop was actually in his diocese only about four months. Six months of that first year were consumed in attending the Plenary Council at Baltimore, to which he had been summoned. He went on horseback over the Santa Fé trail to St Louis, nearly a thousand miles, then by steamboat to Pittsburgh, across the mountains to Cumberland, and on to Washington by the new railroad. The return journey was even slower, as he had with him the five nuns who came to found the school of Our Lady of Light. He reached Santa Fé late in September.

So far, Bishop Latour had been mainly employed on business that took him far away from his Vicarate. His great diocese was still an unimaginable mystery to him. He was eager to be abroad in it, to know his people; to escape for a little from the cares of building and founding, and to go westward among the old isolated Indian missions, — Santo Domingo, breeder of horses; Isleta, whitened with gypsum; Laguna, of wide pastures; and finally, cloud-set Ácoma.

In the golden October weather the

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Bishop, with his blankets and coffee pot, attended by Jacinto, a young Indian from the Pecos pueblo, whom he employed as guide, set off to visit the Indian missions in the West. He spent a night and a day at Albuquerque, with the genial and popular Padre Gallegos. After Santa Fé, Albuquerque was the most important parish in the Diocese. The priest belonged to an influential Mexican family, and he and the *rancheros* had run their church to suit themselves, making a very gay affair of it. Though Padre Gallegos was ten years older than the Bishop, he would still dance the fandango five nights running, as if he could never have enough of it. He had many friends in the American colony, with whom he played poker and went hunting, when he was not dancing with the Mexicans. His cellar was well stocked with wines from El Paso, whisky from Taos, and grape brandy from Bernalillo. He was genuinely hospitable, and the gambler down on his luck, the soldier sobering up, were always welcome at his table. The Padre was adored by a rich Mexican widow, who was hostess at his supper parties, engaged his servants for him, made him lace for the altar and napery for his table. Every Sunday her carriage, the only closed one in Albuquerque, waited in the Plaza after Mass, and when the priest had put off his vestments, he came out and was driven away to the lady's hacienda for dinner.

The Bishop and Father Vaillant had thoroughly examined the case of Father Gallegos and meant to end this scandalous state of things well before Christmas. But on this visit Father Latour exhibited neither astonishment nor displeasure at anything, and Padre Gallegos was cordial and most ceremoniously polite. When the Bishop permitted himself to express some surprise that there was not a confirmation class awaiting him, the Padre explained smoothly that it was his custom to confirm infants at their baptism.

"It is all the same in a Christian community like ours. We know they will receive religious instruction as they grow up, so we make good Catholics of them in the beginning. Why not?"

The Padre was uneasy lest the Bishop should require his attendance on this trip out among the missions. He had no liking for scanty food and a bed on the rocks. So, though he had been dancing only a few nights before, he received his Superior with one foot bandaged up in an Indian moccasin, and complained of a severe attack of gout. Asked when he had last celebrated Mass at Ácoma, he made no direct reply. It used to be his custom, he said, to go there in Passion week, but the Ácoma Indians were unreclaimed heathen at heart, and had no wish to be bothered with the Mass. The last time he went out there, he was unable to get into the church at all. The Indians pretended they had not the key; that the Governor had it, and that he had gone on "Indian business" up into the Cebolleta mountains.

The Bishop did not wish Padre Gallegos's company upon his journey, was very glad not to have the embarrassment of refusing it, and he rode away from Albuquerque after polite farewells. Yet, he reflected, there was something very engaging about Gallegos as a man. As a priest, he was impossible; he was too self-satisfied and popular ever to change his ways, and he certainly could not change his face. He did not look quite like a professional gambler, but something smooth and twinkling in his countenance suggested an underhanded mode of life. There was but one course: to suspend the man from the exercise of all priestly functions and bid the smaller native priests take warning.

Father Vaillant had told the Bishop that he must by all means stop a night at Isleta, as he would like the priest there, —Padre Jesus de Baca, an old white-haired man, almost blind, who had been at Isleta many years and had won the confidence and affection of his Indians.

When he approached this pueblo of Isleta, gleaming white across a low plain of gray sand, Father Latour's spirits rose. It was beautiful, that warm, rich whiteness of the church and the clustered town, shaded by a few bright acacia trees, with their intense blue-green like the color of old paper window-blinds. That tree always awakened pleasant memories, recalling a garden in the south of France where he used to visit young cousins. As he rode up to the church, the old priest came out to meet him, and after his salutation stood looking at Father Latour, shading his failing eyes with his hand.

"And can this be my Bishop? So young a man?" he exclaimed.

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They approached the priest's house by way of a garden, walled in behind the church. This enclosure was full of domesticated cactus plants, of many varieties and great size (it seemed the Padre loved them), and among these hung wicker cages made of willow twigs, full of parrots. There were even parrots hopping about the sanded paths,—each with one wing clipped to keep him at home. Father Jesus explained that parrot feathers were much prized by his Indians as ornaments for their ceremonial robes, and he had long ago found he could please his parishioners by raising the birds.

The priest's house was white within and without, like all the Isleta houses, and was almost as bare as an Indian dwelling. The old man was poor, and too soft-hearted to press the pueblo people for pesos. An Indian girl cooked his beans and cornmeal mush for him, he required little else. The girl was not very skilful, he said, but she was clean about her cooking. When the Bishop remarked that everything in this pueblo, even the streets, seemed clean, the Padre told him that near Isleta there was a hill of some white mineral, which the Indians ground up and used as whitewash. They had done this from time immemorial, and the village had always been noted for its whiteness. A little talk with Father Jesus revealed that he was simple almost to childishness and very superstitious. But there was a quality of golden goodness about him. His right eye was overgrown by a cataract, and he kept his head tilted as if he were trying to see around it. All his movements were to the left, as if he were reaching or walking about some obstacle in his path.

After coming to the house by way of a garden full of parrots, Father Latour was amused to find that the sole ornament in the Padre's poor, bare little *sala* was a wooden parrot, perched in a hoop and hung from one of the roof logs. While Father Jesus was instructing his Indian girl in the kitchen, the Bishop took this carving down from its perch to examine it. It was cut from a single stick of wood, exactly the size of a living bird, body and tail rigid and straight, the head a little turned. The wings and tail and neck feathers were just indicated by the tool, and thinly painted. He was surprised to feel how light it was; the surface had the whiteness and velvety smoothness of very old wood. Though scarcely carved at all, merely smoothed into shape, it was strangely lifelike; a wooden pattern of parrots, as it were.

The Padre smiled when he found the Bishop with the bird in his hands.

"I see you have found my treasure! That, your Grace, is probably the oldest thing in the pueblo,—older than the pueblo itself."

The parrot, Father Jesus said, had always been the bird of wonder and desire to the Pueblo Indians. In ancient times its feathers were more valued than wampum and turquoises. Even before the Spaniards came, the pueblos of northern New Mexico used to send explorers along the dangerous and difficult trade routes down into tropical Mexico to bring back upon their bodies a cargo of parrot feathers. To purchase these, the trader carried pouches full of turquoises from the Cerrillos hills near Santa Fé. When, very rarely, a trader succeeded in bringing back a live bird to his people, it was paid divine honors, and its death threw the whole village into the deepest gloom. Even the bones were piously preserved. There was in Isleta a parrot skull of great antiquity. His wooden bird he had bought from an old man who was much indebted to him and who was about to die without descendants. Father Jesus had had his eye upon the bird for years. The Indian told him that his ancestors, generations ago, had brought it with them from the mother pueblo. The priest fondly believed that it was a portrait, done from life, of one of those rare birds that in ancient times were carried up alive, all the long trail from the tropics.

Father Jesus gave a good report of the Indians at Laguna and Ácoma. He used to go to those pueblos to hold services when he was younger; and had always found them friendly.

"At Ácoma," he said, "you can see something very holy. They have there a portrait of Saint Joseph, sent to them by one of the Kings of Spain, long ago, and it has worked many miracles. If the season is dry, the Ácoma people take the picture down to their farms at Acomita, and it never fails to produce rain. They have rain when none falls in all the country, and they have crops when the Laguna Indians have none."

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Jacinto

Taking leave of Isleta and its priest early in the morning, Father Latour and his guide rode all day through the dry desert plain west of Albuquerque. It was like a country of dry ashes; no juniper, no rabbit brush, nothing but thickets of withered, dead-looking cactus and sometimes a little dry, white grass. As the morning wore on, they had to make their way through a sand-storm which quite obscured the sun. Jacinto knew the country well, having crossed it often to go to the religious dances at Laguna, but he rode with his head low and a purple handkerchief tied over his mouth. Coming from a pueblo among woods and water, he had a poor opinion of this plain. At noon he alighted and collected enough greasewood to boil the Bishop's coffee. They knelt on either side of the fire, the sand curling about them so that the bread became gritty as they ate it.

Toward night the wind grew intensely cold, the red sun set in an atmosphere murky with sand. The travelers made a dry camp and slept behind a clump of greasewood bushes. It was not until the next afternoon that Jacinto pointed out Laguna in the distance, lying, apparently, in the midst of bright yellow waves of high sand dunes, — yellow as ochre. As they approached, Father Latour found these were petrified sand-dunes: long waves of soft, gritty yellow rock, shining and bare except for a few lines of dark juniper that grew out of the weather cracks, — little trees, and very, very old. At the foot of this sweep of rock waves was the blue lake, a stone basin full of water, from which the pueblo took its name.

The kindly Padre at Isleta had sent his cook's brother off on foot to warn the Laguna people that the new High Priest was coming, and that he was a good man and did not want money. They were prepared, accordingly. The church was clean and the doors were open, — a small white church, painted above and about the altar with gods of wind and rain and thunder, sun and moon, linked together in a geometrical design of crimson and blue and dark green, so that the end of the church seemed to be hung with tapestry. It recalled to Father Latour the interior of a Persian chieftain's tent he had seen in a textile exhibit at Lyons. Whether this decoration had been done by Spanish missionaries or by Indian converts, he was unable to find out.

The Governor told him that his people would come to Mass in the morning, and that there were a number of children to be baptized. He offered the Bishop the sacristy for the night, but there was a damp earthy smell about that chamber, and Father Latour had already made up his mind that he would like to sleep on the rock dunes, under the junipers.

Jacinto got firewood and good water from the Lagunas, and they made their camp in a pleasant spot on the rocks north of the village. As the sun dropped low, the light brought the white church and the yellow adobe houses up into relief from the flat ledges. Behind their camp, not far away, lay a group of great mesas. The Bishop asked Jacinto if he knew the name of the one nearest them.

"No, I do not know any name," he shook his head. "I know Indian name," he added, as if, for once, he was thinking aloud.

"And what is the Indian name?"

"The Laguna Indians call Snow Bird mountain." He spoke somewhat unwillingly.

"That is very nice," said the Bishop musingly. "Yes, that is a pretty name."

"Oh, Indians have nice names, too!" Jacinto replied quickly, with a curl of the lip. Then, as if he felt he had taken out on the Bishop a reproach not deserved, he said in a moment: "The Laguna people think it very funny for a big priest to be a young man. The Governor say, how can I call him Padre when he is younger than my sons?"

There was a note of pride in Jacinto's voice very flattering to the Bishop. He had noticed how kind the Indian voice could be when it was kind at all; a slight inflection made one feel that one had received a great compliment.

"I am not very young in heart, Jacinto. How old are you, my boy?"

"Twenty-six."

"Have you a son?"

"One. Baby. Not very long born."

They relapsed into the silence which was their usual form of intercourse. The Bishop sat drinking his coffee slowly out of the tin cup, keeping the pot near

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the embers. The sun had set now, the yellow rocks were turning gray; down in the pueblo the light of the cook fires made red patches of the glassless windows, and the smell of piñon smoke came softly through the still air. The whole western sky was the color of golden ashes, with here and there a flush of red on the lip of a little cloud. High above the horizon the evening star flickered like a lamp just lit, and close beside it was another star of constant light, much smaller.

Jacinto threw away the end of his corn-husk cigarette and again spoke without being addressed.

"The ev-en-ing star," he said in English, slowly and somewhat sententiously, then relapsed into Spanish. "You see the little star beside, Padre? Indians call him the guide."

The two companions sat, each thinking his own thoughts as night closed in about them; a blue night set with stars, the bulk of the solitary mesas cutting into the firmament. The Bishop seldom questioned Jacinto about his thoughts or beliefs. He didn't think it polite, and he believed it to be useless. There was no way in which he could transfer his own memories of European civilization into the Indian mind, and he was quite willing to believe that behind Jacinto there was a long tradition, a story of experience, which no language could translate to him. A chill came with the darkness. Father Latour put on his old fur-lined cloak, and Jacinto, loosening the blanket tied about his loins, drew it up over his head and shoulders.

"Many stars," he said presently. "What you think about the stars, Padre?"

"The wise men tell us that they are worlds, like ours, Jacinto."

The end of the Indian's cigarette grew bright and then dull again before he spoke. "I think not," he said in the tone of one who has considered a proposition fairly and rejected it. "I think they are leaders, — great spirits."

"Perhaps they are," said the Bishop with a sigh. "Whatever they are, they are great. Let us say *Our Father* and go to sleep, my boy."

Kneeling on either side of the embers they repeated the prayer together and then rolled up in their blankets. The Bishop went to sleep thinking with satisfaction that he was beginning to have some sort of human companionship with his Indian boy. One called the young Indians "boys", perhaps because there was something youthful and elastic in their bodies. Certainly about their behaviour there was nothing boyish in the American sense, nor even in the European sense. Jacinto was never, by any chance, naïf; he was never taken by surprise. One felt that his training, whatever it had been, had prepared him to meet any situation which might confront him. He was as much at home in the Bishop's study as in his own pueblo, — and he was never too much at home anywhere. Father Latour felt he had gone a good way toward gaining his guide's friendship, though he did not know why.

The truth was, Jacinto liked the Bishop's way of meeting people; thought he had the right tone with Padre Gallegos, the right tone with Padre Jesus, and that he had good manners with the Indians. In his experience, white people, when they addressed Indians, always put on a false face. There were many kinds of false faces; Father Vaillant's, for example, was kindly but too vehement. The Bishop put on none at all. He stood straight and turned to the Governor of Laguna, and his face underwent no change. Jacinto thought this remarkable.

The Mass at Ácoma

After early Mass the next morning Father Latour and his guide rode off across the low plains that lie between Laguna and Ácoma. In all his travels the Bishop had seen no country like this. From the flat red sea of sand rose great rock mesas, generally Gothic in outline, resembling vast cathedrals. They were not crowded together in disorder, but placed in wide spaces, long vistas between. This plain might once have been an enormous city, all the smaller quarters destroyed by time, only the public buildings left, — piles of architecture that were like mountains. The sandy soil of the plain had a light sprinkling of junipers and was splotched with masses of blooming rabbit brush, — that olive-colored plant that grows in high waves like a tossing sea, at this season covered with

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a thatch of bloom, yellow as gorse or orange like marigolds.

This mesa plain had an appearance of great antiquity and of incompleteness; as if, with all the materials for world-making assembled, the Creator had desisted, gone away, and left everything on the point of being brought together, on the eve of being arranged into mountain, plain, plateau. The country was still waiting to be made into a landscape. Ever afterward the Bishop remembered his first ride to Ácoma as his introduction to the mesa country. The thing that struck him at once was that every mesa was duplicated by a cloud mesa, like a reflection, which lay motionless above it or moved slowly up from behind it. These cloud formations seemed to be always there, however hot and blue the sky. Sometimes they were flat terraces, ledges of vapor; sometimes they were dome-shaped, or fantastic, like the tops of silvery pagodas, rising one above the other, as if an oriental city lay directly behind the rock. The great tables of granite set down in an empty plain were inconceivable without their attendant clouds, which were a part of them, as the smoke is part of the censer, or the foam of the wave.

Coming along the Santa Fé trail, in the vast plains of Kansas, Father Latour had found the sky more a desert than the land; a hard, empty blue, very monotonous to the eyes of a Frenchman. But west of the Pecos all that changed; here there was always activity overhead, clouds forming and moving all day long. Whether they were dark and full of violence, or soft and white with luxurious idleness, they powerfully affected the world beneath them. The desert, the mountains and mesas, were continually re-formed and re-colored by the cloud shadows. The whole country seemed fluid to the eye under this constant change of accent, this ever-varying distribution of light.

Jacinto interrupted their reflections by an exclamation.

"Ácoma!" He stopped his mule.

The Bishop, following with his eye the straight, pointing Indian hand, saw, far away, two great mesas. They were almost square in shape, and at this distance seemed close together, though they were really some miles apart.

"The far one," — his guide still pointed.

The Bishop's eyes were not so sharp as Jacinto's, but now, looking down upon the top of the farther mesa from the high land on which they halted, he saw a flat, white outline on the gray surface, — a white square made up of squares. That, his guide said, was the pueblo of Ácoma.

Riding on, they presently drew rein under the Enchanted Mesa, and Jacinto told him that on this, too, there had once been a village, but the stairway which had been the only access to it was broken off by a great storm many centuries ago, and its people had perished up there from hunger.

But how, the Bishop asked him, did men first think of living upon naked rocks like these, hundreds of feet in the air, without soil or water?

Jacinto shrugged. "A man can do whole lot when they hunt him day and night like an animal. Navajos on the north, Apaches on the south; the Ácomas run up a rock to be safe."

All this plain, the Bishop gathered, had once been the scene of a periodic man-hunt; these Indians, born in fear and dying by violence for generations, had at last taken this leap away from the earth, and on that rock had found the hope of all suffering and tormented creatures, — safety. They came down to the plain to hunt and to grow their crops, but there was always a place to go back to. If a band of Navajos were on the Ácoma's trail, there was still one hope; if he could reach his rock, — Sanctuary! On the winding stone stairway up the cliffs, a handful of men could keep off a multitude. The rock of Ácoma had never been taken by a foe but once, — by Spaniards in armor. It was very different from a mountain fastness; more lonely, more stark and grim, more appealing to the imagination. The rock, when one came to think of it, was the utmost expression of human need; even mere feeling yearned for it; it was the highest comparison of loyalty in love and friendship. Christ himself had used that comparison for the disciple to whom He gave the keys of His Church. And the Hebrews of the Old Testament, always being carried captive into foreign lands, — their rock was an idea of God, the only thing their conquerers could not take from them.

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Already, the Bishop had observed in Indian life a strange literalness, often shocking and disconcerting. The Ācoma, who must share the universal human yearning for something permanent, enduring, without shadow of change, — they had their idea in substance. They actually lived upon their Rock, were born upon it, and died upon it. There was an element of exaggeration in anything so simple!

As they drew near the Ācoma mesa, dark clouds began boiling up from behind it, like ink spots spreading in a brilliant sky.

"Rain come," remarked Jacinto. "That is good. They will be well disposed." He left the mules in a stake corral at the foot of the mesa, took up the blankets, and hurried Father Latour into the narrow crack in the rock where the craggy edges formed a kind of natural stairway up the cliff. Wherever the footing was treacherous, it was helped out by little hand-holds, ground into the stone like smooth mittens. The mesa was absolutely naked of vegetation, but at its foot a rank plant grew conspicuously out of the sand; a plant with big white blossoms like Easter lilies. By its dark gray-green leaves, large and coarse-toothed, Father Latour recognized a species of the noxious datura. The size and luxuriance of these nightshades astonished him. They looked like great artificial plants, made of shining silk.

While they were ascending the rock, deafening thunder broke over their heads, and the rain began to fall as if it were spilled from a cloudburst. Drawing into a deep twist of the stairway, under an overhanging ledge, they watched the water shaken in heavy curtains in the air before them. In a moment the seam in which they stood was like the channel of a brook. Looking out over the great plain, spotted with mesas and glittering with rain sheets, the Bishop saw the distant mountains bright with sunlight. Again he thought that the first Creation morning might have looked like this, when the dry land was first drawn up out of the deep, and all was confusion.

The storm was over in half an hour. By the time the Bishop and his guide reached the last turn in the trail and rose through the crack, stepping out on the flat top of the rock, the noontide sun was blazing down upon Acoma with almost insupportable brightness. The bare stone floor of the town and its deep worn paths were washed, white and clean, and those depressions in the surface which the Ācomas call their cisterns were full of fresh rainwater. Already the women were bringing out their clothes, to begin washing. The drinking water was carried up the stairway in earthen jars on the heads of the women, from a secret spring below; but for all other purposes the people depended on the rainfall held in these cisterns.

The top of the mesa was about ten acres in extent, the Bishop judged, and there was not a tree or a blade of green upon it; not a handful of soil, except the churchyard, held in by an adobe wall, where the earth for burial had been carried up in baskets from the plain below. The white dwellings, two and three storied, were not scattered, but huddled together in a close cluster, with no protecting slope of ground or shoulder of rock, lying flat against the flat, bright against the bright, — both the rock and the plastered houses threw off the sun glare blindingly.

At the very edge of the mesa, overhanging the abyss so that its retaining wall was like a part of the cliff itself, was the old warlike church of Ācoma, with its two stone towers. Gaunt, grim, gray, its nave rising some seventy feet to a sagging, half-ruined roof, it was more like a fortress than a place of worship. That spacious interior depressed the Bishop as no other mission church had done. He held a service there before midday, and he had never found it so hard to go through the ceremony of the Mass. Before him, on the gray floor, in the gray light, a group of bright shawls and blankets, some fifty or sixty silent faces; above and behind them the gray walls. He felt as if he were celebrating a Mass at the bottom of the sea, for antediluvian creatures; for types of life so old, so hardened, so shut within their shells, that the sacrifice on Calvary could hardly reach back so far. Those shell-like backs behind him might be saved by baptism and divine grace, as undeveloped infants are, but hardly through any experience of their own, he thought. When he blessed them and sent them away, it was with a sense of inadequacy and spiritual defeat

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After he had laid aside his vestments, Father Latour went over the church alone, with Jacinto. As he examined it his wonder grew. What need had there ever been for this great church at Ācoma? It was built early in Sixteen Hundred, by Fray Juan Ramirez, a great missionary, who labored on the Rock of Ācoma for twenty years or more. It was Father Ramirez, too, who made the mule trail down the other side, — the only path by which a burro can ascend the mesa, and which is still called El Camino del Padre.

The more Father Latour examined this church, the more he was inclined to think that Fray Ramirez, or some Spanish priest who followed him, was not altogether innocent of worldly ambition, and that they built for their own satisfaction, perhaps, rather than according to the needs of the Indians. The magnificent site, the natural grandeur of this stronghold might well have turned their heads a little. Powerful men they must have been, those Spanish Fathers, to draft Indian labor for this great work without military support. Every stone in that structure, every handful of earth in those many thousand pounds of adobe, was carried up the trail on the backs of men and boys and women. And the great carved beams of the roof, — Father Latour looked at them with amazement. In all the plain through which he had come, he had seen no trees but a few stunted piñons. He asked Jacinto where these huge timbers could have been found.

"San Mateo Mountain, I guess."

"But the San Mateo mountains must be forty or fifty miles away. How could they bring such timbers?"

Jacinto shrugged. "Ācomas carry." Certainly there was no other explanation.

Besides the church proper there was the cloister, large, thick-walled, a cloister of two stories, which must have required an enormous labor of portage from the plain. The deep cloister corridors were cool when the rock outside was blistering; the low arches opened on an enclosed garden which, judging from its depth of earth, must once have been very verdant. Facing those shady passages, with four feet of solid, windowless adobe shutting out everything but the green garden and the turquoise sky above, the early missionaries might well have forgotten the poor Ācomas, that tribe of ancient rock-turtles, and believed themselves in some cloister hung on a spur of the Pyrenees.

In the gray dust of the enclosed garden two thin, half-dead peach-trees still struggled with the drouth, the kind of unlikely tree that grows up from an old root and never bears. By the wall yellow suckers put out from an old vine stump, very thick and hard, which must once have borne its ripe clusters.

At the northeast corner of the upper cloister the Bishop found a loggia, — roofed, but with open sides, looking down on the white pueblo and the tawny rock, and over the wide plain below. There he decided he would spend the night. From this loggia he watched the sun go down; watched the desert become dark, the shadows creep upward. Abroad in the plain the scattered mesa tops, red with the afterglow, one by one lost their light, like candles going out. He was on a naked rock in the desert, in the stone age, a prey to homesickness for his own kind, his own epoch, for European man and his glorious history of desire and dreams. All the centuries in which his own part of the world had been changing like the sky at daybreak, this people had been fixed, increasing neither in numbers nor desires, rock-turtles on their rock. Something reptilian he felt here, something that had endured by immobility, a kind of life out of reach, like the crustaceans in their armor.

On his homeward way the Bishop spent another night with Father Jesus, the good priest at Isleta, who talked with him much of the Moqui country and of those very old rock-set pueblos still farther to the west. One story related to a long-forgotten Friar at Ācoma, and was somewhat as follows:

The Legend of Fray Baltazar

Sometime in the very early years of Seventeen Hundred, nearly fifty years after the great Indian uprising in which all the missionaries and all the Castilians in Northern New Mexico were either driven out or murdered, after the country had been reconquered and new missionaries had come to take the place of the martyrs, a certain Friar Baltazar Mon-

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toya was priest at Ácoma. He was of a tyrannical and overbearing disposition and bore a hard hand on the natives. All the missions now in ruins were active then, each had its resident priest, who lived for the people or upon the people, according to his nature. Friar Baltazar was one of the most ambitious and exacting. It was his belief that the pueblo of Ácoma existed chiefly to support its fine church, and that this should be the pride of the Indians as it was his. He took the best of their corn and beans and squashes for his table and selected the choicest portions when they slaughtered a sheep, chose their best hides to carpet his dwelling. Moreover, he exacted a heavy tribute in labor. He was never done with having earth carried up from the plain in baskets. He enlarged the churchyard and made the deep garden in the cloister, enriching it with dung from the corrals. Here he was able to grow a wonderful garden, since it was watered every evening by women, — and this despite the fact that it was not proper that a woman should ever enter the cloister at all. Each woman owed the Padre so many *ollas* of water a week from the cisterns, and they murmured not only because of the labor, but because of the drain on their water supply.

The Friar was not a lazy man, and in his first years there, before he became stout, he made long journeys in behalf of his mission and his garden. He went as far as Oraibi, many days' journey, to select their best peach seeds. (The peach orchards of Oraibi were very old, having been cultivated since the days of the earliest Spanish expeditions, when Coronado's captains gave the Moquis peach seeds brought from Spain). His grape cuttings were brought up from Sonora in baskets on muleback, and he would go all the way to the Villa (Santa Fé) for choice garden seeds at the season when pack trains came up the Rio Grande valley. The early churchmen did a great business in carrying seeds about, though the Indians and Mexicans were satisfied with beans and squashes and chili, asking nothing more.

Friar Baltazar was from a religious house in Spain which was noted for good living, and he himself had worked in the refectory. He was an excellent cook and something of a carpenter, and he took a great deal of trouble to make himself comfortable upon that rock at the end of the world. He drafted two Indian boys into his service, one to care for his ass and work in the garden, the other to cook and wait upon him at table. In time, as he grew more unwieldy in figure, he adopted a third boy and employed him as a runner to the distant missions. This boy would go on foot to the Villa for red cloth or an iron spade or a new knife, stopping at Bernalillo to bring home a wineskin full of grape brandy. He would go five days' journey into the Sandia Mountains to catch fish and dry or salt them for the Padre's fast days, or run all the way to Zuñi, where the Fathers raised rabbits, and bring back a pair for the spit. His errands were seldom of an ecclesiastical nature. It was clear that the Friar at Ácoma lived more after the flesh than after the spirit. The difficulty of obtaining an interesting and varied diet on a naked rock seemed only to whet his appetite and tempt his resourcefulness. But his sensuality went no further than his garden and table. Carnal commerce with the Indian women would have been very easy indeed, and the Friar was at the hardy age of ripe manhood when such temptations are peculiarly sharp. But the missionaries had early discovered that the slightest departure from chastity greatly weakened their influence and authority with their Indian converts. The Indians themselves sometimes practised continence as a penance, or as a strong medicine with the spirits, and they were very willing that their Padre should practise it for them. The consequences of carnal indulgence were perhaps more serious here than in Spain, and Friar Baltazar seems never to have given his flock an opportunity to exult over his frailty.

He held his seat at Ácoma for nearly fifteen prosperous years, constantly improving his church and his living quarters, growing new vegetables and medicinal herbs, making soap from the yucca root. Even after he grew stout, his arms were strong and muscular, his fingers clever. He cultivated his peach-trees and his garden, watched over it like a little kingdom, never allowing the native women to grow slack in the water supply. His first serving-boys were released to marry,

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and others succeeded them, who were even more minutely trained. His tyranny grew little by little, and the Ácoma people were sometimes at the point of revolt. But they could not estimate just how powerful the Padre's magic might be and were afraid to put it to the test. There was no doubt that the holy picture of Saint Joseph had come to them from the King of Spain by the request of this Padre, and that picture had been more effective in averting drouth than all the native rain-makers had been. Properly entreated and honored, the painting had never failed to produce rain. Ácoma had not lost its crops since Friar Baltazar first brought the picture to them, though at Laguna and Zuñi there had been drouths that compelled the people to live upon their famine store, — an alarming extremity. The Laguna Indians were constantly sending legations to Ácoma to negotiate terms at which they could rent the holy picture, and Friar Baltazar had warned them never to let it go. If such powerful protection were withdrawn, or if the Padre should turn the magic against them, the consequences might be disastrous to the peublo. Better give him his choice of grain and lambs and pottery, and allow him his three serving-boys. So the missionary and his converts rubbed along in seeming friendliness.

One summer the Friar, who did not make long journeys now that he had grown large in girth, decided that he would like company, — someone to admire his fine garden, his ingenious kitchen, his airy loggia with its rugs and water jars, where he meditated and took his after-dinner siesta. So he planned to give a dinner party in the week after Saint John's day.

He sent his runner to Zuñi, Laguna, Isleta, and bade the Padres to a feast. They came upon the day, four of them, for there were two priests at Zuñi. The stable boy was stationed at the foot of the rock to take their beasts and conduct the visitors up the stairway. At the head of the trail Friar Baltazar received them. They were shown over the place and spent the morning gossiping in the cloister walks, cool and silent, though the naked rock outside was almost too hot for the hand to touch. The vine leaves rustled agreeably in the breeze, and the earth about the carrot and onion tops, as it dried from last night's watering, gave off a pleasant smell. The guests thought their host lived very well and they wished they had his secret. If he was a trifle boastful of his air-bound seat, no one could blame him.

With the dinner, Friar Baltazar had taken extravagant pains. The monastery in which he had learned to cook was off the main highway to Seville; the Spanish nobles and the King himself sometimes stopped there for entertainment. In that great kitchen, with its multiplicity of spits, small enough to roast a lark and large enough to roast a boar, the Friar had learned a thing or two about sauces, and in his lonely years at Ácoma he had bettered his instruction by a natural aptitude for the art. The poverty of materials had proved an incentive rather than a discouragement.

Certainly the visiting missionaries had never sat down to food like that which rejoiced them to-day in the cool refectory, the blinds open just enough to admit a streak of throbbing desert far below them. Friar Baltazar was telling them pompously that he would have a fountain in the cloister-close when they came again. He had to check his hungry guests in their zeal for the relishes and the soup, warning them to save their mettle for what was to come. The roast was to be a wild turkey, superbly done, — but that, alas, was never tasted. The course which preceded it was the host's especial care, and here he had trusted nothing to his cook; hare *jardinière* (his carrots and onions were tender and well-flavored) with a sauce which he had been perfecting for many years. This *entrée* was brought from the kitchen in a large earthen dish, — but not large enough, for with its luxury of sauce and floating carrots it filled the platter to the brim. The stable-boy was serving to-day, as the cook could not leave his spits, and he had been neat, brisk, and efficient. The Friar was pleased with him, and was wondering whether he could not find some little medal of bronze or silver-gilt to reward him for his pains.

When the hare in its sauce came on, the priest from Isleta chanced to be telling a funny story at which the company were laughing uproariously. The serving-boy, who knew a little Spanish, was apparently trying to get the point of the recital which

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made the Padres so merry. At any rate he became distracted, and as he passed behind the senior priest of Zuñi, he tipped his full platter and spilled a stream of rich brown gravy over the good man's head and shoulders. Friar Baltazar was quick-tempered, and he had been drinking freely of the fiery grape brandy. He caught up the empty pewter mug at his right and threw it at the clumsy lad with a malediction. It struck the boy on the side of the head. He dropped the platter, staggered a few steps, and fell down. He did not get up, nor did he move. The Padre from Zuñi was skilled in medicine. Wiping the sauce from his eyes, he bent over the boy and examined him. "*Muerto!*" he whispered. With that he plucked his junior priest by the sleeve, and the two bolted across the garden without another word and made for the head of the stairway. In a moment the Padres of Laguna and Isleta unceremoniously followed their example. With remarkable speed the four guests got them down from the rock, saddled their mules, and urged them across the plain.

Friar Baltazar was left alone with the consequences of his haste. Unfortunately the cook, astonished at the prolonged silence, had looked in at the door just as the last pair of brown gowns were vanishing across the cloister. He saw his comrade lying upon the floor, and silently disappeared from the premises by an exit known only to himself.

When Friar Baltazar went into the kitchen he found it solitary, the turkey still dripping on the spit. Certainly he had no appetite for the roast. He felt, indeed, very remorseful and uncomfortable, also indignant with his departed guests. For a moment he entertained the idea of following them; but a temporary flight would only weaken his position, and a permanent evacuation was not to be thought of. His garden was at its prime, his peaches were just coming ripe, and his vines hung heavy with green clusters. Mechanically he took the turkey from the spit, not because he felt any inclination for food, but from an instinct of compassion, quite as if the bird could suffer from being burned to a crisp. This done, he repaired to his loggia and sat down to read his breviary, which he had neglected for several days, having been so occupied in the refectory. He had begrudged no pains to that sauce which had been his undoing. The airy loggia, where he customarily took his afternoon repose, was like a bird-cage hung in the breeze. Through its open archways he looked down on the huddled pueblo, and over the great mesa-strewn plain at the foot of the rock. He was unable to fix his mind upon his office. The pueblo down there was much too quiet. At this hour there should be a few women washing pots or rags, a few children playing by the cistern and chasing the turkeys. But to-day the rock top baked in the fire of the sun in utter silence, not one human being was visible, — yes, one, though he had not been there a moment ago. At the head of the stone stairway, just above the rocks, there was a patch of lustrous black, an Indian's hair. They had set a guard at the trail head.

Now the Padre began to feel alarmed, to wish he had gone down that stairway with the others, while there was yet time. He wished he were anywhere in the world but on this rock. There was old Father Ramirez's donkey path; but if the Indians were watching one road, they would watch the other. The spot of black hair never stirred; and there were but those two ways down to the plain, only those, — whichever way one turned, three hundred and fifty feet of naked cliff, without one tree or shrub a man could cling to.

As the sun sank lower and lower, there began a deep singing murmur of male voices from the pueblo below, not a chant, but the rhythmical intonation of Indian oratory when a serious matter is under discussion. Frightful stories of the torture of the missionaries in the great rebellion of 1680 flashed into Friar Baltazar's mind; how one Franciscan had his eyes torn out, another had been burned, and the old Padre at Jamez had been stripped naked and driven on all fours about the plaza all night, with drunken Indians straddling his back, until he rolled over dead from exhaustion.

Moonrise from the loggia was an impressive sight, even to this Brother who was not over-impressionable. But to-night he wished he could keep the moon from coming up through the floor of the desert, — the moon was the clock which began things in the pueblo. He watched

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with horror for that golden rim against the deep blue velvet of the night.

The moon came, and at its coming the Âcoma people issued from their doors. A company of men walked silently across the rock to the cloister. They came up the ladder and appeared in the loggia. The Friar asked them gruffly what they wanted, but they made no reply. Not once speaking to him or to each other, they bound his feet together and tied his arms to his sides.

The Âcoma people told afterwards that he did not supplicate or struggle; had he done so, they would have dealt more cruelly with him. But he knew his Indians, and that when once they had collectively made up their pueblo mind — Moreover, he was a proud old Spaniard and had a certain fortitude lodged in his well-nourished body. He was accustomed to command, not to entreat, and he retained the respect of his Indian vassals to the end.

They carried him down the ladder and through the cloister and across the rock to the most precipitous cliff, — the one over which the Âcoma women flung broken pots and such refuse as the turkeys would not eat. There the people were assembled. They cut his bonds and, taking him by the hands and feet, swung him out over the rock edge and back a few times. He was heavy, and perhaps they thought this dangerous sport. No sound but hissing breath came through his teeth. The four executioners took him up again from the brink where he lay, and, after a few feints, dropped him in mid-air.

So did they rid their rock of their tyrant, — whom on the whole they had liked very well. But everything has its day. The execution was not followed by any sacrilege to the church or defiling of holy vessels, but merely by a division of the Padre's stores and household goods. The women, indeed, took pleasure in watching the garden pine and waste away from thirst, and ventured into the cloisters to laugh and chatter at the whitening foliage of the peach-trees and the green grapes shriveling on the vines.

When the next priest came, years afterward, he found no ill will awaiting him. He was a native Mexican, of unpretentious tastes, who was well satisfied with beans and jerked meat, and he let the pueblo turkey flock scratch in the hot dust that had once been Friar Baltazar's garden. The old peach stumps kept sending up pale sprouts for many years.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relative to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Ahead of Paris!

Trousers will come even sooner than M. Paul Poiret predicts.

Editor of THE FORUM:

1957 is too far away. I for one welcome the ladies to our bifurcation, here and now. Paul Poiret's prophetical garments are much more sensible and modest than the revelations of to-day.

But I am also a little worried. Are the tobacco fabricators anticipating the trend with proper styles in plug tobacco. I doubt if it will ever be good etiquette to offer a lady a plug with all the corners bit off.

LEE SMITH

Hoisington, Kans.

Still More Serious

This ardent feminist's prophecies of what clothes will make of woman and of man are ominous.

Editor of THE FORUM:

M. Poiret, in his article on woman's dress of the future, creates a diverting fantasy, a fantasy which, judging from the past, may very well prove true.

For did we not, thirty years ago, use exactly the same general pattern for our house garments and negligées that are to-day used for frocks? Our long-sleeved aprons of that day, our "mother hubbards" and our "wrappers" are seen everywhere on the streets. So why may not to-day's negligée, the pajama, become the mode of to-morrow?

It will not do so because woman, having achieved freedom of physical action through her dress, will to-morrow demand freedom of *choice*. She will not be bound by style. Beauty will be the criterion, and, within its limits, each woman will dress as she pleases.

The great revolution in dress will be in man's attire. That is something to set the imagination to work! What kind of man will evolve through modern woman's refusal to tolerate the average modern man, — as shown in her frequency of divorcing him. Man is riding blindly to a fall; and there will soon be a class, — far more pathetic than the former "unwanted woman," — of "discarded or unwanted men".

It is in man that the drastic changes must take place if he is to hold his own as a companion rather than as a slave to woman.

KATHARINE SCHWARTZ

La Jolla, Calif.

A 1927 Florida

What is the state of Florida? Hamilton Holt, former editor of "The Independent" and now President of Rollins College, the oldest college in Florida, is in an excellent position to give our readers the latest news.

Editor of THE FORUM:

A general impression seems to exist throughout the country that all Florida has been stunned by the collapse of the land boom followed by the disaster recently experienced in the southern section

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of the state. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Florida is supported principally by citrous fruits, truck gardening, turpentine, phosphates, cotton, the sponge and fish industries, cigar manufacture, general farming, and last but not least, tourists.

None of these sources of wealth will be permanently injured by the passing of the "peak" of frenzied speculation. The citrous crop alone has been affected by the hurricane and not more than ten per cent of that as a result of the droppage of fruit.

While there is no mitigation to the actual damage done by the storm to buildings and crops, it affected only five hundred square miles, or one fourteen-thousandth of the state's area.

The land boom, however, is probably the best thing that has ever happened to the state. It focused, as nothing else could, the attention of the whole country on the last virgin territory still remaining in the Union, and brought thousands of workers and millions of dollars capital to Florida to help develop the state's great natural resources and to uprear upon these resources a civilization democratic and progressive, and thoroughly American.

And now the collapse of the land boom has not only brought land values back somewhere near normal, but also has served to shake down and out the undesirables, who for the most part have already left the state. If there still lingers something of the dark brown taste of the day after, every one is glad that the land spree is over and every one is ready to settle down to legitimate business again and to go ahead with undiminished faith in Florida's future.

Florida is at the threshold of a new era. She is one of the states, — perhaps the most favored in natural advantages, — in that section of the United States which Secretary Hoover predicts within the next ten years will be the scene of the greatest growth in population and development of any part of the country. In Orange County alone, where I live, there are now being expended a total of $17,471,234 in buildings, roads, civic improvements, and educational activities. For the month of September our neighboring city of Orlando issued a total of $1,052,297 in building permits. Florida does not owe a dollar. It has no outstanding indebtedness whatever and has $18,000 in the State treasury. What state is in better condition?

No intelligent person can live amidst this material progress without believing it is at bottom healthy, sound, and permanent. Nor can anyone who comes in contact with the people believe that this success in achievement will for a moment prevent their response to any spiritual, moral, or cultural ideal presented to them. Within a few months I have visited men all over the state, — most of them complete strangers to me, — asking for aid for Rollins College. I found that in my county every head of a real estate development I approached gave me a donation in value from $1000 to $10,000, while outside of Orange County, four out of five I approached contributed. I know of no other state where any such record could be obtained.

As America was settled by the forward looking men of Europe who came over to better their conditions, so in a very similar way Florida to-day is being settled by the forward looking men of other states.

Florida is the ideal laboratory to-day for the novelist or sociologist. Florida, in fact, is America in the making, — the best pioneer blood of North, South, East, and West cooperating in the material and moral upbuilding of what cannot fail to be very soon one of the greatest of American commonwealths measured by any quantitative or qualitative standard.

HAMILTON HOLT

Winter Park, Fla.

Lincoln's Legal Training

Editor of THE FORUM:

I read Lord Shaw's article on "Lincoln as a Lawyer" with admiration for its sympathy and eloquence. There is much fresh comment in it, most interesting to me. He is right, no doubt, when he says that it is in the law that Lincoln found his chief discipline. This article strikes me as an unusually fine short review and estimate of the man's life. I congratulate you on securing an admirable contribution for your wide-awake, fine-minded FORUM.

IDA M. TARBELL

New York.

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Where, Oh Where?

We have had many comments on Mr. Van Doren's article, and this is among the most violent.

Editor of THE FORUM:

With great interest, I read the article by Mr. Carl Van Doren, "Why I Am An Unbeliever." Possibly it would do Mr. Van Doren no harm if he would read history once more. Where are all those unbelievers who have been such great benefactors of mankind? Did they come across in the *Mayflower*? Where are the colleges they have founded? Where the orphan homes, and homes for the aged they have built? Where are the drunkards they have made sober? Where are the cannibals they have civilized? If unbelief has done so much for mankind, why doesn't some political party head its ticket for 1928 with an unbeliever? Is not the chaos in Russia a good example of the fruits of unbelief? "The unbelievers have, as I read history, done less harm to the world than the believers. . . . They have done what they could to fill it with knowledge and beauty, with temperance and justice, with manners and laughter. . . . Yet it must always be remembered that the greatest believers are the greatest tyrants."

My! what tyrants were men like Gladstone, Lincoln, McKinley, General Booth, St Paul, and Jesus Christ! Professor Ellwood of the University of Missouri said that "an investigation of history will prove that the nation perishes as soon as it loses faith." Yes, Mr. Van Doren had better read history once more.

F. S. EITELGEORGE

Warrenton, Mo.

On the Other Hand

A salutation to an Unbeliever.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Words are inadequate to express my admiration for the article by Carl Van Doren in the December issue, "Why I Am An Unbeliever". I highly commend his article and consider he is a true believer in what he does believe. That is more than we can say of some who say they believe, but have their doubts and for prudent reasons evade telling or use hypocrisy.

Robert Ingersoll said, "It is strange how God would give a teaspoonful of brains to one man and a bushel to another." I'll say Mr. Van Doren has a bushel (good measure) and knows how to use them. People who call themselves believers do not always understand the unbelievers. Emerson said, "It is great to be misunderstood." How can Great Thinkers expect to be understood by people who use their heads for "hat racks" instead of thinking machines?

I'll take my hat off to Mr. Van Doren.

EUGÉNIE REEDER WATSON

Westmoreland, N. Y.

Law and Order

Mr. Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, whose article "Lessons from the British Strike" appeared recently in THE FORUM, *now comments on the "Unjust Laws" debate.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Order is a first essential in progress. Order for a self-governing people rests upon definite ways and rules for doing things upon which the majority have agreed. Any attempt to defeat the will of the majority seeks to impose the will of a minority group and defeats self-rule. A minority group cannot establish their will through the prescribed channels of democratic self-government, and their assumption of the right to do so by deciding among themselves that laws are unjust and therefore null and void is the method of the anarchist who is called to-day a communist.

A self-governing people has within its own hands the means to change any rule or law which upon further consideration it deems unwise or inequitable. Any minority has the right and the opportunity to show the majority that laws ought to be changed and to present the facts that sustain its contention both to the public generally and to those whom the majority have elected as representatives authorized to make laws.

This appeal to the orderly process may be slow but it safeguards the people against ill-considered decisions by requiring the use of educational methods. No self-governing people need fear to trust its welfare to the results of discussion, fact-

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finding, and mature deliberation; but it cannot jeopardize the principle of majority rule by permitting zealous groups to set their judgment against established order.

I do not see how a citizen concerned for the principle of self-government, can condone transgression of the law upon the ground that the lawbreaker thinks the law unjust. Laws should be observed even though protest may make against inequity.

WILLIAM GREEN

Washington, D. C.

A Baptist Replies

Mr. Mullins is President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have read with much interest the article of Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman in the January FORUM, entitled "The Mother of All Churches". Naturally Mr. Kauffman seeks to exalt the claims of the church of which he is a member, but inasmuch as his plea is for the Greek Catholic or Orthodox Church, his appeal will not be a very strong one with consistent Protestants. I can easily understand how his church might have controversies with the Roman Catholic body, because they were practically one until the division many centuries after the time of Christ and the Apostles. The appeal of Mr. Kauffman to the seven ecumenical councils carries little force to those who believe that the New Testament is the source of religious authority. From the standpoint of a Baptist, for example, it is a far cry from seven generally accepted ecumenical councils, the first of which was not held until hundreds of years after Christ, back to Christ and to the Apostles. The real authority in religion is not in councils which came in later centuries, after Christ and the New Testament.

Another point insisted upon by Mr. Kauffman is the "apostolic lineage" of the ministry in his church. But here again a consistent Protestant or a Baptist would question the validity of any such claim. Apostolic succession in the matter of Episcopal ordination is not an appeal which reaches any vital spot in the experience of those who look to the New Testament and the direct relation of the soul to God for an understanding of the true spiritual nature of Christianity.

Mr. Kauffman refers to the seven sacraments of his church. Here, of course, he is in agreement with the Roman Catholic body. But he, or any one else, would look in vain for any authority whatsoever in the New Testament for more than two, and besides this we are accustomed to calling them ordinances rather than sacraments.

It is perfectly evident from the above that any plea for ecclesiastical standing based upon tradition or ecumenical decrees or "apostolic lineage" or the seven sacraments, would have to be addressed to those who in any degree recognize the force of such a plea. The controversy which Mr. Kauffman would raise through his article is a controversy far-reaching in its nature and involving the sole and supreme authority of Christ and the New Testament in all matters of faith and practice.

It is, of course, of great interest to hear or read so frank a plea and argument, and no doubt what he has written will help to illumine the minds of Americans as to the true attitude of the Orthodox Greek Catholic Church.

E. Y. MULLINS

Louisville, Ky.

Controlling Sex in Plants

It seems to be an easy matter, judging from these experiments.

Editor of THE FORUM:

As complementing Mr. Fox's article "Can We Control Sex?" in your December issue I quote as follows from an article by Professor Theophilus Ciesilski, Lemberg, Galicia, published in International Clinics, Vol. 3, 22nd series, 1912.

"In view of the success of these experiments in fertilization I took up in 1877 six female plants (of *Cannabis sativa*) with their roots, before they had fully produced their flowers, and transplanted them into pots; as soon as the plants were well rooted I transferred the pots to the windows of two rooms looking south, three pots in each room. Thereafter, with a brush, I fertilized the three plants in one room with pollen which I collected from

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anthers just dehiscing and not yet fully open (this pollen I shall refer to as fresh) and the three plants in the other room I also fertilized by the means of a brush, but with pollen taken in the morning and kept in a paper until evening. The three plants fertilized with "fresh" pollen produced 120 seeds; the three fertilized with "stale" pollen produced 96 seeds.

"In 1878 I sowed in my garden with great care the seeds of the two lots separately. The 120 seeds derived from fertilization with "fresh" pollen produced 112 plants of which only six were female, all the rest being male. But the other 96 seeds, sprung from fertilization by "stale" pollen, produced 89 plants, every one of which was female. I have several times repeated the experiment, always with a similar result."

Later Ciesilski extended his investigations to animals, and tested his theory in numerous experiments with rabbits, dogs, horses, and cattle, an overwhelmingly large number of which, he states, verified his earlier results. The same law he later found applied also to man.

According to Ciesilski the sex in the progeny is governed by the age of the sperm at the time it unites with the egg. In other words, the Y sperms of Mr. Fox as they grow older are transformed into X sperms.

Simple as this theory of sex control is, and easy to test, so far as I am aware no one has tried to verify the results reported by Ciesilski.

P. J. WESTER

Ballston, Va.

Play Ball!

But within certain limits.

Editor of THE FORUM:

I suppose I should disagree with Upton Sinclair on many of his principles, but I can't help thanking him for his article on football. His idea of intercollegiate athletics is perfectly delightful. It seems to me from my infant readings in *Chatterbox* that something like these were the old English school game of hare-and-hounds. It is we who are muffs at games that need them most, — and never get them because we are muffs. But if everyone had to play we muffs could play and the other side would have to let their muffs play also and all would be well.

I doubt if the college affairs are run as deliberately for the purposes Mr. Sinclair states, as he thinks they are. He makes out a good case, but I think that most people are not so clever and far-thinking as he gives them credit for being. I think many an institution in the same way is credited by its enemies with greater villainy than it is mentally capable of.

But this doesn't lessen my admiration for his lovely every-member canvass for membership on the athletic teams. I feel deeply about this. Not only am I a muff, I am the mother of another muff who won't play enough outdoors, — not because of any intellectual attainments, but because even at thirteen his lack of shining ability on the ball field renders him no candidate for teams and ergo, apparently, no good to play with. But one needs to play games if only to make one know how to be either a good winner or a good loser. Both are needful in a well-developed character, are they not?

MARY MCENNERY ERHARD

Hoboken, N. J.

We Have with Us

Mr. Huff, Director of the Philadelphia Forum, enjoys the company gathered together in the January FORUM. *We hope you did, too.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Thank you for the January FORUM. Certainly getting Dr. Vincent, Frank R. Kent, Willa Cather, Paul Poiret, — of all people, — Edison, Stefansson, Haldane, Drinkwater, Hector Bywater, and Doctor Osborn all into one number is a tremendous achievement. Frank Kent on Coolidge is alone enough to make one number memorable.

WILLIAM K. HUFF

Philadelphia, Pa.

What Price Architecture?

This bridges the gap between Edison's future city and a skyscraper debate in April:

It was but a poor reflected honor that was thrust upon architecture, when Madam de Staël spoke of it as "frozen

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music". That epigram suggests inferiority to a sister art, something cold and static.

Let it be conceded that architecture may not, on the instant, stir the emotions so profoundly as music, painting, or poetry; yet it must be allowed that here is the most intimate and most persistent appeal to the greatest number; for it is her fortune to stand where all the vast hurrying crowd may catch the subtle truth of her story; and to influence thus the life of the entire community and its outlook upon all its world.

This virile art is practised to-day in America with a boldness of conception, a breadth of understanding, and a delicacy of taste, that the architects of no other country are equaling. America excels in architecture, and architecture is America's premier attainment in art.

We, as a people, are not open to the accusation of failing to appreciate our excellences. We publish quite extensively those things we do well, and some others not so well done, and our progress therein is self-consciously and eagerly followed. Why, therefore, is so little general interest evinced in this undoubted preeminence of America in the field of architecture? Wherefore are these things hid?

Our daily papers carry able and expensive departments to cover news of music, of the drama, and of painting. Book reviews are an important part of the literature of the day.

Yet except for the real estate items illustrated by pictures of skyscrapers and skyscrapers and yet more skyscrapers, we, the public, are not informed by the press, — daily, weekly, or monthly, — on current architectural progress. But were we informed what beauty might mean to our modern cities and how really unutilitarian we are in ignoring it, were we consulted intimately on the form and shape our communities might take architecturally, it would not take long under skilful guidance to develop intelligent public opinion. The fast increasing influence of our museums and the wide and well-informed interest in music offer encouragement to believe that we should be fully as responsive to architectural propaganda, fairly and popularly presented.

The city of New York leads America to-day in the construction of ugliness and in the neglect of opportunities for the development of civic prospects and urban good looks. Her influence is enormous, her example, for good or for bad, every community of any size, — with few exceptions, notably Washington and Boston, — is sure to follow.

What the New York City dweller needs is an opportunity to rejoice out-of-doors and within a reasonable distance of his home. As it stands at present, he may walk on Broadway of an evening, — many thousands do, — and rejoice in the electric signs, which, as some one observed, must be fairyland to him who cannot read. He may walk of a Sunday in the decaying parks, dodging the speeding motor-car, or rejoice on Fifth Avenue, counting the stories of the newest flat or exclaiming on the skill of the house-wrecker. He may indulge his civic pride in the contemplation of subway excavations and dream of the perfect scheme of transportation that twenty years may bring about.

No very uplifting rejoicing in all this, you'll grant.

And all this in the metropolis of a country which is the breeding ground of the best architectural talent that can be found anywhere! There is surely something seriously amiss here for which publicity, — and that alone, — appears to be the cure, — public information, public comment, and public criticism, a column, perhaps, in the daily press, conducted by critics as well equipped for the task as are those men who at present discuss music and the drama for our benefit; a fair column and fearless, never hesitating to condemn where condemnation is deserved, non-technical and informative. That would help us to know our architectural leaders as now we know our playwrights or our musicians. That would tell us of creditable achievements throughout the land and keep a jealous eye on developments at home.

There are signs that the public is waiting. The press is not often guilty of permitting that.

The writer hazards a guess that within twelve months the experiment will be tried and what is more, that it will stand approved, — a success.

EDWARD RUSH DUER

New York.

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The South et Al

"An average woman, living below the Mason-Dixon line" says the South is not solid for Governor Smith.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. George Washington Hays, ex-Governor of Arkansas, in THE FORUM for November announces himself as "an average man living below the Mason-Dixon line", and a Democrat whose voice is that of the average Southern voter. Thereupon he proceeds to advance reasons why the South should, and will, support "Al" Smith, Governor of New York, for the presidency, if he is nominated in 1928. As an average woman living in that same much-discussed region of our country, I am venturing to take issue with my compatriot, if he will permit me.

In the first place, Mr. Hays feels that for the South to make of "Al" Smith's religion a political issue will reveal Southerners as prejudiced, intolerant, and undemocratic. The facts, I believe, are exactly contrary. No intelligent Southern voter wishes to inject the question of religious belief into the political issues of the presidential contest, any more than does a Northern, Eastern, or Western voter of the same class. But the history of the Catholic Church and the creed of the Catholic citizen are such that they do not permit his religious affiliations to be overlooked in considering his candidacy for a position of power in the Government.

Most of the religious organizations in the United States subscribe to the view set forth in the constitutional provision against any sort of union between Church and State. The colonists who emigrated to this country were, for the most part, actuated by the passionate desire for a refuge where they might worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences; where the government did not demand support of any particular church or creed. Having won this right by untold sacrifice and suffering, they secured it to themselves and their descendants forever by incorporating into their "Bill of Rights" a provision definitely separating Church and State.

And yet the Roman Catholic Church has never recognized the dissociation of the personal and spiritual from the political as a basis for a just and democratic government. Rather does it hold that church and state are inseparably interwoven, — that any question involving a decision between right and wrong is moral and, therefore, in the province of the church, even if it be purely temporal and political. An article written by Count Dalla Torre, stating authoritatively the attitude of the Vatican toward the relations of church and politics, was published in THE FORUM of March, 1926. Mr. Hays might find it illuminating, I think. I am indebted to it for the following quotations. To the University students after the convention of Palermo, 1924, the Pope said: "The Azione Cattolica (a body which serves as the social militia of the Catholic Church) while not partaking in politics as such, intends to teach Catholics the best way of making use of politics." After declaring that all good Catholics refrain from identifying themselves with any political party whatsoever, Count Dalla Torre might be considered as having peculiar reference to just such Catholics as "Al" Smith when he says: "In addition to its functions in forming the political conscience of Catholics, the Azione Cattolica exercises a defensive function through the action of individuals, that is to say, of 'militant' Catholics, who are not prevented from entering parties and who even find in them the only useful way of putting into practice the teachings of the Azione Cattolica. And in this case we may observe that a constant discipline binds the militant Catholic to the Azione Cattolica *even in his political activities*." (The italics are mine.)

If the above be true, — and how can we doubt the statement coming from the Vatican itself? — then the worthy governor of New York is assuredly of the class "militant Catholic", and therefore bound by every tie of allegiance to the Catholic doctrine.

The question arises then: — Is the organization and influence of the Roman Catholic church democratic? Is the spirit which in the South opposes a Catholic for a position of great power in the Government one of religious intolerance in fact? Let us consider for a moment the history of this church. This reveals that it has ever been practically an absolute

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monarchy in its organization, and a monarchy that recognizes the right to existence of no other church, claiming for itself sole authority from God, infallibility, omniscience. The Pope is the supreme head in all matters, making laws, interpreting the Scriptures, revealing the Divine will, and demanding the undivided loyalty of every communicant and the unquestioning acceptance of papal authority. The faithful subject is thus relieved of all responsibility for personal decision. It seems absurd on the face of it that a man can serve two masters: — pity the distraction of the Catholic placed in a position of political trust whose personal conscience might vary from that of his church! It is conceivable that Mr. Smith, if made President, might find himself between, so to speak, "the devil and the deep blue sea." Seriously, does Mr. Hays believe that the Southern or any other American citizen dare trust the supreme position in the power of the people to a man whose first allegiance is to another and utterly foreign body?

Shall the South forget that every country that has become democratic in government after a period of monarchism and Catholicism has been involved in numerous broils and quarrels with this church? Witness the obvious examples of Spain, Mexico, France. Shall the South forget that the Catholic church through its influence and teachings holds to certain ideas that Southerners and Democrats cannot recognize? It maintains that marriage cannot be a civil rite, that the only Christian education is under its authority, that foreign immigration into the United States should not be curtailed. Mr. Smith himself has been at some pains to indicate through recent years that he does not recognize the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the country. Lately, he has put himself at the head of a movement which forecasts setting them utterly at naught, if not actively resisting their application. One cannot believe Mr. Hays is serious when he states that Mr. Smith's principles are the same as those of Thomas Jefferson. He laments that the death of the Democratic party must result if the South does not "solidly" support Smith for the presidency. Granting this very doubtful inference, if the alternative must be the Democratic party or democracy, — can there be any choice?

It is not religious differences and intolerance which actuates the Southern opposition to "Al" Smith. It is something deeper than any such prejudice. It is faith in those principles which are the cornerstones of our national life, for which our founders died that freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, and freedom of thought might live. The South does not conceive its position to be one of intolerance, but a protest, rather, against intolerance. It cannot accommodate its conception of democracy to an exclusive brotherhood which brands all others as aliens and heretics. And the less so when such brotherhood insists on directing, in part at least, the course of government. The South is democratic in religion as in politics. It will not stand for bigotry or exclusiveness in either.

A Roman Catholic cannot respond readily to the South's conception of the responsibility of the Presidency of the United States without proving recreant to the traditions of his church. The South stands solidly for democracy that means equality of opportunity and perpetual progress through careful experimentation. It will not deliberately waste time on dead formulas and exploded theories. The South is going forward, not backward. There was a time, perhaps, when its feelings could be flouted with impunity and its "solidity" presumed upon, but that was a good many years ago.

RUTH CAMPBELL

Knoxville, Tenn.

Well-Oiled Esquimaux

This from a distinguished explorer, who knows the Arctic at first hand:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I ask because I really and sincerely want to know why Mr. Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy, in his article, "Am I a Jew?" in the December FORUM says, near the top of page 914, "The Esquimaux, — simply nothing else but oil."

The simplest answer that occurs to me, and perhaps the one that he will give, is that he meant nothing at all by it.

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But in case he had a definite meaning would he please tell me specifically what it was and why he has it.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON
New York.

To which Mr. Studdert Kennedy replies:

Dear Mr. Stefansson:

Many thanks for your letter of December 30th. I may be quite wrong, but I have always associated the Esquimaux with extreme oiliness or partiality to oil.

I have never "verified my reference", but an appeal to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* yields the following: —

"The Eskimo are enormous eaters; two will easily dispose of a seal at a sitting . . . a man will lie on his back and allow his wife to feed him with tit-bits of blubber and flesh until he is unable to move."

My dictionary defines "blubber" as follows: —

". . the fat of whales and other cetaceans, from which train oil is prepared."

If I am wrong, — as is more than likely, — I shall be most interested to hear from you on the subject.

Sincerely yours,
HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY
San Francisco, Calif.

And Mr. Stefansson makes final rejoinder:

Dear Mr. Kennedy:

Thanks for your letter of January 5th and the gem from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* I did read enough of that article to form the opinion that it was ridiculous, but not enough to come upon really the choicest morsels.

It is too long to explain in a letter, but you can find in my book, *The Friendly Arctic*, an explanation of how Eskimos keep warm. They do so by protecting their bodies completely from the cold, so that a Scotchman whose tweeds do not protect him so well has to eat much more fat as fuel to keep the body warm than does an Eskimo on the average. The only sense in which Eskimos eat more fat than Scotchmen is that the modern Scotchman replaces the fat he would have eaten three hundred years ago with the modern sugar, which is dietetically equivalent so far as heat production is concerned, about in a ration of four to nine.

Even with the sugar, many North Europeans eat as much fat as the Eskimos, and the only way you can get around that is by saying certain foods are not fat. Some of the heaviest fat-eaters are in the tropics. It is well known that a standard diet of the Southern American negro is fat pork and corn bread. Akeley describes how the tropical negroes gorge themselves with the blubber of the hippopotamus.

However, I think if you read your own article over you will see that your "oiliness" will be taken by the ordinary reader to refer to fat or the appearance of fat on the outside of the body rather than a knowledge of the occult presence of fat inside. You might even find in *Britannica* or some other encyclopedia a statement that the Eskimos keep warm by greasing their bodies. That is what I thought you had in mind, and that is a sensible way for young ladies swimming the Channel. But when one stops to think, one realizes that the warmth of felts, ordinary woolens, furs, etc. is due largely to air chambers within or between the fibers. For, of all ordinary non-conductors, an air space is next best after a vacuum.

I suppose there are disappearing creams used by our women that really do disappear, but any fat available to the Eskimos is of the nature of butter and stays where it is put until it is rubbed off. The slightest trace of fat on one's body would get into the air spaces of woolen or fur underwear, changing it from a poor to a good conductor, and all the Eskimos would freeze to death if they went outdoors in mid-Winter. There is, therefore, no equally large number of people anywhere on earth who are so particular not to be greasy. Of course, they do handle grease now and then but they do it most gingerly and remove every trace of it as soon as possible.

I liked your article very much and was, as I said, honestly curious to know whether a person of your obvious intelligence had failed to make the connection between the known reason why clothes are warm and the known cold Winters of the average Eskimo, that connection making it obviously absurd that Eskimos could grease the outside of their bodies in winter and still live.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON
New York.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—*Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month a signed review by at least one member of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

Mencken, Coolidge, and Democracy

CALVIN COOLIDGE and Henry Mencken, between them, ought to know all there is to know about democracy. Henry theorizes on it and Calvin exercises the arts which Henry discusses. Both of them have lately published books mainly concerned with the workings of the democratic state in America to-day. In combination, these volumes should give a fairly complete picture of that state.

Mr. Mencken's NOTES ON DEMOCRACY (Knopf, $2.50) shows that he believes democracy does in fact exist and that he doesn't like it. He has swallowed whole the alleged results of the intelligence tests, and, fortified by the subsequent digestion, announces (a) that four-fifths of the people are boobs and (b) that this four-fifths controls the government of the United States. They are not only uneducated, he thinks, but uneducable. They have no collective sense of decency or fairness. They are inveterate foes of individual liberty, insisting that every one shall copy their own stupid, rigid code of behavior. All the reforms of all the reformers have merely succeeded in giving more power to the booboisie. Our only aristocrats are plutocrats, without traditions or standards.

Moreover, Mencken has no hope for any better future. While he is not sure that democracy will survive, he expects that it will, and in any case he has no substitute to offer, no panacea to prescribe. Indeed, prescribing panaceas he regards as one of the worst habits of the democrats. Their philosophy in this respect resembles their religion, of which it has to some extent taken the place. He abjures the doctrine that there is a social cure-all, and that optimism is either warranted or desirable. He is not even comforted by his belief that democracy perpetually denies its own doctrine. This it does, in his judgment, by setting up a dictatorship whenever trouble is afoot,—witness America in war time,—and by incessantly creating hierarchies of one kind or another, often fictitious ones, among men who are supposed to be equal but in fact refuse to accept for an instant any such arrangement.

These views of Mr. Mencken's are well known. He incessantly sets them forth, with the greatest vigor, vulgarity, and good humor in the columns of "The American Mercury" and in his syndicated newspaper articles. This country

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needs nothing so much as a gadfly; and Mr. Mencken's sour sincerity, his refusal to accept any bunk but his own, his fundamental antifundamentalism make him an enormously useful citizen and his magazine a great and deserved success. One might have reservations about a world which was ninety-nine per cent Mencken and only one per cent Babbitt. But when there is one per cent Mencken and ninety-nine per cent Babbitt, as was true ten years ago, or ten per cent Mencken and ninety per cent Babbitt, as is true to-day, his efforts can produce only shouts of approval. This is particularly true since his incessant humor, his crisp and powerful phrases make him perpetually an amusing cuss to read, in an age when most writing on political and social subjects is as dull as last week's safety-razor blade.

I hardly need to point out that at heart Mencken, of course, is not an antidemocrat at all. He is like those youngsters in Greenwich Village whose braggart preoccupation with free love proclaims them merely Puritans turned inside out. The more Mencken abuses the jade Democracy the clearer he makes it that under the waistcoat he is the most faithful of her lovers. He is enraged to the point of apoplexy to find that her face is plain, that she is slatternly, ignorant, prejudiced, unjust, dishonest. A true devotee of aristocracy would pass these things by with the complacent sneer of bad expectations realized. But Mr. Mencken, despite his indignation over things as they are, has no real interest in any other order of society. While he yearns back rather wistfully toward the oligarchies of bygone days, it is plain that in his robust, salty heart he prefers democracy, faults and all, to a state in which he could not collect Americana, because no one, from top to bottom of the social order, would be permitted to utter his wisdom or folly freely and without fear.

How does Mr. Coolidge's practical experience check with Mr. Mencken's theories? Unfortunately we do not know; or at least, we can learn nothing from his new book, FOUNDATIONS OF THE REPUBLIC (Scribner's, $2.50). To be sure, he probably did not write most of the speeches here assembled. A President has little time for the throes of authorship, and particularly one so excessively verbose (in public) as "Silent Cal". However, Mr. Judson Welliver or Mr. Stewart Crawford has written in every case what he thought the President wanted to say; and the latter has assumed responsibility, at least to the extent of saying it. One should not, of course, hold the Chief Executive to strict account. He has to think of so many things: the effect of what he says on the stock market, on the next election, on his party's campaign chest. It is his job to unsettle nobody and nothing, to skate on no thin ice, to seem as irreproachably moral and safe as the head of a boys' school interviewing the parents of a prospective pupil.

This job Mr. Coolidge performs with workmanlike skill. He utters few words to which any possible exception could have been taken by anybody any time during the past two hundred years. Indeed, most of what he says would have been as true, or truer, in 1880 than in 1927. If he is addressing a conference on recreation, he praises a sound mind in a sound body; to Latin-American journalists he gives a list of the great writers of their countries; and he tells the Daughters of the American Revolution what is the purpose of their society, as revealed in its constitution. There is only an occasional exception, as when, speaking at a Confederate memorial service, he announces that both sides in the Civil War really fought for "a common end . . . the maintenance of our American form of government . . . beneath a common flag," — which is news if I ever saw any. The Constitution is praised thirty times; American principles nineteen times; American ideals twelve times; the brotherhood of man (when, as, and if) ten times.

To be sure, one might derive from this book an implied theory of democracy. One might say President Coolidge is much more antidemocrat than Mr. Mencken, since he is a Constitution-worshiper (and therefore assumes the incompetence of the present generation to legislate for its own needs); always tells the people less than the whole truth (which implies a contempt for their intelligence); and employs an all-pervasive didacticism (indicating that they are unable to draw their own conclusions). For my part, I reject this hypothesis. I prefer to believe that the

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President is sincere, humble, and a firm believer in the machinery of government which has carried him from obscurity to high office. I regard his book as an honest, competent portrait of the man; and I wish every citizen of the United States would read it before November, 1928.

BRUCE BLIVEN

A Giant Caught Napping

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S latest volume, TRANSLATIONS AND TOMFOOLERIES (Brentano's, $2.00), may add to his royalties, but hardly to his stature as a creative artist.

The book starts off with its most important item, a translation by Shaw of Siegfried Trebitsch's three act drama, *Frau Gitta's Sühne. Jitta's Atonement*, as Shaw calls his adaptation, was produced here in New York City, at the Shubert Theatre on January 6, 1923, with Bertha Kalich as Jitta. It was neither a conspicuous success, nor a dire failure.

Not having seen the play on the boards, I approached a reading of it without prejudice. For two and two-thirds acts it is a moderately interesting, if rather humorless, drama. The theme is arresting. The well-drawn characters emerge as creatures of flesh and blood. Their speech is natural and readable. Then suddenly, toward the end of the last act, something happens. At first one isn't aware just what has happened. A subtle change has come over the play. My sensation was that of a man reading in a stuffy room and suddenly conscious of the cool, sweet-smelling air creeping in from a partly opened window. A window has been opened, letting in the cool brilliance of Shaw's Olympian laughter. The air of high comedy, of inevitable, human comedy permeates the play, dispelling the heavy scented romantic air of Trebitsch. And the play ends endlessly on a Shavian interrogation. The transition from author to translator is not abrupt and does no injury to the play's effectiveness. Indeed, in retrospect, the comic ending seems heightened by the romantic flavor of the earlier scenes.

Turning to Shaw's introduction, I found his confession and my diagnosis confirmed. He has taken liberties with the ending. One forgives his translator's sin, for by it he turns a second-rate tragedy into what is almost a first-rate comedy. But this achievement is surely not enough to excuse this latest Shaw volume. His purely original contributions are of very questionable value. Shaw explains that they are "tomfooleries" and that every writer has a right to produce "tomfooleries". One does not dispute his right; one questions his wisdom in publishing these particular "tomfooleries". The only excuse for "tomfooleries" is that they should make one's tummy ache with what a certain Negro gentleman called "bellicose laughter". Shaw's little playlets gave me too few such laughs. They are absurd, typically Shavian in their perversity; but the ideas are often stale and they are only occasionally genuinely funny.

The best of the lot is *The Admirable Bashville*, a ridiculous blank verse dramatization of Shaw's prize-fight novel, *Cashel Byron's Profession*. *Press Cuttings* has its moments also, but they are few and far between. The less said about the other plays the better. Shaw admits that one of them is "a disgrace to the author". One can but agree.

A. WASHINGTON PEZET

Our Northern Neighbors

IT was a witty woman of New England who, in endeavoring to explain the character of a certain woman in the community, made the pithy remark, "Well, you see, she doesn't neighbor much." One might easily sum up Sir Robert Falconer's very timely book THE UNITED STATES AS A NEIGHBOUR (Macmillan, $3.00), by saying that, despite all his efforts not to let the cat out of the bag, he proves that Canada, so far as the United States goes, has not been fond of neighboring.

Of course Sir Robert, who was the fifth lecturer in the course of the Sir George Watson Chair of American History and Institutions, set up in England "to promote good relations between the two great branches of the English-speaking world through the annual delivery of lectures on American history in British Universities", could hardly be expected to reveal all the Canadian shortcomings, for he would have been mobbed at home in his own University in Toronto, — especially if the United Empire Loyalists ever got at him. But, as it is, this admirable

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work ought to be read by every American tourist who went into Canada this summer, — hundreds of thousands of them, — only to find unprecedented abuse of America and Americans. For Sir Robert's work is balm to the soul of any citizen of the United States. The book also ought to be in the hands of every high school teacher of history and all public men and editors in Canada. It is a scholarly and humanized set-off to the cheap jibes and the colossally ignorant references which pass current for historic comment on things American in the Canadian press of both parties.

Sir Robert naturally came to his task with an attitude of mind, which, if possessed by all Canadians, would settle questions of controversy with the United States, — to use an Irish bull, — before they arose. Of even greater worth than this attitude of mind, is the careful presentation of early and late relationships between the United States and Canada. These reveal that the United States, if somewhat busy with its own affairs and at times even indifferent to the narrow fringe of civilization on its northern boundary, has, on the whole, been a very good neighbor indeed. Of course, Sir Robert doesn't say so, and one would not expect it of him; but one would not be far wrong in thinking that the United States has been a much better neighbor than Canada has deserved in certain critical episodes of its slow-moving history.

And while Sir Robert seems to feel that there has been at times a Rooseveltian truculence in our dealings, in boundary matters particularly, he must not overlook the fact that there has sometimes been a counter-balancing obtuseness on his own side of the border line. That great educator, scholar, and diplomat, Andrew D. White, in referring to certain Canadian and British controversies with the United States, writes in his *Autobiography:* "I must confess that nothing, save, perhaps, the conduct of British experts regarding the Bering Sea question, has ever come so near shaking my faith in British fair play." Dr. White was referring to fraudulent British documents in the Venezuelan issue on the one hand, and to what he called "sham scientific facts", coupled with "misleading reports", and Sir Robert Morier's very "questionable behavior in the Bering Sea controversy" on the other.

However, all this water has now gone under the bridge. Americans ought to meet Sir Robert's very fine book more than half way. They will readily admit his proof that the United States has been all that a neighbor should be over a long range of years. More than this, Americans will find that Sir Robert is the kindliest of neighbors himself, and in his urbane manner, appreciates some of the finer things for which the United States stands.

HARVEY M. WATTS

Byron as a Father

PERHAPS in the far future, — say about 2220, — biographers and novelists will cease to tell the world the story of Lord Byron's amours. In the present year of grace the subject is by no means exhausted; and the latest addition to the chronicle is a well-set-up volume by Mr. Armistead C. Gordon, with the engaging title, ALLEGRA (Minton Balch, $2.50). It purports to be "The Story of Byron and Miss Clairmont"; but as that tale is a brief one, the author generously adds a few words, — none of them kindly spoken, — about *all* of the poet's love affairs, from his first baby fancies for baby girls to his last tepid and respectable likings for tepid and more or less respectable ladies, who sunned themselves for years in the memory of his smiles.

Miss Clairmont's history must always make painful reading because of Byron's utter and unconcealed indifference to the clever, senseless young woman who flung herself passionately in his path. Its bright spot is Allegra; and in Allegra the author appears to feel a very languid interest. He vouchsafes her as few words as possible. Yet there is no more charming and elusive little figure in the background of English letters. Lovely from babyhood like the hapless Deirdre, sung of by Shelley, cared for by Byron, she was for a few years the storm-centre of four tumultuous lives. Miss Clairmont, having been persuaded by Mary Shelley to send her child to its father, spent her time in clamoring for its return, in reproaching Byron for everything he did, or failed to do, and in importuning the harassed and unhappy Shelley to interfere in her behalf.

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There was no cause for complaint. Byron took his parental responsibilities with immense seriousness. He dosed Allegra with quinine when she had a fever, he dismissed a maid who had let her fall, he made ample provision for her in his will, he tried to keep her from being overindulged by his Italian servants. Finally he sent her to a convent school at Bagna Cavallo, where children of rank were educated, and where she had the extraordinary good fortune to die before she was five years old. No one recognized her felicity more clearly than did her father. "Her position in the world would hardly have allowed her to be happy," he said with remorseful pity and understanding.

The "sanity and balance", which in Lord Morley's opinion mark the foundations of Byron's character, were never more apparent than in his relations with his little daughter. He had no great affection for the child, but he was pleased and proud that she "flourished like a pomegranate blossom" under his care. He would not let her go to her mother because that meant going to the Shelleys; and he was equally apprehensive lest she should eat green fruit or be taught that there was no God. "The girl shall be a Christian and a married woman if possible," was his reiterated resolve. On these two points he was a mid-Victorian parent.

Mr. Gordon's volume, apart from the well-worn scandals which have lost their savor, is full of minute and interesting detail. If his attitude toward Byron could be curiously contemptuous (Byron was many things he should not have been, but never contemptible), he evinces a genuine regard for Trelawny, whose coarse curiosity has remained unforgiven for a hundred years, and a clear understanding of Leigh Hunt, to whom everybody was kind, and who could have exhausted the kindness of a universe without sensing a featherweight of obligation. It is a curious and melancholy history of the crossing and recrossing of lives that afforded to one another no lasting enjoyment or betterment. "Broken friendships, enmities, separations," — these, confesses Mr. Gordon, are the burden of his tale. It was well for Allegra that she slipped away to be forgotten by all in her unmarked grave at Harrow.

AGNES REPPLIER

China, Past and Present

AS China and the West have already met in cultural and commercial intercourse, Chinese history, which remains so far unknown to most of the Western people, should be read by them briefly at least. Of the five major ports of the world in point of tonnage, China already possesses two and doubtless she will play an important part in the world. AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF CHINA by Herbert H. Gowen and Josef Washington Hall (Appleton, $4.00), the recognized authorities on the Orient, is not merely a narrative of events but the story of China in her relation to the world, presented as the unfolding of great human movements.

Mr. Gowen especially sees that there is a close relationship, traditionally, between China and America, the two sister republics on each side of the Pacific. "China is the backbone of Asia," confidently says Mr. Gowen; "China is the portentous nation to America. As China goes, so will go Asia, and as Asia goes, so will go the world of this century. China and America, the most vital representatives of the Eastern and Western types of culture, are destined to be the history-making nations of the century."

Mr. Gowen tells us in the preface that he is responsible, generally speaking, for Part I and Part II, dealing with the history of China down to the fall of the Manchus. The story of the Revolution and of the Republic, say Part III, is Mr. Hall's own. According to Mr. Gowen's survey, the Chinese people have contributed to our common civilization a line of inventions and discoveries. It would be sufficient here merely to recall sericulture, porcelain, the magnetic needle, gunpowder, paper, and printing. Chinese art, philosophy, and literature, moreover, are the most enhancing treasures in human history. Mr. Gowen shows a keen vision in distinguishing the essential features of the historical landscape, and he writes in a style of unusual clarity and beauty.

Lucidly as well as successfully does Mr. Hall sketch the events of political history of the most recent period. In tracing "The Rise of Nationalism", "The New Tide", and "The End of Foreign Prerogative", Mr. Hall with keen insight and

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impartial attitude is at his best. He holds quite firmly and justly that the old day, when extraterritorial prestige was an aid to both missionary and business man, has passed. The foreigner must necessarily abdicate his special privileges.

Profound changes now taking place in China bear directly on that problem, one of the greatest which confronts mankind as a whole. In this problem America is vitally interested and will play an important rôle. To solve it requires goodwill, sympathy, understanding, and cooperation between the people of the two republics. Here is the keynote of this volume. Finally, it should be pointed out, however, that on page 93 "Hsiang Chi" is, I guess, meant to be "Hsiang Yu".

CHI-FUNG LIU

Instructive Rather Than Seductive

IF we ask our friends what is good, they reply readily enough that beauty is good, and so are football, travel, gin, and oysters; but if we ask what all these things have in common that the adjective good can be used of them, they are apt to be annoyed. And rightly, — if they believe with Professor Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard that seven hundred pages (GENERAL THEORY OF VALUE, Longmans, Green, $6.00) are necessary to clear a way amongst thickets which are still left "abounding in monstrous doubts and difficulties". Though he seems to be unaware of the fact, Professor Perry comes to much the same conclusions as Mr. I. A. Richards, who has recently been applying some of his principles in THE FORUM, and who has shown that an explanation of good is really a psychological discussion of our impulses, our desires, and our instincts. His criticism of those who believe that good is something absolute and independent of men's opinions is an elaboration of Dr. Santayana's well known essay in WINDS OF DOCTRINE of which a new edition has just appeared (Scribner's, $2.50).

Professor Perry, however, is also a philosopher who has strong sympathies with traditional methods of approaching traditional problems, and in his PHILOSOPHY OF THE RECENT PAST (Scribner's, $2.00) he indulges this interest in what even he suspects are "the battle-cries of a war that is over". Moreover, after adroitly classifying, in five parts and a conclusion, nearly a thousand modern philosophical whoopers in terms of their whoops, he warns us to get ready for further wars. Instructive rather than seductive, — as the octogenarian said of Havelock Ellis's celebrated survey of sex in six scholarly sections.

A. MORE

Travel Diary of a Wit

THE blurb on Aldous Huxley's new book, JESTING PILATE (Doran, $3.50) connives with the title and with Mr. Huxley's witty and brilliant past, to make you expect something other than what the author spreads before you in these pages. So you read half through the volume, chiding yourself for being disappointed. You remind yourself, this is not supposed to be like *Antic Hay;* this is an excellent note book of travel and philosophy, it is wise, it is deep, it is usually vivid; one should love it for its own sake, with special thanks when, now and then, some delicious ribaldry or wit reminds you of the Huxley you are more familiar with.

And, presently, you take your own advice. Presently you don't care that Pilate jested little, and asked few questions. You begin to enjoy the volume for what it is, delighted to meet the author here and there on his trip round the world. For it is the author, rather than the world which you meet. Bits of India, Burma, China, Japan, the United States, and points between and about, — these are chiefly jumping-off places for Huxley to dive into some essay, philosophic, practical, literary: the effect upon him of riding in automobiles; the rarity of honest thinking; the unsatisfactoriness of listening to lectures; a preference for hypocrisy in politicians; the importance of materialism. Of course the book contains many vivid pictures, the long Los Angeles rhapsody for instance; or, more often, some such scrap of description as the following:

"The holiest waters in India are mantled with a green and brilliant scum. Those who would bathe must break it, as hardy swimmers in our colder countries must break the ice, before they reach the spiritually cleansing liquid. Coming on

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of the water, bathers leave behind them jagged rifts of blackness in the green; rifts that gradually close, if no more pilgrims come down to bathe, till the green skin of the lake is altogether whole again."

But though you may remember longest on account of a walk in the thick dark jungle, or an account of the Cawnpore Congress, it is as a notebook of the thoughts of the writer that this volume is most valuable, — thoughts written mostly as he leans back comfortably in an armchair; written, not with a vivid biting passion of the same man's fiction, not with the swift irony and sophistication of, say, *Those Barren Leaves;* but serious, honest, and interesting thoughts, quite free from the specious pink romantics of most writing travelers; thoughts of a man with a good sense of humor, in search of his soul.

VIOLA PARADISE

Shades of Nippon

WE have traveled enough in the East for one year, and our shelves are loaded with the records of Oriental wanderings. India, Siam, and China have been turned inside out. Tibet has been visited several times, and Japan scoured from northernmost to southernmost island. Geographically speaking, there is no place left to go for the present; historically, we have only begun. Certainly in so great a mass of Eastern literature there has been an extraordinary lack of readable histories. As for Japan, this has just been remedied by James A. B. Scherer's ROMANCE OF JAPAN (Doran, $3.50). It is only unfortunate that it should be so sloppily titled, for it suggests another "travelogue" rather than the concise and colorful outline of Japanese history it is.

Against a background of legends stand the powerful clans which through centuries have alternated in control of Japan: the Fujiwaras who brought about the early renaissance, a period equal in splendor to the Ming era in China; the Shogunas, vice-Emperors or Shoguns who, until the opening of the ports by Commodore Perry, were far more powerful than the Emperors. Following this event, affairs move with startling rapidity, and Mr. Scherer follows with sympathy and accuracy the modern development of Japan's rise from isolation to the position of a World power in barely seventy-five years. The book is written for the "man in the street", as the preface indicates, with consequent clearness and simpleness of language and careful avoidance of unnecessary Japanese words.

S. M.

The Dance

THE AMERICAN BALLET by Ted Shawn (Holt, $7.50) is especially welcome to lovers of art who have recognized in the dancing on the American concert stage of the last two decades a beauty distinctly different from that of the classical ballet, however perfectly executed. Ted Shawn has made a careful study of the various phases of this renaissance in which the names of Ruth St Denis and Isadora Duncan stand as pioneers, — a renaissance which realized that the spiritual basis of the dance is equally important as faultless technique. The author turned from the Methodist ministry to practise and study the dance, and he takes great pains to raze the barriers a puritanical civilization has erected between religion and dancing. Often he writes with the zeal of one preaching a sermon rather than with the philosophic calm necessary to the sanest esthetic judgements.

It is fitting that Havelock Ellis should contribute the introduction, since his own *Dance of Life* has prepared an appreciative audience for *The American Ballet.* How the tradition of the classical European ballet has helped and hindered the development of the dance, the false conception of social dancing, the frequent failure of American music to meet the new demands of dancing, dancing and nudity, dancing as a career for men, — these are some of the subjects treated. To breathe the fresh vitality of the ballet is inspiring, but what outlet has the dancer who labors arduously to advance his art? The world has not yet provided a temple of its own for the ballet as it has for music and painting and drama. Perhaps it was to awaken patrons of beauty to their responsibility that the book was written. The publishers have made *The American Ballet* an example of beautiful bookmaking in keeping with its subject.

JEANNETTE EDWARDS

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Tradition or Creation?

THERE are always two different views among us, latent or expressed, concerning history. One might almost say there are two different parties, the party of Youth, we may call it, and the party of Age. The first would fling aside tradition and create the world anew, "remold it nearer to the heart's desire." The second insists that the world is built of accumulated traditions, and that it is our part to learn what those traditions are and to continue them, adding something if we can.

There is much to be said on each side. "Historicism," as it is sometimes called, is said to be deadening. If we tie ourselves to the past, we shall never be free to adapt ourselves to the present. We are alive today and it is our business to make the world of to-day. Let the dead past bury its dead! The party on the other side maintain that this indifference to tradition is mere barbarism. To cast aside the record of the past is to go back to those early days of paleolithic and neolithic men when progress was infinitely slow. With the coming of the art of writing and the accumulation of the records of the past, progress also was immensely speeded up.

The contest between these two parties, of Youth and of Age, is ancient but it is still actively waged; and it still involves momentous practical questions. In America both parties have been alike to the front for nearly a century past. In Europe they have tended to come forward alternatively. In the nineteenth century, largely as a result of the violent revulsion of feeling produced by the French Revolution, "historicism" prevailed. Not only in history but in science there was an eager search for origins. In the twentieth century we often see a revolt against that search. The rebels throw aside the past and would start afresh. "Truth is an adventure!" they exclaim.

In America this tendency, alike in life and in thought, has always been marked, for the American love of uniformity has, in a way little known in Europe, often been allied with novelty rather than with tradition. This adventurous tendency has, indeed, been seen from the first. It is clear in Emerson and the New England transcendentalists. It belongs to a land that was peopled by adventurers from the other side of the ocean and colonized by trails of pioneers for ever moving across a continent. So, when an American professor of philosophy puts forth a book, ostentatiously termed "a survey of the intellectual background" in which he proclaims the intention of going back to roots "in the immemorial past", one suspects that the American reader may protest that *he* is going forward and has no intention of looking behind.

If he is thus tempted to throw aside THE MAKING OF THE MODERN MIND (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00), he will deceive himself. Professor John H. Randall is an American and not forgetful of that fact. He is able to look forward as well as backward. Indeed, he very happily harmonizes these two attitudes. It is not, however, the function of such a book as this, — as its author well recognizes, — to select philosophy for the future of mankind. That, he himself asserts, must be left to the faith and intelligence of the individual. What the study of the past can with immense benefit do for progress in the future is to illuminate the ideals which springing out of the past, still guide society, and to show their precise worth by stripping from them at once both the false prestige which exalts them and the misunderstandings which debase them in our estimation.

Thus in his treatment of Puritanism the author dismisses alike the high claims once made and the reaction of contemptuous abuse which has naturally followed. He sets forth its genuine claim to respectability as "the ideal of the great middle class". Similarly, he indicates, even though with but a momentary gesture, that revolutionary changes such as few people are willing to admit as possible cannot fail to take place "in the intangible realm of the spirit". Christianity, science, democracy, private property, — are these not destined to endure forever? Hardly, says Professor Randall; history teaches that such concepts are not necessarily "coins of gold always able to pass current in any land or age".

Though illuminating, the book makes no claim to originality. But all those who are concerned for the future of civilization would do well to read it.

HAVELOCK ELLIS

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In the Wake of the Novel

READERS of THE FORUM *will remember Mr. I. A. Richards's survey of outstanding novels in the August number. This distinguished English critic now submits a second bird's-eye review of novels which have won distinction since that time.*

TIMES without number life becomes dreadfully like a very bad novel; and sometimes a very good novelist will write so exactly like life that you really don't know for the moment where you are. This is what Arnold Bennett has been doing in LORD RAINGO (Doran, $2.00). Absurd to condemn him for being too successful or as though this were a book intended to rank with *Riceyman Steps*. The much discussed Portraits of War Magnates are amusing but not more so than the glimpses of pure Politics, — the most instructive, perhaps, to be found in fiction outside the pages of Stendhal and Tolstoy. Mr. Bennett has always been attracted to the sickroom. He finishes this book by describing, from within, the sickbed he has so often and so superbly described from without.

We shall do well to put Mallory out of mind and bring Tennyson into the foreground, if we are to be diverted as we should be by GALAHAD (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). Mr. Erskine's success is the reward of modesty. He has kept his characters from coming to life and his mood from growing too serious. Once again he has skated with delicate agility over an abyss of pathos. Those who admire dexterity and tact will congratulate him afresh.

Some of the more exquisite points of AN INTRODUCTION TO SALLY (Doubleday, Page, $2.50) may be missed by those unfamiliar with Cockney. But enough will remain to provide exquisite entertainment. The author of *Vera* can cut very deep. Here she is deliciously at play, but it is play which springs from such an exact understanding of social strata that the ordinary novelist may well collapse before it in helpless envy.

Mr. Norman Douglas's THEY WENT (Dodd, Mead, $2.50) should long ago have been published in America. This incomparable *jeu d'esprit* fits New York on a spring morning as though inspired by it. The same heartless, brilliant, beautiful sunshine glitters about its heroine, Princess and poisoner, architect and amorist. You can read what you will into this fable. Some exegetes have found a whole philosophy for the modern world therein. But it is best to refrain and take it merely as the hardest, most marble-like fantasy that has been imagined in our time.

It may be wise for those who do not wish to read the two preceding novels to treat A MAN COULD STAND UP (A. & C. Boni, $2.50) as though only its Part II existed. There is more than enough in these two hundred pages to satisfy any reader. For they contain the War, as seen from the trenches, so well described that they may do something to check the morbid effect of the passage of time which leads so many people to believe nowadays that the War was enjoyable. This tragic illusion gains ground daily. Art cannot perhaps prevent such a betrayal of the dead, but since memory fails, it is certain nothing else can. Mr. Ford has crowned a distinguished career with these chapters. He has written nothing better since *The Good Soldier*.

Beside four books so full of modern subtleties as these above, the old-fashioned, straightforward technique of TEEFTALLOW (Doubleday, Page, $2.00) gives it a queerly solid, lumpish aspect. Mr. Stribling is unrelaxing in his seriousness, but when a man is describing the atmosphere of a small town on the afternoon before a lynching, he has the right to be sombre. But this author is no horror-monger. He does not exploit any part of his subject, which is the mentality of some of the most backward of the mountaineers. Where most writers would take refuge in cynicism or satire Mr. Stribling shows his strength in a gentle but firm presentation. So the best passages of his book stay with one like an important experience actually undergone, even after the relatively unimportant framework of the book has been forgotten.

Meanwhile, to the number of those exploiting post war nerves is added Mr.

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Ernest Hemingway. A considerable talent with nothing to say, some display of daring, a titled English female inebriate for a heroine, a staccato manner, Paris, bullfighting, and innumerable bottles for subject matter with which to surround the actual fact that the hero has been emasculated in an aeroplane accident, — all this should give THE SUN ALSO RISES (Scribner's, $2.00) some popularity among amateurs of vicarious futility. It was a pity, though, to put Ecclesiastes on the cover. That contrast alone betrays the novel as too little representative to be interesting.

Monumental, very imposing, packed full of striking figures as any waxwork museum, Lion Feuchtwanger's vast historical novel, POWER (Viking Press, $2.50) constantly persuades you that it must be more important than it seems. The fascination of endless odd details about ways of life very unlike our own lures you on. Ambitions at the Court of eighteenth century Wurttemberg take shape before you as they might in the pages of a brilliant historian. Yet about the characters the dust of a museum seems to cling. You hear about them rather than know them. Such animation as they display has a clockwork air. Their passions, — lust, avarice, vanity, superstition, price, — have the crudeness of things seen from too great a distance. As human beings they are as uninteresting as possible. The book will disappoint our hope that at last a great German romance is coming into our hands.

Those who admit that beneath the tiresome teacher who too often pontificates there is a good minor novelist in Mr. Walpole, will be relieved to find that in HARMER JOHN (Doran, $2.00) this sensitive underling has had it almost all his own way. In spite of great temptations in his chosen theme, — the good man's martyrdom, — Mr. Walpole manages not to give us this time that queasy, sinking sensation in the stomach. So his fine gifts as an observer and chronicler of manners come out well in one of the best books he has written.

That most novels are too lengthy and most short stories too brief is one of the morals to be drawn from the perfection of MY MORTAL ENEMY by Willa Cather (Knopf, $2.50). Miss Cather might well be content to be represented by this book. She has cut away all inessentials and built her moving fable out of mere glimpses of the shaping of a single life. The nameless quality which is the opposite of rawness gives her writing a peculiar hold upon the reader, and she almost disproves the dictum that there is no supreme beauty without a touch of strangeness.

All the gifts of the novelist belong to Miss Stella Benson. Such effortless magic of phrase, such wit, such satire light as a razor, such dreadful familiarity with pain helplessness, humility, pitifulness, such humor, humanity, and invention, have not for a very long time come from one single pen. So you must think as you read GOODBYE STRANGER (Macmillan, $2.00) a little bewildered by the fact that the writer is obviously seeing a great deal farther round her subject than you are. Her heroine, a young American in a fix in China and longing for home, seems at times a cruel caricature. But there is quality in the thoughts provided for her that makes you uncertain where the author stands. This is the most delicate weighing of the great International Problem, — Old versus New World values, — that has yet been done, and all as light and casual as a quivering flake of sunlight. Miss Benson needs only to grow a little calmer to become the clearest spirit of our age.

I. A. RICHARDS

Readers may order through THE FORUM *any books mentioned in this issue of the magazine, or obtain through it information regarding current literary publications. Address* FORUM *Book Service, Grand Central Palace, New York City.*

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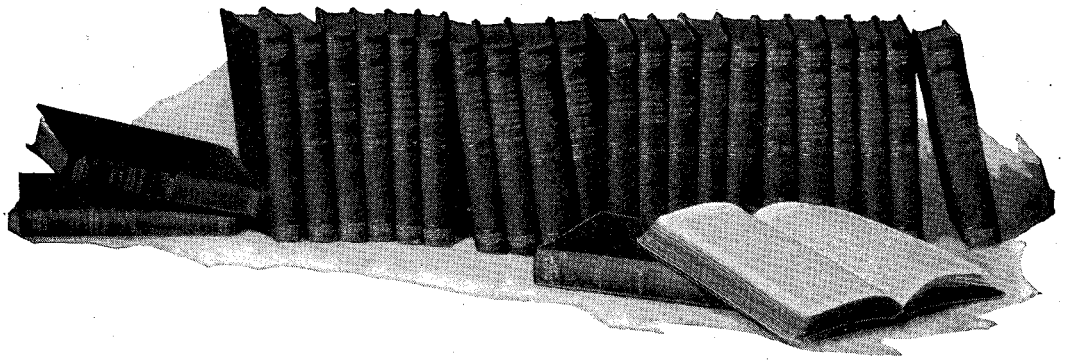

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CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT

Who answers Paul Poiret with a prediction that the Fall of Fashion is coming soon

See page 578

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HUGH CUMMING

The Surgeon-General of the United States, who writes on disease prevention for the Forum Medical Series

See prge 534

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Caricature by Max Beerbohm. Courtesy Dodd, Mead and Company

Mr. Wordsworth enjoys an April shower (English style)

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